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PICTORIAL REVIEW

JULY
1930

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Beginning a modern stage romance, complete in two parts
"LEILA LEARNS" By Violette Kimball Dunn

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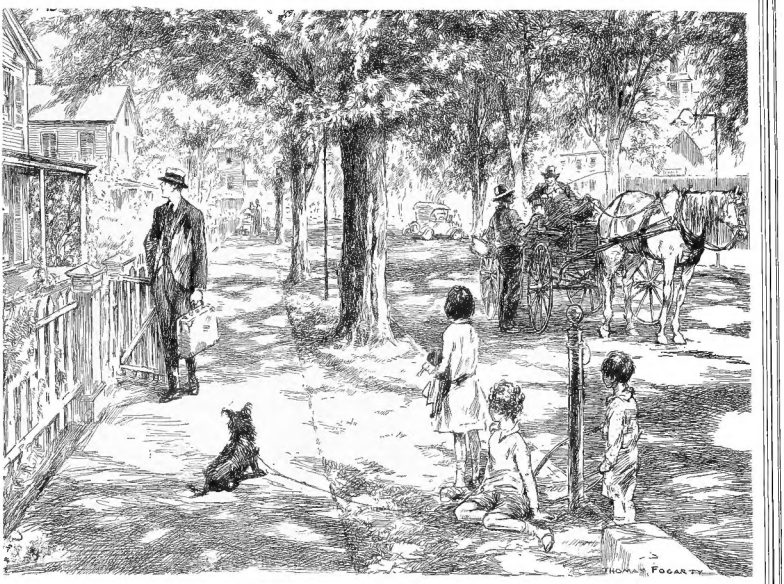

THE STRANGER THEY NEVER FORGOT

THIS stranger knocked at the door of many a home back in the early 1890's.

Politely he asked for the dirtiest garment in the family wash. Then he showed how an amazing new soap would wash it swiftly, easily, without hard rubbing—*and in cool water.*

In cool water—that was the big news the stranger brought. For in those days, only mansions had water heaters. Women had to heat their wash water on cookstoves. There was never really enough. And the soaps they had simply wouldn't wash clean in cool or lukewarm water without rubbing the clothes almost to shreds.

So Fels-Naptha, the soap the stranger introduced, was welcomed by thousands of women. A soap that would wash as well or better in cool water than other soaps did in hot was the biggest help they had ever had.

Fels-Naptha would also work fine in hot or boiling water. But there wasn't any use talking about that when lukewarm water was all women had. So today, when almost every woman can have loads of hot water just by turning a faucet, many still think of Fels-Naptha as only a "cool water soap."

It isn't. Fels-Naptha washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing no matter how you use it. You can boil or soak your clothes; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Here's another important thing about Fels-Naptha—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha working together get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have your hands in hot water so long.

Buy a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer today. Use it for all household cleaning as well as for the family wash—and you will know why they never forgot the stranger.

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh soap chips that contain plenty of naptha, as you need them. The chipper will be sent, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon, or a postcard.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. P. R. 7-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Fill in completely—print name and address © 1930, Fels & Co.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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VOL. XXXI. No. 10

JULY, 1930

WHY TAKE CHANCES?

At the bottom of every advertising page in this issue you will find the words, "Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!"

This same warning has been repeatedly published by Pictorial Review in newspapers. We wish it could be delivered to every woman in the United States.

Substitution is essentially a selfish process. The substitute is a parasite. It seeks to ride upon the hard-won and established reputation of other products. Because it is unknown, because it rarely publishes a statement of its merits, it has no reputation at stake. If it fails to justify your confidence it can change its label and come forth again under a new name.

And the alarming thing about substitution is that you encounter it so frequently. No matter whether you shop for foods, for cosmetics or toilet goods, for paints or enamels to brighten up your home, for hosiery or even a radio, you will find the substitute slyly insinuating itself in place of the advertised and tested article.

But the manufacturer of an advertised article knows that his success depends upon making a product worthy of your confidence.

He knows that advertising can only be profitable when the product he offers lives up to its claims.

As a matter of sound business, as well as a matter of conscience, he watches over the purity, the accuracy, the excellence of what he advertises to you.

Beyond this, there is the watchfulness of the publications in which the advertising appears. Not only Pictorial Review, but every good magazine and newspaper scrutinizes the statements which are published in their columns.

Can you think of any good reason why you should accept the unknown instead of the known; the untried instead of the tested; the doubtful instead of the sure?

We repeat: "Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!"

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NO OTHER OCCUPATION

"Just a home-maker" covers a multitude of things when taking the census

By JEANETTE EATON

WITHOUT occupation—20,000,000 women of eighteen years and over in these United States! That's what the 1920 census told us. And now the story is being told again in larger terms. One might as well come right out and call that story a *lie*. For these are not the statistics of unemployment collected for the first time this year. These 20,000,000 women have never applied for positions. They have neither registered in agencies nor answered newspaper advertisements. In fact, these millions so listed are the busiest beings in the country. They are wives, mothers, home-makers.

Uncle Sam, Uncle Sam, we thought this time you were going to show more discrimination! We heard a glad rumor that you were instructing your 125,000 enumerators to give housewives their belated due. Indeed, we withheld comment, hoping for the best. But sure as April came around there was the census man collecting the same old facts.

A veritable *Ancient Mariner*, he stood in the housekeeper's path and, while a thousand duties claimed her, held her with his glittering eye! He noted down her husband's occupation and the ages of her children. Then over the din of bells jangling for her answer, of voices calling her, of babies crying for her, of tradesmen's thumping on the back door, he raised his voice to ask, "And you, Madam, just a home-maker—am I right? No other occupation!"

The outrage of it! Had 20,000,000 rolling-pins come down on the heads of these enumerators to knock their conclusions down their throats, who could say it was not righteous vengeance? Taking the 1930 census, however, was not a dangerous business. Women are patient and enduring. Housekeepers are used to this official rating of their status.

Ironically they merely nodded acquiescence. The most overworked of citizens admitted being not gainfully occupied. Shelter, board and clothes, pin-money—supplied according to the bank-account and disposition of her husband—that is the housewife's material reward. It is unstandardized, not bargained for, incapable of classification.

The *workers* in this country are the 8,500,000 women who have specific jobs, as employers or those working for wages or salaries. It doesn't matter a scrap if a girl hasn't a thing to do but sit at a desk, looking immaculate and saying in a voice of supreme *hauteur*, "No, Mr. Brown is in conference"—she's a worker all the same. She trips in at nine, trips out at five, has Sunday to herself, and, in the Summer, all of Saturday. She has money which nobody can say isn't her own. Why, certainly she's gainfully employed.

But the woman who bears and rears the children, feeds the family, runs the household, who is responsible for the welfare of our 120,000,000 citizens in the United States—she is without gainful occupation.

Perhaps now that women themselves are being appointed as enumerators this statistical absurdity will some day cease. In a small Pennsylvania town a young woman thus engaged appeared at an evening party one night last April. Her friends fell upon her with cheers. They hadn't expected her after her long day of tramping the streets.

"Well, when Mary asked me," she explained, "I didn't dare refuse. Who am I to be tired? After all, I worked only eight hours. But Mary gets up at six every morning to feed the baby and goes right on doing chores for that big family of hers until goodness knows what hour at night. If *she* has the energy to come to a party, I said, *I* certainly had."

It must have gone hard with that particular enumerator to write down Mary as an unemployed woman. Indeed, whoever has looked into the facts must resent this classification. Not long ago the Bureau of Home Economics made a study of 1,000 wives. More than half of them reported spending seven hours a day, and one-third reported eight hours a day, in their home-making. Here are facts of general significance, for this was a typical cross-section picture of homes of every type except those belonging to the very rich.

To examine this report is to find that city and town housewives are just about as busy as those in the rural district. Moreover, differences in wealth among these homes had small effect upon the situation. For when a woman is relieved of routine chores by mechanical aids and by maid service, she devotes a greater percentage of her time to management and to the children.

NOR does this labor and responsibility cease after a few brief years. Another set of facts makes this clear. These were collected by two students in Chicago who visited 2,000 families and published their findings in the *Journal of Home Economics* two years ago. Again this was a typical group of average homes.

The investigation proved that 83 per cent. of boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one are still living with their parents. These youngsters may have jobs or they may be in school. But one thing is certain: they are not keeping house. Mothers are doing that for them. It is obvious, therefore, that even the woman who has but one or two children sustains this obligation for about twenty-three years. Five children necessitate more than forty years of care and supervision.

Young mothers, preparing baby food or chopping tons of spinach, often dream of leisure moments when the youngsters begin to grow up. But, altho the words change with the years, the tune she hears is of the same insistence. The infant's wail turns into such demands as these: "Muddy, where's my baseball bat?" "Mama, will you hear my spelling-lesson?" "Mom, will you sew the buttons on my coat right away?" "Hi, Mum, will you meet me with the car at the four-thirty train?" "Mother, can't I ask Jimmy to dinner, and won't you make apple pie?"

At everybody's beck and call for two or three decades is this individual. Yet her value is ever an unknown quantity. The Bureau of Home Economics has tried to get authentic data on what the housewife's services are worth in dollars and cents. A thousand women cooperated in the effort by mailing in detailed time-schedules. Then, in view of the relative proportion of skilled and unskilled work involved, the bureau estimated what the average cost would be of replacing these gratuitous offices by hired help.

IF EVER there was a mean average it is the one suggested. It appears that, altho care of the family might possibly run as high as $1.50 an hour, routine chores, which take the bulk of a woman's time, are worth only 45 or 50 cents an hour. At the highest possible rating, therefore, the most intelligent mother, the most expert housewife is worth only about $60 a week, or $3,000 a year.

Little as this remuneration is, however, the housewife doesn't get it. No, never. Oh, of course, a woman may coax or nag a far larger sum from her spouse. Mink coats and limousines may be showered upon her. But these are gifts from a generous husband. He, bless him, loves to be the magnificent donor, and is hostile to the idea of doing his wife the cold justice of actually paying for her housekeeping.

As for the man of average means, it would seem at first glance that should he turn over to his wife $3,000 a year he would have little income left. But it must be remembered that the salaried wife would expect to pay her share of rent, taxes, doctor's bills, and upkeep of house and children.

It seems strange that this fifty-fifty basis has not long since become the rule. Not only is it the only fair and square way of dealing with family problems, but, indeed, the only way a woman can be expected fully to understand the cost of living is to have a financial stake in the establishment. Lack of it accounts for much of the modern feminine unrest. Were the housewife paid regularly, were she to have one day off in seven and a yearly vacation, then even the Government would consider her a worker. After all, we can't really put the blame on Uncle Sam. Justice begins at home.

Perhaps the home-maker would fight harder for her rights if she weren't so conscious that she is the envy of womankind. She is just that, despite all handicaps. She is richly supplied with all the satisfactions which the lonely spinster on her $10,000 job desires and can not buy. Women are personal, and they want to be loved. They are also idealistic, and prefer to devote their efforts to the benefit of humankind.

Mothers and housewives realize all these ambitions. And, altho the growing sense of individualism in women—surely a healthy sign of development—may lead them to supplement the private career with part-time outside work, yet the home remains the core of their being. If you

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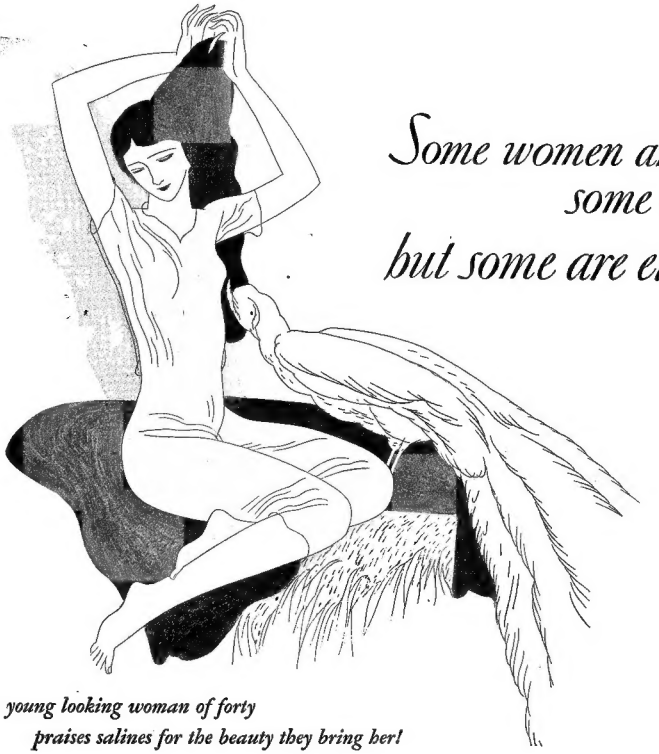

Some women are 30 some are 40 but some are eternal!

And many a young looking woman of forty praises salines for the beauty they bring her!

WHY do some women age more rapidly than others? The creams they use? The skill with which they use them?

Very probably not! For nearly all women today are skilled in the use of beauty aids—but, sad to relate, not all women pay half enough attention to the day by day state of their well-being.

The women who are eternally young in spirits and appearance are those who care for themselves not only from *without*, but from *within*. They keep themselves internally clean. And, to this end, they use the saline laxative whose complexion-improving qualities are internationally famous—Sal Hepatica.

To keep the body young and healthy, the saline method is approved by physicians everywhere. Across the sea, women who value their beauty visit regularly the wonderful saline springs and spas, and, on their doctors' advice, drink daily of these health-giving waters. When the course is completed their complexions are freshened—their health improved—their joy of life immeasurably increased.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your bloodstream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. And send now the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", describing in detail how Sal Hepatica clears the skin and helps relieve many common family ills.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H70, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

★ ★ ★

Sal Hepatica

©1930

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By CORINNE LOWE

The $5,000.00 Achievement Award

WHO is she—the American woman who has contributed most to our national life up to and throughout the year 1929? What is the seventh name to be added to that illustrious list of women constituting Pictorial Review's Hall of Fame? Our chosen committee is awaiting your recommendations, *which must be received by August 1st.*

The annual $5,000 Achievement Award, first offered by this magazine seven years ago, needs no introduction. It has become a national event, one which gains authority from each added name. But, tho unnecessary to trace the history of this award, which has done so much to stimulate and foster women's creative work, we shall briefly define once more the term "achievement."

First of all, those eligible must be American, either by birth or by adoption. Next, they must have created or initiated some form of work—be that artistic, scientific, or educational—which is distinctive. Third, that creation must have been carried through to affect for good the lives of a number of people.

Inevitably the last condition eliminates many gifted and consecrated women. A sculptor or painter, for example, whose work is of the highest merit, might, because of her comparatively small zone of influence, fail of consideration. On the other hand, some pioneer who has been working quietly, without public acclaim, in the interests of humanity, might end the search of our committee. For this award is based, not on fame, but on the unique character of the endeavor joined with its degree of influence.

You will see, therefore, that our cry is that of Whitman, "O Pioneers!" Scrutinize the names of those who have won the six awards already conferred and you find each one of them standing for some new path blazed in the field of benevolent human activity. These names are:

Mrs. Edward MacDowell, because of the colony in New Hampshire which has offered a liberating environment to many distinguished creative artists; Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, because of the "moonlight schools," which have redeemed thousands of grown-up people in our Southern mountains from illiteracy; Miss Sara Graham-Mulhall, notable for efforts in fighting the narcotic traffic; Miss Eva Le Gallienne, recognized for the Civic Repertory Theater of New York—founded and directed by her—which has brought excellent drama within reach of even the very poor; Miss Martha Berry, sponsor of the Berry Schools, that have spelled opportunity to so many children in rural Southern districts; and—last year's victor—Dr. Florence Sabin, outstanding because of the patient scientific experiments which are likely to reverberate through the history of medicine.

Again we say, "O Pioneers!" Who in your opinion is worthy to be added to this list of women conquerors?

What We Can Do for China

AN OLD man stooping to pick up bits of bran fallen from the horses' feed and jamming these, mixed with dust, into his mouth; burial-pits heaped high with victims of famine and plague; little children, already skeletons, crying for food; villages wiped out of all save a few emaciated and crazed inhabitants! We in America are so little acquainted with the gaunt horseman called "Famine" that we can hardly realize conditions like these existing to-day.

Yet they do. In the northern part of China droughts and crop failures throughout five years have brought 30,000,000 souls face to face with this horseman. Five million people have already died. Many more are threatened. None of us can afford not to send something to the China Famine Relief, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

This Car Takes Sides

I AM one of the women who do only what might be called "plain sewing" when I drive. Give me a good broad road with not too much obstruction and I can—oh, yes, I can drive. But please do not ask of me any such fine nuances of the wheel as worming my way in between two other cars at a curb-parking place.

Other women drivers conditioned like myself will welcome the new invention of a Pasadena man, Mr. George W. Woolley. For this blessed Mr. Woolley has thought up a car which will move sideways—right or left—by means of a gear-shift lever. Not only does the crab-stepping car save the feelings of a driver, but it saves curbstone-space as well. For whereas thirty-two and one half per cent. curb-frontage is wasted under present conditions, it is claimed that this invention demands only an inch between cars.

A Great Wife Passes

SHE inherited from her eagle father, Franz Liszt, his eagle nose. She was sallow. She was never, even in youth, beautiful. Yet the late Frau Cosima Wagner, widow of the great composer, whose death at ninety-two occurred on April 1st last, was one of those women who make the romances of many famous beauties look like tinsel. For with her romance was constituted, not by emotional vagaries, but by the more than fifty years which she gave to the service of her own great cause.

This cause was the music of her husband, Richard Wagner. Whatever may be said of her by detractors—and there are many ready with the criticism that she was an officious type whose lack of musicianship led her to subversions of Wagner's purpose—certain facts are not, to be gainsaid. She assisted her husband in the greatest creative period of his life—those years that marked the production of "The Ring" and "Parsifal." She was influential in building the famous Baireuth Theater. And after the War it was due to her enthusiasm that the Baireuth Festivals were so soon resumed. Altho an intellectual woman, she had no ambition to express anything save faith in her husband's genius.

Her career as wife tempts one to inevitable comparisons. Suppose that the daughter of Liszt were a young wife of to-day—one in radical circles of America. Would she be contented to give every bit of herself to the art creation of a husband? Or would she pout and say, "After all, I can't be bothered helping to build Dick's old Baireuth Theater and see to it that nothing annoys him when he's working on 'The Ring.' Indeed, no; I've got to express myself, too." Yes, probably we should now be looking at a sign reading, "Cosima Liszt Interior Decorator," or "Liszt's Henna Hare Tea-Room."

One is glad that Frau Wagner knew better, that she was wise enough to see that self-expression might be very adequately accomplished by helping a great husband to express himself.

Putting on th Pounds

REDUCING pounds lars—this profess tivity is apt to be lim the new modes. Peo used to make fortu taking off unfashionat from fashionable lad perhaps already feel change. As for the acid dishes, these, t undoubtedly lose some former clients.

Just how far we with the curves encou present-day fashions Paris dressmaker anno by saying that to-day a healthy woman of five inches should weigh from 118 to 120 pounds, as the 110 pounds to which she banted a year ago. of us, however, even this current rate does n like very radical fleshiness. In fact, we prefer as our authority the average physician, for he you that a woman of this height should weigh 125 and 135 pounds.

The truth of it is that the medical world has b opposed to the cult of emaciation. Numerou guished physicians have seen in it the source of tuberculosis, ptosis, and the appalling rate of c mortality. More than this, they have regarde serious menace to the condition of children born mothers.

It is indeed high time that Fashion become th plice instead of the enemy of Hygiene.

The Wrongs of Wedded Wom

IF AN American man married, by one of th caprices of fancy, a cannibal lady, he would n no, not at all—that isn't what I mean—he w lose his citizenship. If, on the other hand, an lady found herself irresistibly drawn to a cannib man, she would be in wrong. And here again I d to the eccentricities of her husband's diet. S lose her citizenship.

This rule that woman loses her citizenship if ries one of the "racially ineligible" is only o merous discriminations maintained by many against women. These rules affect children als

It was in protest against them that an inte group appeared at the conference on Codifi International Law held at The Hague severe ago.

The protest won no immediate results. Ye doubtedly an opening wedge. Meanwhile ever justice, whether man or woman, must be attr cause that promises one law for both sexes in nationality. Let us learn wisdom from Chi five countries representing equality of the stat nationality.

On the Eve of Another Mira

FANCY how it's going to be when static with way with the television-radio. Can't you making the plaintive report to our neighbor, Ponselle's nose came in very well, but her ch and there was nothing but a quiver to her ar

Such comments are imminent. The first radio experiment was broadcast from Jersey C months ago. England, too, has savored the vi waves.

From these experiments it is clear that the is still in an infantile state. Pictures come ov with a rain-like effect of lines, similar to our in the screen. But give these inventors tim on the eve of another miracle.

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So Fresh in flavor . . .

More people now buy it than any other package butter

©S.& Co.

Swift's Premium Quality

Swift's Premium Quality seal, your guide to unvarying excellence, identifies a complete line of good foods.

The very look of these fine, large eggs assures you of the care with which they are selected and brought to you. Swift's Brookfield Eggs and Cheese are carried by the same dealer who supplies you with Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter.

DAY by day, all over the country, sales of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter exceed those of any other package butter. It's churned for you in the best dairy regions . . . distributed quickly to dealers everywhere . . . to insure the delicate freshness you demand in butter. Brought from churn to your dealer by *one* efficient, careful organization, Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter sets new standards of dependability and uniform quality. Try a package today . . . and learn why millions enjoy its flavor—*Creamery Fresh!*

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS

BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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Have you noticed what *rich* suds you get from Chipso's thin, white flakes? These suds "stand up" in tub or machine until you are ready to rinse.

"Beautifully clean clothes - much more quickly"··· because these suds are *rich* and *lasting*

2034 Whitney Avenue, Hamden, Connecticut

"I'm sure that *suds* are the secret of a successful wash. My experience with Chipso in washing the clothes for an active family of five, covers my first method of doing everything entirely by hand, and now the soul-satisfying one of using my new washing machine.

"I found in both cases that the rich, snowy suds of Chipso were the best cleanser I had ever used. Not only my nice linens but the very dirtiest kind of clothes—kitchen hand-towels, children's play suits (surely a test for any soap!)—came out beautifully clean—and much more quickly than with other soaps."

Mrs. R. M. Hartley

I wrote to Mrs. Hartley and asked her if I could publish this letter of hers. (And she very nicely said "Yes.") I wanted this letter to come out in print because it says several important things about wash-day and Chipso.

"Suds are the secret of a successful wash"

As Mrs. Hartley points out, there is a very real connection between the suds your soap makes and the work it does. I've discovered two kinds of suds—suds that just *promise* and suds that really *do*. And they work very differently when they meet soiled clothes.

There are soaps—most of us have struggled with them one time or another—that give suds which are beautiful to look at. But too often we find we have only "promising" suds. When the clothes go in, the suds die down. They aren't rich enough to "stand up" when they meet real dirt. And they aren't rich enough to keep on working and take out the dirt

Important! Chipso now comes in

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand when you shop.

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either, without a great deal of help from you or your washing machine.

"Chipso's rich snowy suds . . . the best cleanser"

But Chipso is different. These thin flakes give suds that stand up even when clothes are extra-soiled. Chipso's suds begin loosening the dirt at once, and they keep on working until your clothes are ready to rinse. That's what I mean by "doing" suds. They really *do* much of the dirt-loosening work you for I would have to do.

Even before I got my washing machine, I found that a short Chipso soaking loosened the dirt so thoroughly that I had no hard rubbing to do. And now I soak my clothes for a little while *in* the machine before I start the motor because I find that, with this method, I have no stubborn dirt spots left to go over by hand. And the clothes are clean in much less time . . . even the hand-towels and children's play suits which Mrs. Hartley mentions.

Rich suds . . . safe for colors

And because Chipso suds are rich, not strong, they work quickly on dirt, but are harmless to fabrics and colors. Naturally, I've found once in a while I've made a poor buy and got a gingham or percale that runs the minute water touches it. I never blame a tragedy like that on my soap. But I've found that all reasonably fast dyes are safe in Chipso. Tubfast materials I even soak in coolish Chipso suds.

Chipso goes farther

Because Chipso is so rich, it goes farther than most soaps I have tried. I usually do about 5 washes with the big 25¢ box. And even when I'm trying my best to cut down expenses, I've never found a more economical way to do my washing.

I always keep two "spare" boxes of Chipso on my pantry shelf—a box of Flakes for washday—and the new Granules for dishes. I find I reorder about once a month . . . the 25¢ box of Chipso Flakes lasts for 4 or 5 washdays. And the box of Chipso Granules does all my dishes for 4 weeks or more.

And a speedy 1, 2, 3 way to wash dishes with

Chipso Granules

a new form of Chipso ready-prepared for dishes

I think I must have picked up from my mother the habit of saying, "It's not the cooking I mind, it's the dishwashing." I know it was a plaintive cry of hers and I've said it myself many times. So the minute I tried the new Chipso Granules for dishes, the thought flashed—"I'll have to write mother about these."

For Chipso Granules are sheer magic for dishes. I don't know all the scientific reasons why they act the way they do.

But one thing I do know. Chipso Granules are *ready-prepared* (like bouillon cubes or instant coffee). These tiny soap particles which look like a powder aren't really a powder. They're rich, lasting Chipso suds in steam-dried form. They are quicker because they reduce dishwashing to these 3 simple steps:

1. Add hot water to a tablespoonful of Chipso Granules and ease your dishes into the richest, most lasting dishwashing suds you ever tried.
2. A moment's soaking, and these rich suds have cleared away grease and stickiness like magic. A swish or two and dishes are clean.
3. Pile dishes in a rack and spray with hot water. And you're through! No wiping. No dishtowels to wash.

The first time I washed my dishes this way with Chipso Granules, I really felt as though someone had given me a delightful present. Dishwashing was so much pleasanter and so much quicker—and every single bit as economical as the old way.

Ruth Turner

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2 Forms - *Flakes* and *Granules*

Use Chipso Flakes or Granules; buy the advertised brand every time!

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"Mama doesn't wash Daddy's hands - so I won't let her wash mine!"

"Oh, I know *you!*" said Mrs. McRae* one sunny afternoon recently when I had knocked at her door. Then she laughed, "at least I *feel* that I know you—I've read so many of your stories."

Now wasn't that a nice sort of welcome? When I meet women like Mrs. McRae I'm always glad that I'm the P AND G Naphtha visitor!

And you can imagine how quickly the two of us began to chat together about soap. "I use P AND G—lots of it," explained Mrs. McRae. "Goodness knows, I *have* to—with a youngster like George."

(Then I asked to see George, but Mrs. McRae said that the pride of the family was taking his afternoon nap.)

"He's a very small boy," she said fondly, "but he thinks he's grown up—so he doesn't want to let me wash his hands—"

Mrs. McRae laughed. "I always supposed I'd have to *make* him wash his hands. But he dotes on it! The only trouble is that every hand-wash means a soaking down the front of him. Yesterday he used the garden hose while it was running at full pressure He had been making mud pies, so you can imagine the mess he was in."

*This is not her real name of course.

Mrs. McRae went on to say that washdays do not mean hard work even though George often needs three changes of suits in a day. "Our water is a little hard," she said, "but a P AND G soaking *alone* gets out most of the dirt. Really I do very little rubbing. P AND G is a splendid soap."

In practically every P AND G home women tell me that they have whiter, fresher clothes since they've changed to P AND G Naphtha Soap. They prefer this *fine, white soap.*

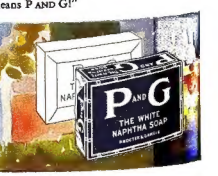
Perhaps you have wondered why P AND G—though so smooth and white and firm—actually costs less than ordinary soaps. Well, the reason is very simple. P AND G is made on an enormous scale (row after row of soap kettles three stories high, bubbling full all the time!)—so naturally it is produced very economically.

P AND G White Naphtha Soap costs you less because it is so popular. And it is so popular with millions of women because *it really is a better soap!*

ANN CUMMINGS

FREE! *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—how to lighten washday labor." These and other problems are discussed in a free booklet. Send a post card to Ann Cummings, Dept. NR-70, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For white clothes — white soap preferred! Wherever I go I find that women today have more confidence in *white* soaps. And the favorite white soap is *P AND G Naphtha.* The last town I was in 3 out of 4 women told me they were using it. And when I asked them why, the gist of their answers was—"We want really white clothes so we use good white soap—and that, of course, means P AND G!"



The largest-selling soap in the world

©1929, P. & G. Co.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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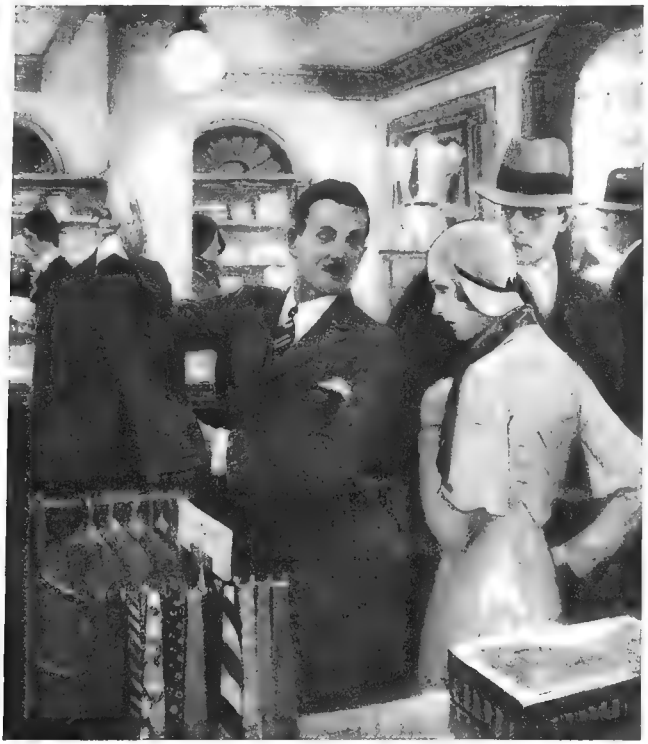
THE *SHORT* SHORT STORY THAT WON FIRST PRIZE OF $2,500.00 IN PICTORIAL REVIEW'S CONTEST



"'THAT SUIT'LL WEAR THE TOUGHEST, YOUNGSTER IN THIS TOWN A GOOD TWO YEARS'"

SALESMANSHIP

By MARY ELLEN CHASE

Illustration by FRANCES ROGERS

MR. HENRY STAPLES felt a new spring in his knees as he descended the apartment-house steps and started down-town. Something of the sprightliness of his dreams the preceding night seemed to have gotten into his feet as well as into his mind. Funny how things worked out, he told himself, if you just gave yourself a chance. And fifteen dollars was little enough to pay for such a chance as he had given himself.

To be sure, the full prophecy of his new course on salesmanship had yet to be realized. He had still to be called within the glass doors of the manager's office, to be met with a firm hand-clasp and the genial proffer of a doubled salary. But with his Saturday's advance from boys' underwear and stockings to suits things were well on their way.

He took a new and delighted interest in the sounds that issued from nearly every opened window. In their tight little living-room Nora was at last listening to the morning's radio talk on housekeeping hints and recipes for the day. Extremely satisfying to him was the knowledge that she might enjoy this outward and visible sign of his new discovery of powers latent within himself!

He smiled as he recalled Charley's hurried and unwilling exit to school, his earlier participation with his father in the morning exercises which were to make them both "more manly, more fit for this game of living and of life."

Once in the store, his benevolence diffused itself among his fellow employees. He beamed upon floor-walkers, floor-polishers, and stenographers. He commented on the weather to Mr. Nesbit, still in the underwear; to Mr. Sims, who had sold belts and suspenders for years. It seemed impossible, now that he was so gloriously ready, to wait for his first customers.

These he saw before the white coverings were fully removed from the counters, and with that peculiar divination which his course had promised, he marked them as his own. They stood without the entrance-doors waiting for nine o'clock. There was a difference in their attitudes which Mr. Staples, now that such telling things had been called to his attention, noted at once.

The woman, small and inconspicuously dressed, stood close to the window, staring with a rapt expression upon the boys' apparel displayed there, Summer things—blazers, flannels, gay shirts—interspersed with tennis-rackets and golf-sticks. The man stood nearer the outer doorway, his hands in his pockets, and stared, sulkily, Mr. Staples declared to himself, into the street.

Obviously the woman was to be the purchaser, a conclusion immensely reassuring to Mr. Staples, since from the careful analysis of temperament provided by his course the truth had been borne in upon him that he had been expressly fashioned to deal with women rather than with men.

He was not at all surprized when five minutes later they came down the aisle, the man several paces behind. And Mr. Staples's cordiality knew no reserves. He

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WE VIEW WITH ALARM

The long and short of it in a front-page story

By
LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Illustrations by JAMES I. BILLMEYER

"MUCH AS ONE MIGHT HAVE ENJOYED DOUBTING THE FACT, IT WAS ADRIEN AND DAPHNE"

AS THE heavy, slightly limping footsteps approached up the narrow hall, everybody in the little city room assumed the appearance of feverish labor. The society editor finished her banana in two bites, flipping the skin neatly into a waste-basket, and wrote:

The bride wore white satin with old lace and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley.

Ben Raimon, the city editor (also copy-reader), pulled his eye-shade lower, stopped fingering the faint, new mustache he feared might turn reddish, and scrawled blackly:

Bank Clerk Returns Funds
Embezzled Ten Years Ago

Only the wireman in his half cubicle at the front continued in idleness, yawning and chewing gum in time to the monotonous clicking of the telegraph. The editor-publisher, who stood in the doorway, was not impressive to a good wireman, and never could be.

With a thoughtful frown Major Hale Dextable studied the scene rather as if he were an immortal who had created it from dust. Certainly there was enough dust around for the creation of several more beings. He picked up a Chicago paper with large, immaculate pink fingers and blew at it before turning the front page.

Ben Raimon pushed up the eye-shade. "Oh, good morning, Major!"

Major Dextable, editor-in-chief and owner of the Pittsfield *Daily Gazette*, waved Ben back into the chair. "Don't get up. Don't get up. Raimon, I—uh—have been formulating a little editorial. It concerns a new—uh—an interesting problem."

"For to-day?" Ben cocked his eye at the clock. Two. Dead-line was four. Darn it! "I'd written the one about the municipal playground. It's all set up."

"You can jerk it," said Dextable shortly.

He sat down—first blowing at the chair—in front of Fred's typewriter, rubbed his hands together, pulled up his white trousers. He always wore white in the Summertime. His gray goatee stuck out solemnly as he gazed a moment at the cracked ceiling. His lips moved.

Fred came to the doorway and saw the large, grand figure at his desk. Ben Raimon winked and Fred backed out, tiptoeing.

During a long, nerve-racking silence nobody stirred, waiting for the loud, slow thump of the keys. At last it came—a two-fingered, sonorous, deliberate beat like a platform orator's rhythm.

"Wonder what's on his mind now?" With one eye Ben cautiously stole a glance at the copy-paper crawling tortoise-like from Dextable's ribbon:

We view with alarm—

"What's he viewing with alarm, anyhow?"

The city editor did not know that Major Hale Dextable had made an important discovery. It was 1929, and everywhere a distressing condition existed, which Dextable, alone, had observed. Only yesterday had he realized this insidious social revolution which might in time strike at the very bulwarks of the nation. He was astonished that nobody had attacked the evil. For the only editorials he read were those in his own newspaper. And Major Dextable had suddenly discovered the morals and manners of the younger generation.

It had come about yesterday, when the senior class of the Pittsfield High School had been brought by their English instructor to view the workings of a real newspaper office. Dextable had been present and he had with his invariable courtesy essayed to show them about the pressroom.

As he explained the linotype-machine he was aware of convulsive, unreasonable giggling. He wheeled around, and instead of encountering decent reverence he had faced young eyes glittering with troll-like mirth—face red with the desperate repression of adolescent laughter. He did not know he had sat on a freshly printed newspaper and his trousers bore inky hieroglyphics.

Then he noticed that the girls wore absurdly short skirts and their knees twinkled boldly in seductive silk stockings. Their arms were bare. Their lips were unnaturally red, curving in absurd Cupid's bows. One of them puffed covertly at a cigaret. They whispered silly things to one another and patted their noses with powder-puffs as airy as soap-bubbles.

Astonished and aghast, the major went on to explain galley-proofs and patent insides. One of the boys stumbled clumsily over a stool and said in an immature voice, "Darn it!" One of the girls laughed hysterically and whispered, "Don't break your patent insides." At this everybody laughed with choking, delighted rapture.

It was shocking. It wouldn't do. It did, really, threaten the bulwarks of a mighty nation. "*The fairest fathers and mothers of a great people . . . our youth who in the future will dictate laws and mandates . . . after the courageous struggle of a pioneer ancestry are we facing a decadent régime, an artificial and unwholesome social fabric such as brought about the downfall of Rome and Babylon! . . . What has become of the reverence youth once showed for age and wisdom? . . . Immodesty of dress in women is an infallible sign of reprehensible manners and morals . . . We view with alarm the frivolity of the younger generation.*"

"'AND, BEN, I HAVE ENOUGH NEW DRESSES TO LAST ME FOR EVER SO LONG'"

THESE phrases had floated through his mind, and to-day, as he set them down, he felt he was launching an entirely new crusade.

As he tramped out of the editorial office Ben seized the copy and skimmed through it avidly. "Well, can you tie this!" he muttered. Once in a while he gave a whoop of laughter. "Great jumping grasshoppers!" And "It's incredible! It's awesome!" The society editor gazed over his shoulder, and her remarks were the feminine counterpart of Ben's.

"My gosh," said Ben, "after ten years he has just noticed lipstick! He's been slumbering in a backwater of trustful innocence and just emerged to discover female knees. He'll tell us excitedly next that women have left

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l discover our cigarets," said Miss Lansing, one, "and then what a row!"
l inform the world that women are using slang,"
'be he will even find out about pocket-flasks," d Miss Lansing.
l solemnly decide that youngsters are driving rs too fast. *We view with alarm the distressing the younger generation.* Do I have to run this ed rot? I do. I'm only a lackey. Isn't he a guy, tho? Isn't he grand?"
funny part of it is," said Miss Lansing, "that daughters are exactly like the girls he describes. ossible that he hasn't observed Daphne and "
t's the matter with them? I never noticed them ust cute little flappers, aren't they?"
it's cute little flappers he's attacking. And of ere's nothing the matter with them, but if the inks there is, there is."
me and Adrien are merely kids," said Ben. "Just al darling kids. They can't be viewed with y more than kittens."
ut my good man," Miss Lansing spoke solemnly, an imaginary goatee, "they are the future of a great people who will dictate laws and man- d bulwarks and régimes and social fabrics."

t coming from the newspaper office Major Hale table walked up to his own veranda and saw two eatures sitting upon the railing, swinging long, d legs adorned not even with stockings. Of e could not be positive about the stockings, but the legs were actually bare or not was beside ion. They *looked* bare.
eature had close-cropped fair hair and the other s-cropped black hair. Their mouths were twin ns, like sweet cakes with red frosting curved in lesigns.
e first time in ten years the major perceived his s distinctly, and tabulated: two pairs of round, es; two pairs of slim, unclothed arms; two pairs , laughing, troll-like eyes; a score of rose-red, finger-tips; two inadequate gowns of gauzy, tuff; two cigarets, and four amazingly elongated

ughters, then—his Adrien and Daphne—were of ger generation which was threatening the very of civilization!
ow he had not thought of that, had not noticed at his children were no longer gawky little girls twin beaver hats and serge sailor suits. They vague figures moving casually in front of his ied eyes, and the change had come so gradually ould not remember just when awkwardness had ad dangerous charm had begun.
d been so absorbed by his views—views on l progress, on better State roads, on the tariff, licanism, on the widening of Pittsfield streets, come tax, and on the Eighteenth Amendment. e he had no views on youth—certainly he no views on Daphne and Adrien.

He had left them to their mother, a quiet, gentle lady very much his junior, who dressed in soft chiffons or cool linens and ran a perfect household and always listened attentively to his discourses on subjects of the day.

Slowly, feeling disturbed and apprehensive, he climbed the steps and sat down on the long wicker bench facing his daughters.

"Let me see," he said cautiously. "How old are you?"

"Sixteen, Papa," said Adrien.

"Eighteen," said Daphne.

They smiled at him with indulgence. He was just good old papa who *would* wear those absurd white suits and a goatee and run a stuffy old newspaper. Their faces, so apparently similar, were somehow surprizingly unlike. It was a matter of expression. With the same blue eyes and short, straight nose and pale, oval cheeks, Daphne was quite different from Adrien. Adrien was the pixy; Daphne was the sylph. Adrien believed in the ukulele and moonlight; Daphne believed in the harp and the stars.

DAPHNE looked as if she were just remembering something long forgotten—a tremulous vision stirring faintly into life out of a cobweb dewy with dreams. As if she had been asleep under a rose-hedge and awakened to see something strange and unbelievable across the scented blossoms. A little as if she hoped the thorns were not very sharp, but intended not to be too shy in grasping them, all the same.

Further than that, they both looked as if they had eaten proper food all their lives and slept on downy pillows and played in the sun and had their proper baths and received A on all their report-cards.

This latter impression was, of course, the one that Major Dextable had always received when he looked at them. Now he could not be sure. Did they or didn't they resemble the little girls who had used to recite in unison (so short a time ago):

> A child should always say what's true
> And speak when he is spoken to,
> And behave mannerly at table,
> At least as far as he is able.

"I should like to know," he said, "whether those are stockings you have got on or——"

"Oh, no, Papa," said Daphne. They both rubbed their smooth legs complacently.

"Nobody gets them on," said Adrien. "It saves runs."

"Not with nice legs," mused Daphne, "they don't get them on."

Dextable coughed. "A lady should wear stockings."

"Why?"

"To cover themselves up. You both need, it seems to me, a great deal more covering up."

"One shouldn't end a sentence with a preposition," Daphne pointed out gently.

"But we don't want to be covered up," said Adrien.

"What—uh—can young men possibly think of you?"

They exchanged a wealth of amusement in a glance secretive, wise, and sure.

"They can't possibly *not* think of us," Daphne said with a look of radiant conceit.

"So it would seem." Adrien's peal of laughter ended in a boyish snort. "So it would seem! So it would seem!" she repeated, taking to the phrase with childish ardor.

"Stop that silly noise," said her father. He was suddenly angry. "And cigarets! And that stuff on your mouths! Do you realize that you are weaving an artificial and unwholesome social fabric? That immodesty of dress in women is an infallible sign of reprehensible manners and morals?"

"Yes, of course," said Adrien, anxiously agreeable. She was a little frightened. But Daphne leaned forward, her back straight and tense.

"That's hooey," she said in an undertone. "All that old hooey!"

"What has become of the reverence youth once showed for age and wisdom?"

"What has become of the reverence age should show for youth?" inquired Daphne evenly.

The major rose. His face was crimson. "You are not to smoke any more cigarets, do you hear?"

"Yes, Papa," said Adrien. "It was only my third," she added.

"*To-day?*"

"I mean in my life. They make me feel sick, honestly, so of course I'll do as you wish."

Ignoring the unsatisfactory reason for her obedience, he turned to Daphne. "Nor you either. And I want you to get on some decently long skirts. How do you look prancing around in those kilts?"

"*Long skirts!*" They said it together in voices trembling with excitement. They clutched each other's hands and again exchanged that glance of secretive wisdom.

"I mean it. Right away."

"But, Papa, there are no long skirts in Pittsfield. We'd have to go to New York; wouldn't we, Adrien? Could we go to New York and stay with Aunt Maud and get our long skirts there? Could we?"

He mopped his forehead. "I don't care how you get them just so you get them." He tramped across the veranda and entered the house.

AS SOON as he was gone Adrien and Daphne fell off the railing and threw up their arms in a silent whoop of gratification. "Isn't it marvelous!" whispered Adrien. "After we'd begged and begged and begged mama!"

"She'll have to let us," said Daphne, "now that *he* says we've got to. You know those heavenly Vionnet net dresses clear to the ground? And the little, short, black-velvet jackets with white fur on them?"

"I want mine *really* sweeping the floor," murmured Adrien, "not just hiked up in the front and down in the back like you weren't really sure of the style."

"I don't want even an ankle to show," said Daphne ruthlessly.

"I'm so sick of ankles," said Adrien, "and legs. Now that I think of it I believe I *do* want to be covered up."

"Legs are so silly," Daphne decided. "Giraffes and school-children and ostriches have them. Women ought not. Not romantic women. I do think really, Adrien, that I'll look like a marquise or something."

"I shall too, sha'n't I?" dreamed Adrien blissfully.

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"HE WAS SUDDENLY ANGRY. 'DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU ARE WEAVING AN ARTIFICIAL AND UNWHOLESOME SOCIAL FABRIC?'"

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"TO FATHER AND MOTHER THIS WAS ONLY THE NIGHT OF THE COMMENCEMENT BALL, BUT TO HER IT WAS THE BEGINNING OF ROMANCE"

HAPPY PRINCESS

Nothing is felt so acutely as the first romantic disillusionment of youth

By PAULINE PARTRIDGE

Decorations by MARIE LAWSON

VIRGINIA stood before the long mirror and gazed into her own blue eyes. She had lighted two tall candles and placed them, one on each side of the dresser, where their tiny flames burned like altar-fires in the shadowed room. It was too large for Virginia, this great old-fashioned front bedroom with its heavy hangings, the high walnut dresser, the great bed, and the towering chest of drawers holding the soft white garments that clothed Virginia's young body; but to-night she filled it.

To-night the curtains were drawn closely over the long windows opening on the garden with its box-bordered paths, its rose-walk and pansy-bed, and the stocks and pinks, whose fragrance was stronger and sweeter after nightfall. The lights were turned high, reflected in the glass prisms that fringed them, chiming like fairy-bells when they were shaken; but they were not enough to satisfy Virginia.

She pressed close to the dresser, and leaned her slender body toward the mirror. Her white dress caught all the light and held it. Against the dark walls and the heavy furniture Virginia herself seemed to throw out a light that flowed with each movement of her skirts, and wavered as she raised her slim arms to her yellow hair.

Virginia gathered her hair between her two hands and held it away from her face, turning a little this way and that to see what it would be like to wear it in a knot instead of this childish fashion that mother exacted. When she was sixteen, mother had said. Virginia sighed. Another whole year. She dropped her arms and stepped back a little to take in, before the mirror, the whole length of her from the soft crown of her hair to the slender feet in their white slippers.

Blue eyes under dark brows, like birds flying. A heart-shaped face between the two bright bands of hair that fell a little forward as Virginia leaned toward herself in the mirror. A blue sash outlined the slim waist, held the creamy folds of the skirt in place. Virginia took a step backward, spread her skirt into a fan, and pointed one little foot before her. Then slowly she bent her body in a curtsy to the mirrored child, bent until she disappeared below the dark frame of the mirror, and slowly rose again into the pricking flames of the candles.

To father and mother this was only the night of the commencement ball, but to her it was the beginning of life, of love and romance. To-night anything might happen. This Virginia, gazing at her from the mirror, might be stepping from her frame and the candle-light into a world that, until now, she had only dreamed of. She turned this way and that, looking at herself from different angles. Suppose, just suppose— Her thoughts broke off, and her soft color deepened.

He wouldn't be like the boys she knew, this lover that would woo her and finally marry her and take her away. He would be different, older, handsomer. And he'd wear a velvet coat. Farther along, down the hall, father would know each other at once. He would sweep her into his arms, and claim her as his own as soon as their eyes met. She looked once more around the room, as if already she were saying good-by to all the dear familiar things. It would be terrible to leave home, and the garden, and father and mother, but for him—for him——

"Are you ready, Virginia?" Mother's voice could be heard calling.

"Yes," Virginia answered, watching her soft lips move to let out the word.

"Father is waiting," mother called again. Still Virginia did not hurry. She let her skirt fall, and turned to the great bed. There her cloak lay, the white cloak with the ermine collar that covered her loose bands of hair and made her look quite grown up. She slipped her arms into the flowing sleeves and stepped back once more to the mirror. Yes, she looked quite old now. Seventeen, at least. It was because she was tall, taller than fifteen.

"'FATHER IS WAITING,' MOTHER CALLED AGAIN. STILL VIRGINIA DID NOT HURRY"

A light rap came at the door. Mother's voice, tinged with impatience, calling.

"Hurry, Virginia; the carriage is waiting. What is keeping you? You've been hours dressing, child!"

Virginia blew out the candles and opened the door. Mother was standing in the hall, her gleaming satin dress gathered around her, held by one hand that glittered with the brilliance of her rings. Over her arm was her cloak, almost a stranger in the stern black and white of his evening clothes. They were gazing at her, and she stopped shyly, one hand fluttering up to her beating heart. If it was like this now, she thought in dismay, what would it be when she reached the ball? What would she do?

But there was no time to think. Down the winding stairs, first father, then mother leaving a delicate fragrance stirring the air behind her, then Virginia like a white candle, slim and straight, with a burning flame of yellow hair.

Out into the warm Summer night, the windows of the house throwing squares of light on the black lawn, across the graveled path to the carriage. The horses that were Tom and Bess by day, and ate sugar and apples from Virginia's hand, were strange, dark shadows now, tossing up their heads with a clinking of tiny chains and a creaking of leather. Rufus, who had lifted her on to her first pony, was helping her up the carriage-step, a firm hand under her elbow.

"To the schoolhouse, Rufus," father was saying, just as if Rufus didn't know where they were going, hadn't known for days, for weeks, that this was the night of the commencement ball, the night of Virginia's first dancing-party.

A little knot of people had gathered at the entrance to the schoolhouse to watch the guests assemble. Under the street-light Virginia recognized Nagle, the grocer, lingering, his hands deep in his pockets, his cap pulled over his eyes, and Mrs. Cullen, who came to their house on Mondays to wash, with a bundle in her arms. A great pity rose and choked her, brought a quick rush of tears to her eyes. Why couldn't they be happy, too, when she was so happy? She, who had done nothing in all her life to deserve this joy?

Father was out first, and gave his hand to mother, who scarcely touched it as she stepped to the sidewalk, and turned toward the open doorway. Then Virginia, whose hand lingered in father's warm clasp for a moment, set her feet found the solid earth and she walked between them up the slight ascent to the schoolhouse, all dust below in the classrooms and flaring with lights in the assembly-hall above.

Mary Seaton's mother took their cloaks, Mary Seaton's mother, who would rather take charge of the cloak room than stay away. Here, at least, she could see Alec when she left her gay red cloak, flinging it across the counter to her mother with a laugh, half scorn, half defiance. Mary would be the first to come, the first to swing out on the dancing-floor, the last to claim her red cloak from her mother when the music had stopped. She would be the belle of the ball, with her dark hair and her flashing feet. Virginia envied Mary Seaton her bold manners, her freedom.

Inside the hall there were the graduates standing, all

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irls in white dresses, their diplomas held stiffly in their
ms, the boys awkward and shy at all the congratula-
ions. Virginia followed father down the line, offering
er hand to each in turn. Mother had turned aside to
peak to Mrs. Freeman. Mother thought it all a little
musing, especially this shaking hands. She was watch-
g them and smiling, even now, as she stood listening
o Mrs. Freeman's chatter.

Mother could always find an easy way out. Virginia
new, as she glanced back and caught her mother's
mile, that she was not like that, not able to find an
asy way out. She was always afraid she would hurt
ome one. It was
asier, sometimes, to
e hurt yourself.

At the end of the
ne was Loretta Free-
nan. Loretta was two
ears older than Vir-
inia, a tall girl with
ong dark eyes and
ipe red lips. There
as something poised
nd wise about Lo-
etta that fascinated
Virginia, but mother
eemed not to approve
f their friendship, tho
he was a friend of
Mrs. Freeman's.

"You are too young
or Loretta," mother
aid when Virginia
sked to go to the
Freemans'. And once
he had added, "You
vill always be too
oung for Loretta."

Loretta's dark hair was parted and drawn down de-
murely over her ears, but Loretta did not look demure,
ot even with the white ruffled dress and the great
unch of roses cradled in her arms. She interrupted
Virginia's congratulations with a little laugh, squeez-
ng her hand.

"You're coming to my party, aren't you, Virginia?
Next Tuesday. We're going to dance, and have sup-
er under a marquee on the lawn. Your mother's said
yes, it's all settled. And I've a new man, here some-
where. Would you like to meet him? He's a wonderful
ancer. Alex, *oh*, Alex!" she called, and there he was,
lasping Virginia's hand, bending over it a little, his
eels together as he looked straight into her eyes.

"AND, NOW, ALL THE REST OF THE YEARS WOULD BE FILLED WITH THIS GOLDEN GLORY, THIS JOY, TOO SHARP AND SWEET"

"THIS is Alex Gifford, Virginia," Loretta was say-
ing. Then some one else came up to speak to
her, and they stepped back into the crowd. The or-
chestra, hidden in its bank of palms and potted plants,
began to play a waltz.

"Are you alone? But no, of course you're not. May
I take you anywhere, or will you dance?"

A couple swinging into step brushed Virginia's arm,
and Alex Gifford stepped between. His tallness itself
seemed a protection. Virginia took the arm he offered,
walking close to him, her face turned a little toward
him. "My mother—just over there—" she said, but
the brown of his cheek confused her. They were held
so close by the crowd that her yellow hair brushed his
sleeve. But where *was* mother? Mrs. Freeman, too,
had disappeared. And father was talking with Judge
Lawton and Mr. Cartwright, the principal of the school.
Without being told, Alex Gifford seemed to know her
dilemma.

"If we dance a turn or two your people will show
up. There's more room here. What do you say?"

Without waiting for an answer his arm was around
her, and she felt herself light as a blown petal, floating,
floating, the waltz a far-away thing, her beating heart
the rhythm of the dance. She felt closer to this strange
man than she had ever felt to any one in her life. Un-
consciously she crept farther into the circle of his arm,
and instantly felt it tighten about her. The room fell
away, and the lights and the music.

Suddenly Alex stopped. They were near the doorway
leading out into the hall.

"Let's take a walk outside," he said. "The hall is so
hot, and the crowd—*what* a crowd!" He pulled out his
handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and drew Virginia's
hand once more within his arm. They were outside now,
away from the glare, out of the noise and the pushing,
whirling dancers.

It seemed very quiet, secret even, here in the broad
hall, with its one small light, the dingy walls, and the
shadowed doorways. Not the same place that it was by
day, doors open, bells ringing, children running and
shouting. They walked slowly toward the stairway, their
footsteps sharp in the stillness.

Virginia stopped at the stair-well, her hand on the
rail, gazing down into the darkness.

"Where does this go?" Alex asked.

"Down to the classrooms," Virginia replied.

"And that stairway on the opposite side? That goes down, too, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why can't we go down and cross through—go up there? It's easier than bucking that gang in the hall. What do you say?"

For answer Virginia took a step down the stairs. She felt Alex's hand on her bare arm. He held her firmly while they went down slowly, step by step. Slowly they drew closer together, slowly his hand slid down the slim length of her arm, twining around it, drawing her to him, finally clasping her hand in his own.

It was curious how short your breath could be from the stairs. Virginia bent her head until the bright curtains of hair hung on either side and hid her face. In the lower hall Alex was matter-of-fact, asking which turn would lead them to the other stairway.

"Not this one, the next." Virginia directed, laughing at him for not knowing. She stopped and shook back her hair, smiling up at him. But still he did not release her arm, her hand. His fingers were lacing themselves about hers now. Palm against palm, pulse against quick-beating pulse.

The hall that crossed the building was narrow, and there was no light. It was seldom used at night, cloak-rooms lined it, and it was short. They turned into its gloom and stopped.

"Virginia! That's your name, isn't it? That's what Loretta called you?"

Virginia nodded. She forgot that Alex could not see her, but he seemed to know.

"Little Virginia, little lovely Virginia!" Slowly his arms went around her; slowly he drew her close, close to him. At his touch she felt her body stiffen with resistance; then gradually she became all woman, soft and lovable. At first he held her so, his arms tense, one hand pressing her head against his breast.

"I don't even remember your name, Virginia; but what does it matter?" Alex whispered, his voice husky, ending in a laugh. He cupped her chin in his hand and lifted her face. Slowly the lids dropped over her eyes, slowly she felt his brown face coming to hers, slowly, slowly his lips pressed her soft mouth.

"You didn't kiss me, Virginia. Why not?"

Virginia stirred in his arms. Again he bent his head. "That's better!" Her cheek was wet with tears.

"You're crying!"

"I'm just happy. It doesn't matter."

His arm around her, they went toward the lighted hall, toward the stairs. Alex glanced curiously at her; she felt his eyes, his secret wonder. So this was it. This was what she had been going toward all her life. And, now, all the rest of the years would be filled with this golden glory, this joy, too sharp and sweet——

They were mounting the stairs, reaching the first landing. Stray sounds came to them—the shuffling of feet, a bar of music, the low hum of many voices. Alex was straightening his tie. "Your sash——" he said. "It's—it's twisted." She arranged it, but she was sorry he had told her.

She lifted her head proudly. What did such things as ties and sashes matter, now that this had happened to them? If only she could find mother and father and go home, home to be alone and to dream about this great thing, until Alex came to them and told them, and asked for her to go away with him.

The hall was closely packed with people now. The ball was at its height. The line of graduates had broken up; the music was blaring out another waltz; there was a faint haze of dust in the air, raised by the feet of the dancers; the odor of dying flowers mingled with the heat and the noise.

The faces blurred and swam a little in the light as Virginia stopped at the edge of the crowd. She felt Alex's hand on her arm, his shoulder behind hers. Always, always it would be there now. A great choking joy rose like a tide, made her giddy, turned her hands cold, blinded her for a moment. She closed her eyes and leaned, in the press, against Alex's shoulder. She felt his instant response. Yes, it was true, true.

In a little cleared place, at last, she saw mother sitting. Father was standing near, and old Mrs. Burton was beside them, with her point-lace and her gold-beaded cane and her great flaring headlight of a diamond pinning her collar, and the loop of pearls that was always catching in it and having to be set free.

THEY were eating ice-cream, little pointed mounds of it, on flat saucers. They had been sitting here eating ice-cream while she had been falling in love. While you ate a plate of ice-cream! Could it happen that way? They all turned toward her as she came up. Old Mrs. Burton put up her lorgnette and tangled it into her pearls, and it had to be untangled before she could see Virginia clearly.

Father said, "Oh, here you are! We missed you. Dancing, I suppose," and looked curiously at Alex. Mother gazed at Virginia, and the little smile on her lips faded, leaving them strangely white. Virginia stepped to one side, and made a little gesture with her hand. She wanted to say Alex's name, but it was gone.

"A friend of Loretta's," she murmured at last, and father was shaking hands and presenting him finally to old Mrs. Burton.

"Off skylarking, I suppose," Mrs. Burton was saying as she gave Alex her hand. "Don't have to know each other an hour nowadays, I'm told, before they're out in a dark corner."

Alex flushed as he bowed over Mrs. Burton's hand, just as he had over Virginia's. Virginia didn't flush. She wanted to laugh instead. They had a secret, Alex and she. It would be theirs to-night, even if they told it to-morrow. Skylarking! Mrs. Burton was right. That was where they had been, in the sky, like larks, flying straight up, up, together. Her eyes sought Alex's, but

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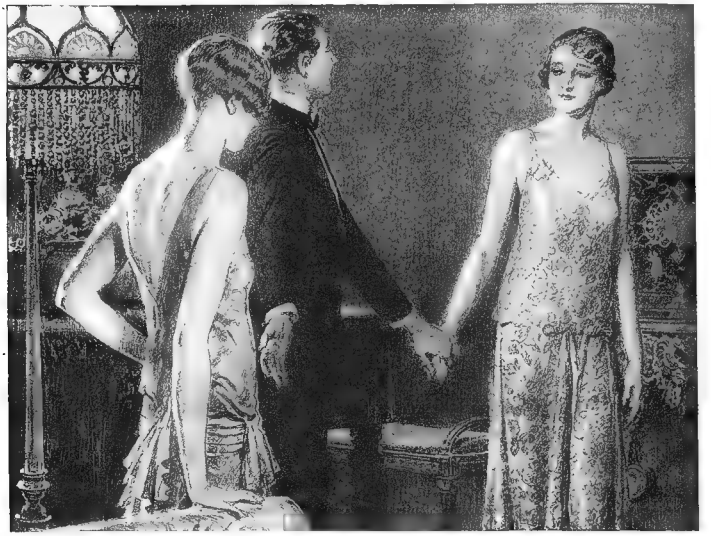
A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE, COMPLETE IN TWO INSTALMENTS



"NOW LEILA SAW HER FACE. BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH AND YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS. THEN THEY CAME TO MEET HER"

LEILA LEARNS

Two young moderns defy Broadway in their search for fortune and freedom

By VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

Illustrations by FORTUNINO MATANIA

IF LEILA is at it again," said Leila's father, "telephone the nearest asylum, and I'll go quietly."

"It's nothing to laugh at," said Leila's mother.

"How can you?" She settled herself gently on the chair beside him.

"How can I what?" asked Rufus, laying down his paper.

"Make a joke of it," she reproached.

"If I took Leila seriously," he answered, "I'd be at the bottom of the sound, attached to a large stone."

"Rufus, what a ghastly idea!"

"Better as a joke, isn't it? Besides it has its humor."

"The modern child is not funny to a mother. You're just talking to confuse me. But your only daughter——"

"My only daughter?"

"Well, our only daughter, if you want to quibble," admitted his wife.

"I don't want to quibble, but it was rather a fifty-fifty arrangement."

"Well, she doesn't take after me! You know——"

"I know a lot of things," he said cheerfully, "and one is that if I drive over to the club now, I'll just about get a round of golf before dinner. Don't worry about Leila."

"Rufus, sit down! You're not going to leave me to talk to her! She never listens to anybody but you."

Rufus Calder laughed. He leaned over suddenly and patted his wife's hand.

"I tell you, Jean, this parent stuff is greatly exaggerated. I wish somebody had tipped us off earlier in the game."

"But it used not to be like this," grieved his wife. "I never gave my parents a moment's anxiety."

"I'm sure you didn't, dear. But, you see, things seem to have changed."

"I don't see why."

"Well, neither do I, if it comes to that. Hello! What in——"

A sudden whiz and a roar. Then a red streak lunging in out of the sunset. A car shaved the corner of the drive and Leila, a butter-colored sports hat pulled low over her auburn hair, slid out from the driver's seat and landed on the veranda. She swung through the living-room and out onto the sun-porch, throwing herself into a low chair, and stretching her slim and lovely legs.

"Lo," she grinned engagingly. "I'm all in! Great little outdoor sport, dodging motor cops, but rotten on the nerves."

"Motor cops, what's that about motor cops?" asked Rufus hastily.

"I forgot, dad, honestly. I can't seem to keep that old-fashioned guff on my mind."

"I advise you to keep it on your mind if you want your car."

"What do you mean, if I want my car?"

"Just what I say. The next summons you get, the streak goes to the nearest scrap-heap. If you don't think I mean it try it and see."

LEILA took off her hat, ran her fingers through her hair, and measured her father. In spite of her beauty they were absurdly alike.

"Righto, old dear! One good warn deserves another. I'll follow with the old check-book and buy it right back. Must have my little car."

Jean looked on in fascinated horror. She had no hope of understanding Leila.

"Fancy mother leaving you her money," she said. "She must have been mad!"

"Don't roast granny," flared Leila. "She knew her way about. There's nothing like money of your own to make a man of you."

"Especially when you haven't earned it," said Rufus. He laid down his cigaret and sat up.

Leila automatically straightened. Then she laughed and slumped back on her spine.

"All set, dad," she grinned. "Go right to it."

"I will. Leila, you've had your dance. Now we're going to give the piper a bit on account."

"Sure, dad. Meaning——?"

"MEANING that interesting experiment known as turning over a new leaf."

"Who, me? Wrong, old dear, the first time. Guess again."

"No, right at last."

"How come?"

"You've given your mother and me more trouble for last two years than both your brothers together."

"It's not my fault they're both morons."

"You've acted like a wild boy—been arrested for speeding, made friends with the most notorious show girl in town, dived off the Yacht Club roof, and gotten yourself talked about until I'm ashamed to be seen."

"Bad as that, eh?"

"Your manners would disgrace a housemaid, and your language is fit for the stable. You have no gratitude, no——"

Leila jumped to her feet.

"That's all!" she cried. "Now I'll talk. What do you mean, 'gratitude'? I didn't ask to be born, did I? Ever think of that?"

"Frequently," said Rufus.

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"The will of God—" began Jean. Familiar ground at last.

"Oh, lay off that stuff, mater!" said Leila rudely.

"Rufus," cried her mother, "can't you stop her?"

"You are distressing your mother!" her father said sharply.

"Sorry, but why should I reverence you and the mater? You're older than I am. You're out of luck, but why should I respect you for it? I'm not specially thankful to you for landing me here. I think the joke's on me."

"Not entirely," said Rufus. "We didn't invent parents and children, you know. Somebody played the same joke on us. Did that ever strike you?"

"No—gosh, no—it never did. That's funny."

"Now, here's a working basis: If we're all in a mess together, how about making it as easy for each other as we can?"

Ideas were milling about behind Leila's blue-eyed stare.

"I get you, dad. But you don't get us. Things are high tension. What satisfied Jean doesn't satisfy me. Maybe your God isn't specially interested in my having a lot of children. Maybe if we thought more, and behaved less like rabbits, He'd be just as well pleased."

"Perhaps," said Rufus. "And does your career as a thinker include making a fool of yourself over an actor?"

Leila flushed angrily, and her soft little jaw hardened.

"You can cut that out!" she commanded curtly.

"This is my house," answered Rufus calmly, "and I don't like your words or your manner. Don't speak to me like that."

LEILA rose and picked up her hat.

"Apologies," she said, and started for the door.

"Leila!" She stopped in her tracks. "Come back here!" Furious but helpless, she obeyed. "Sit down!" She dropped sullenly on a chair's edge. "Now then, Leila."

"Yes."

"It's all right—everybody makes mistakes. I may have made a bigger one than you."

"What's the idea?"

"I wonder how much you really know about me?" he asked. "I've just been 'dad,' with offices in town, where the money came from. But what do you know about me? My father was rich, but when I came out of college he lost his money. I started without cent. Your mother and I fell in love, and she was brave enough to take a chance on me. So we got married. You and your brothers came quickly, and it was hard. But we worked—Ia the office, your mother at home. I made money. Then I made a mistake. I loafed on my real job. Being a father is harder work than being a broker. I should have helped your mother, but I didn't. I let my little girl run wild—" He finished suddenly. "Now, what is all this actor nonsense?"

"I suppose you mean Blackwell Carter," Leila said.

"If that's the rotter's name!"

"His manners are a whole lot better than yours," observed Leila calmly.

"Sorry, I apologize. But this has gone under my skin. I go away for a month, and when I come back—men in the clubs are talking about my daughter." Leila's eyes smarted with sudden tears.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I didn't know they were talking."

"What did you think they'd do?"

"Oh," cried Leila with sudden passion, "It's so hard to talk—when anything really matters!"

Jean fluttered suddenly to her feet.

"Please, Rufus, let me go. I have to see the cook, anyway. You and Leila don't need me. It isn't as if she didn't love us. You do love us, darling, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Mother, of course I love you."

"And we love you, so everything is bound to be all right, isn't it?"

Rufus got up, and, with his arm around her, walked her gently to the door.

"Quite all right, dear," he said quietly. "You go and see the cook. Your mother—" he began.

"It's all right with me, dad. I guess we can settle it between us."

"Very well. But I mean business, so go to it."

"Remember, I'm not apologizing," said Leila looking up defiantly. "I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of. Only you don't play fair. You hit below the belt."

"What do you mean?"

"All this talk about loving and everything. Of course I love you all, but I've got to look out for my own happiness. I've got to live my own life. I just didn't think about you at all."

"So I gathered. How did you meet him?"

Leila's shy little soul elbowed its way past her childish bravado.

"I—I saw him act first—in this new play. Everybody's raving about him. Mrs. Schuyler gave a box party for Elaine, and asked me."

"Usual thing—fell for a matinée idol. I thought you had more sense."

"That's why I can't talk!" Leila cried. "It's not like that at all. When I saw him and heard him speak—he's only twenty-one—something just happened. They took us to tea afterward, and sent the car back for him—so I met him."

"And you still felt the same way?"

"Heaps more—and so did he. So we didn't waste any time, but began chasing round together. And we've been going ever since. He's so well known; everybody recognizes him. That's why all the old ladies in your clubs talk."

"Didn't it strike you they would?"

"I didn't think, but it wouldn't have stopped me if I had. What do I care? We wanted to be together, and we were—that's all."

"Life would be very simple if it could be run on those lines, but it can't. I went to see your young man in 'Jim of the Hills' night before last. I don't wonder he got you—he's all magnetism. That's why he's well known at twenty-one. But you're all the little girl I have, and I want you to promise me something."

"Not that I won't see him again." Leila sprang to her feet.

"Just until I investigate him a bit. Good Heavens, it's only natural——"

"I—I'm afraid you're too late, dad."

"Too late? What do you mean?"

"Dad, don't look like that. It's all right. Only we were married three days ago."

THE youngest leading man on Broadway sat on his mother's breakfast-porch eating an egg. The sun trickled through the gay silk curtains on his beautiful head, and into his large dark eyes. His mother looked at him speculatively, as she finished her coffee.

"Wipe the egg off the end of your nose, Peter," she said. "Finish your breakfast and come into the other room, so Mary can clear the table. I want to talk to you."

Blackwell Carter put down his napkin and got up. He pulled out her chair absently as she rose, and absently followed her.

"I know what you're going to say," he announced, falling into a chair. "I was rotten last night. But what did you go again for, anyway? You've seen the darned thing forty times already."

He looked his mother over critically. Her hair lay in close shining waves on her neat little head. She was slim as a girl in her taffeta breakfast-coat, and her silken ankles were trim and slim.

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"'AND DOES YOUR CAREER AS A THINKER INCLUDE MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF OVER AN ACTOR?' ASKED RUFUS"

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"'IN A FAR CITY AND AMONG A STRANGE PEOPLE YOU'LL BE FINDING LOVE'"

EVE OF DEPARTURE

When the roots of a man are deep in Ireland, romance is sure to beckon

By STELLA RYAN

Illustrations by O. F. SCHMIDT

LAWLOR was sitting on a side-bench in the pub, trying to count what he had left of his money, while Mike Tandy talked about his wives.

"If I had it to do over," said Tandy, "I wouldn't be marrying again the ones I married."

Lawlor sprawled a handful of shillings down on the bench and began pushing them with one finger into a straight row.

"I say," said Tandy, "that if I had the doing of it again, I'd not marry the ones I did—that I wouldn't." He leaned over and helped put two shillings in line.

"Now, take the one I married in Calcutta the time I was on the *Prince George*. There was nothing to her but sloe-black hair and a fine-colored skin. Not that you could stand the color of her skin for long. There was too much yellow in it, like a banana almost, but it made a striking combination with her hair. And do you know, it was of her hair she died. She took the fever, and she wouldn't let them cut her hair an inch, and all her strength went out of her by way of it."

"Will you take a breath," said Lawlor, "and let me get on with my counting?"

"It's only by way of talking to myself," Tandy told him. "Pay no attention." He was silent for a second, in which a man drinking at the bar smacked his lips. "Nor would I marry over again the one I took in Barcelona," he went on. "She was handsome in a black, Spanish way—there's no denying that—and I suppose I'd look at her again. I suppose I would. But I'd be a fool to marry her, for she ran off with a lace-vender and was drowned in a squall on the Bay of Biscay. And if ever you've been in any of the sudden winds that blow up there you'll know how that was."

In anger Lawlor swept up the shillings and put them in his pocket. His anger drove him out of the pub without the last drink he had intended to have before going home. But once outside he was glad to be on his way while he still could walk straight, while he still had left enough silver to make a jingle when he spilled it down before his wife.

Because he was on his way so early he began to feel pleasantly virtuous, and when, as he crossed a fallow field, it started to rain he felt that God was mercifully recognizing the virtue in him. Well, thank God for the rain. A man couldn't be too grateful for a little sifting wet to blow in his face and sober him.

He went through the twilight, making a merry clinking with his coins. He'd be home and sober by the time the last light was out of the gray sky. Not that he hadn't an excuse for drinking. He'd been blowing glass the last three days, and that made a man sweat. If he'd kept steadily at the blowing, year in and year out, instead of going over only when they were in a tight squeeze, he supposed he'd be a heavy drinker.

It was, maybe, a good thing that Julia had turned him from the trade. That first year of their marriage she'd had her mind on his looks, fearing if he kept steadily at the blowing he'd be getting two hanging pouches in his cheeks like Ned Fay. She'd made him give it up. But it was a hard thing to give up the trade you'd been trained to. That was enough without anything else to ruin a man's life.

He held his face down and away from the cold of the rain. His mother hadn't wanted him to give up the trade. "You'll have your strong white teeth a long time," she had told him. "What do you care if you get two leathery pouches in your cheeks while you have your teeth to adorn you? It's a pleasure to me in life to see them flashing in your face, and it ought to be pleasure enough for Julia. What has she in her own face to match them? You'll never be ugly, having those teeth, and you're a fool to give up three pounds a week for your beauty's sake."

BUT Julia had made him give-up the blowing, having on her then a horror of seamed and leathery pouches in his cheeks. That was enough to ruin any man's life, making him give up his one way of getting on in the world.

A sudden break in the clouds showed the rain weaving down in strands like thin blowing scarfs. There were ways of twisting glass till it looked like running water. It was no life tending a few poor fields and working at the glass only when they were in a pinch at McConnell's and short of men. To blow fine glass was beyond him now. He'd lost the quick knack that does the trick before you're even sure it's being done. Yet if he'd kept at it he'd be a master blower now.

He might have gone places. Calcutta. Barcelona. What did a man know of life by tending a patch of land he could cover with a dozen strides up and a dozen strides across? Every man wanted before he died to see a piece of the world outside the place where he'd been born in.

The bright gap in the west closed and the rain grew colder. He began to watch, as he took the bend over the hill, for the light that would be slanting down from his cottage window to the top of the wall that hugged close the house-front. He saw the patch of light picking out on the wall's top three roses, heavy with wet, hanging face down from their spray. As the planting roses made up for the things being missed in life!

He pushed open the door fiercely and strode in, feeling ugly and wanting to quarrel. He was surprised to see the table set for company, but he couldn't alter the ugliness he knew had settled around his mouth, even the one of Peter Leary's daughters, one of the young ones, was there lingering over tea with Julia.

"You're late," said Julia, but in a kind, uncomplaining voice, and her eyes warned him, "Let's be civil, at least while Peter Leary's girl is here."

"Good evening," said Lawlor to the girl, not troubling to make his voice sound pleasant. He couldn't remember her name, but he had often seen her. She was one of the light, fuzzy-haired Learys from down at the town end of the road. He said nothing further, but crossed to the chimney-corner and, lighting a candle, went into the end room.

The children had been put to bed and were asleep, the four girls crosswise on the cot, the baby in a cradle at its foot. He went around behind the cot and felt in the press for a dry jacket. Some women would jump to get clothes for a man coming in out of the wet, but not Julia.

He could hear her voice following the girl's, full and heavy, running in on the lighter voice, smothering it. Her voice was heavier than when he had married her. "*If I had it to do over again, I'd not be marrying the ones I married.*" Julia's fine shoulders were a hump of fat now, and so were her swinging hips. And her black disposition looked out at her eyes.

There was a stir among the children. Ellie, in the middle huddle of the cot, could hardly breathe, so close from both sides had her sisters rolled against her. She stooped and tugged at them, while they protested without waking, coming not quite to the surface of wakefulness to jerk their thin legs into ease, to curve their thin bodies away from his interference. They belonged to themselves and to sleep.

While he tugged them into place he felt them growing away from him, taking their own ways, untouched by the pretense of his guidance. What did they care that he had given up the blowing for fear of heavy pouches in his cheeks? What did Julia care now, with a hand always itching for what he had in his pocket? His look

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the shillings from his pocket and hid them at the back of the press. Let her think he'd spent it all. She had his smooth cheeks.

He carried the wet coat out with him and spread it before the fire. His wife said, "Nora here is going away to Glasgow. That's in Scotland."

"I know that. Find some one who doesn't know that Glasgow's in Scotland." Why should he make a pretense of being pleasant before Peter Leary's girl? But she was only a young thing, and as he sat down at the table he said pleasantly enough, "Glasgow, is it?" studying her and expectant of fresh tea.

"I got the chance through Kate," said Nora. "She's my mother's cousin, that's been in Glasgow five years, and she's found a place for me."

The excitement and joy of change were on her, dusting her fairness with a soft bloom. She had a little, crooked face with eyes and nose of no worth, but in the lamplight she was all one soft color, neck and hair and cheeks, as tho she had been brushed into softness with moths' wings.

"I'd give a king's ransom to see Glasgow," said Lawlor, and the surliness was gone out of his voice.

"Why, Glasgow," asked his wife with swift tartness, "when you've never been to Dublin?" She looked at him with lowering, dark brows, scorning the smallness of the world he knew, letting the same scorn run out further to convey silently her knowledge that he had been drinking.

"I'm more excited than need be," said Nora, "but in all my life I've never been further than Dungarvan in the Summer-time." When she turned her head the lamp bright ened the dun color of her hair with glints of yellow. There was, too, a red color in her cheeks. He remembered seeing her cheeks months ago on a windy day.

UNTIL then he had forgotten that day, stamped with her bright face bent as she picked up a linen something that had blown from the bushes into the road. Yet there was her face and her bending and the white bit of linen in the roadway, fresh and clear, safe, like something he'd been carrying about and cherishing in his pocket.

"The city's nothing to get excited about," said Julia.

"But it's different," cried Nora. "I've always heard that. The crowds of people being in the streets like at a fair, and the houses hugged so close together."

They went on talking about the aspect of cities, but Lawlor said nothing. He was examining his memory of Nora's bright cheeks bent down above the roadside. He saw the soft hair at the bent line of her neck and the curve of her slight back. It was more than strange that a man should carry a memory of those things, truer and sharper even than the memory of fine glass he had blown.

Before their marriage he had taken Julia to see some fine glass standing on the long table waiting to be shipped away. He recalled the thin, curving flanks of a row of green flower-baskets, forgotten until then. There were things rooted and alive in the corners of his mind where he had never taken the trouble to rummage. There were old wants pushed out of the way but hanging on. He'd always wanted, like any other man, to see a bit of the world outside the place where he'd been born in.

Nora pushed her cup across the table, saying, "Look in my cup, Julia, and tell me what you see there, if it says anything of what I'll be finding in Glasgow."

"When do you go?" asked Lawlor.

"To-morrow morning early."

It was strange, he thought, that this girl should be spending her last evening with them. He could not remember her ever coming to the house before, but women often visited together in the daytime hours while men were away at work. They lived in a world of their own, women did, full of their own affairs, visiting and foregathering together in the daytime hours behind the backs of men.

This girl must have been running up often to see Julia. She must have come while he was away at the blast-furnace or plowing in the fields. Women cheated men, foregathering together at their ease in the daytime hours while a man was blowing out his lungs into a bit of glass or wrenching out his heart at a plow's tail.

It irked him that this girl had come only in the daytime, withholding and walling away from him her soft aspect, her bright cheeks, and her slight back. He got up and put some peat on the fire, and, turning, saw that Nora's eyes had followed him into the chimney-place. While he had been at the table she had not fully looked at him, so he stayed in the chimney-corner, wanting her wide glance to find him again.

BUT she was looking now at Julia, who was slowly draining the teacup, preparing to read what the leaves said. Julia slowly righted the cup, setting on her face a grave and knowing air. He had seen her set this look upon her face a hundred times, and had never once believed she had the gift of second sight, but that night he was willing to believe, feeling that the current of his life was running in the same groove as this girl's, anxious as tho the things about to happen to her would reach to touch him also. He sat on the edge of his chair, folding tight his arms around his knees, hugging himself small and away from any pain that might be found in this opening up of events to come.

Julia tilted the cup, lowering her voice until it ran down and became part of the peat-smoke. She said, "I see one thing that you'll be finding among a strange people." She paused, letting the smoke drift in across her words. "In a far city and among a strange people you'll be finding love."

To Lawlor the sound of that word in the room was like a bright knife in the hands of the enemy. He felt it go down into him up to the hilt.

"But there's no truth in that," said Nora, "for I've already found it here at home."

There came to Lawlor the picture of young men drinking in the pub. As tho walking up behind them, he saw the hard, smooth backs of their necks. One of those she'd have settled on. He saw their arms resting easily on the bar. One of those with the line of a lean shoulder under an old coat. He tried to pull out the bright knife from where it had gone down under his breast-bone, tried to force it out, using as a lever the thought of young men.

"Then it's a wonder you're going away from here," said Julia carelessly, not even curiously, speaking from outside the importance of Nora's statement.

"It's for that very reason I'm going," said the girl. At that her eyes came into the chimney-corner like birds beaten from their way in a stiff wind. They caught at Lawlor's, banging there until he felt himself drowning in a trough between high seas, and barely managed to lift his gaze, seeking a horizon. He said to Julia, "Why don't you make a fresh pot of tea?"

"Oh, not for me," said Nora. "I must be going home." She stood up, and Julia stood up with her, smoothing down her apron, preparing to walk with Nora to the door.

"I suppose you got yourself a fine new hat for going away in?" said Julia.

"It's a natural-colored straw with a green-velvet sash."

NOW Lawlor was no longer certain he had read aright the expression in Nora's eyes. He wanted to coax her eyes into the chimney-corner again, so he said, "There's something nice about a green-velvet ribbon."

"That's what I thought," said the girl, but she kept looking at Julia. "I could have had one with a cherry-colored sash, but I thought green was best suited to the Summer-time." She turned her back to the fireplace and stood facing the door as tho she never meant to look his way again.

"I'd like to see the hat," said Julia. "If you're not leaving too early I'll go down your way."

"We're leaving at five sharp," said Nora, with her hand on the door-latch.

"I'll walk a bit of the way home with you," said Lawlor.

"Oh, don't trouble," said Nora. "I'll just run along by myself."

"Let him go," Julia told her, "for it's not often he's civil enough to offer." The scorn in her voice meant she thought he was making an excuse of going with the girl in order to slip away again to the pub.

It was no longer raining, and here and there in the light sheets of cloud were faint stars. Lawlor and the

Please turn to page 30

"'GIVE THIS TO NORA LEARY WITH MY REGARDS AND TELL HER TO REMEMBER WHAT WAS PREDICTED IN THE LEAVES'"

OrdinalTom

QUEENS OF THE COURT

By JOHN R. TUNIS

Author of "Sports," etc.

QUEENS of the court! One by one they pass before my eyes: Helen of California, greatest of the great; Señorita Lili de Alvarez, the most daring and brilliant star in modern lawn-tennis; laughing Miss Betty Nuthall, who when she is good is very, very good, and when she is bad laughs just the same; Meijfrou Kea Bouman, the blond goddess from the land of dikes and windmills; charming Miss Daphne Akhurst, with the dangerous forehand drive, who comes half around the world from Sydney, Australia, to play at Wimbledon; graceful Didi Vlasto, the slender Greek girl who might be termed the ballet-dancer of the courts; dark-haired Mademoiselle Lucie Payot from Lausanne, on the shores of Lake Geneva; eager, attractive Fräulein Cilli Aussem, the star of postwar Germany and destined to be one of the greatest players of Europe; agile Miss Esther Heine of South Africa, whom many consider the player of players of the future; dainty Mademoiselle Josane Sigart, who also will go far toward fame. One by one I see them as they sweep into action, champions all.

Ten champions from ten different lands; from countries as far apart as Switzerland and South Africa, from cities as distant as Berkeley, California, and Athens, Greece. Champions all, and all with one thing in common.

What is this one thing?

Is it style on the court? No. Is it stroke-production? No. Is it brawn? No. Is it forehand and backhand; is it drive and volley; is it grace and charm; is it subtlety and science; is it activity and agility; is it strength and sinew? No, no, and again no. For some of these girls have one of these qualities and some another, but no one possesses them all.

Thus Helen has strength and power, and Lili de Alvarez has neither; "Bobbie" Heine has the finest volley in woman's tennis, and Didi Vlasto never leaves the base-line; Betty Nuthall is in continual roars of laughter at her mistakes in a match, whereas Josane Sigart's expression rarely changes; Daphne Akhurst likes to batter her opponent into submission, and Cilli Aussem mingles guile with force. What, then, is the one thing all these women have in common, something which, if they had nothing else, would raise each and every one far above the level of her sex?

I'll tell you. What each of these women possesses is the one thing all women desire and every woman seeks and yet the thing that few women have. It is nothing and it is everything.

It is beauty.

The queens of the court are beautiful. In action or not, in a hard-fought match upon the center court at Wimbledon or on a ballroom floor, one and all, these women are beautiful women.

Their beauty may be different, indeed is different. Thus, Didi Vlasto's is the dark beauty of the isles of Greece, and Betty Nuthall's is the beauty of a Wiltshire lane in Spring, and Kea Bouman's is the rich, full beauty of a Dutch landscape, and Lili de Alvarez has the deep, lush beauty of the Mediterranean, and Helen the fresh, sparkling beauty of the real American girl.

Champions, each in their native land. Yes; but more important than that, because the world is full of all sorts of champions, they are beautiful women. And few women are really beautiful.

If the postwar generation of women tennis-players has done nothing else it has proved to the world that a champion need not necessarily be difficult to look at.

Do you remember the champions of twenty or thirty years ago? Long-skirted frumps who galloped into action; graceless creatures with huge, pugnacious jaws; ladies that one glanced at, and then, well, wished one hadn't, that's all.

It seemed in those days to be an essential of a sporting champion that she should lack beauty; good looks and championships simply didn't go together. One knew better than to expect miracles. One found one's beauty apart from sport and let it go at that. To-day all this has changed.

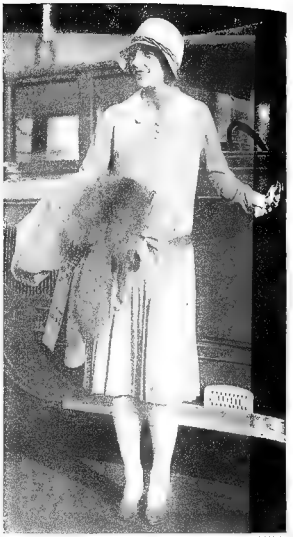

Photo by Pacific & Atlantic

Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, the former Helen Wills

Photo by Pacific & Atlantic

Didi Vlasto, of Greece

Photo by Telegraph

Kea Bouman, of Holland

Now the champions of tennis are beautiful women, and only beautiful women are champions. For this we have the girls of the present to thank.

But if they have this one characteristic of beauty in common, may it not be interesting to find out how and why they all happened to be beautiful? Was it just coincidence? Lawn-tennis is a universal sport, perhaps at present the universal sport; the only game that has a place in every land and in every clime. And the leaders in this universal sport are strikingly lovely. How did they chance to acquire that beauty?

They acquired it simply because they did not go out deliberately and seek it. What they sought was health, not beauty; health through sport, and in seeking health they discovered beauty along the way.

Here is a young girl, full of youth and vigor, and the natural and wholesome joy which comes therefrom. And because she is young and keen she is exhilarated by hitting a ball cleanly, and, brain directing muscle, sending it to the exact spot in a court for which it was intended. Seeking health in outdoor exercise, she is seeking health in the proper place, not in the beauty-parlors of towns and cities, but in that greatest of all beauty-parlors, the open air.

Now, here are ten girls from the opposite ends of the earth, girls of all races and all nations and temperaments, all with this one thing in common. Probably not one of the ten set out in a conscious effort to be either beautiful or a champion; they started simply with a great and all-embracing love for sport in the open air.

That took them into tennis. Little by little as they grew older they progressed and advanced at the game. Until one day some one suggested that, given the right kind of attention, here was a champion in the making.

But they were a long, long way from the top, those ten, at that time. They were little girls with pigtails down their backs, not thinking much about the distant future in those days. And when some one told them that they might become great players they were dazed. "How shall I become a champion?" they asked. And they were told. By practise and more practise in the open air. By leading a sane and normal life, by eating the right kind of food at the right moments of the day, by getting lots of sleep each night. By sacrifice and self-denial.

Self-denial of what? Well, principally of those very things which growing girls are much better off without:

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moonlight rides in runabouts to near-by road-houses, the continued and excessive use of cigarets, the dances and petting parties which last until any hour of the morning you care to name. Those were the things they had to deny themselves if they really desired to become champions. Other girls in the same lands, showing the same promise, were told the same things. But they did not deny themselves. These ten girls did.

Slowly but steadily they moved around their charmed circle. The more tennis they played and the more they stayed out in the open air the stronger and healthier they became. And the healthier they became the more their tennis improved, and the more their tennis improved the more closely they had to watch their diet and get a full night's rest. And the more closely they watched their diet and got eight or nine hours' sleep each night the more strength they had for practise in the open air, and the more they practised the better they became.

Not a vicious circle, you see, but a charmed circle. Curious, is it not, that the very things which built up a championship game of lawn-tennis are the very things which go to make not only health, but the thing all women want? These girls, be it said again, did not seek beauty. It came without their seeking. One day some one watched them playing, and remarked:

"By George, that girl Helen"—or "Betty" or "Lili" —"is a charming young lady! Yes, and a beautiful one, too." And as they suddenly awoke to find themselves beautiful, so they woke up all at once to find themselves champions.

Suppose now you picked the second- or third-ranking players in the various lands to-day, the players who occupy a position just below the top. Would they be found to be beautiful also?

Certainly. And I would cite as examples the piquant beauty of that other Californian, Miss Helen Jacobs; the gracious beauty of that most lovely of Britain's daughters, the girl who was Miss Eileen Bennett and is now Mrs. Edmund Fearnley Whittingstall; the exquisite Gallic beauty of Mademoiselle Doris Metaxa.

No, beauty is not merely surface-deep in lawn-tennis; it extends down from the ranks of the champions to all who greatly tried and greatly dared to reach the top.

Next to attaining beauty, the most difficult thing in the world is retaining beauty. How do these champions so successfully manage to retain their loveliness? Because any one who has watched them grow to womanhood will tell you that they become more beautiful as the years roll along. But modern lawn-tennis is a grind. The average campaign starts in early May and lasts through the hottest period of the year until late August and September.

By what means do these women who form the select rank of champions go through the arduous strain and nervous tension of four months' tournament play year after year without losing their charm, their grace, and their fresh, exquisite beauty?

They keep their beauty in the same manner that they obtained it: by leading a normal and sensible life. Do not imagine that these women are one-sided athletes, caring only for sport and nothing else. On the contrary, they are versatile artists, mothers of families, girls whose lives are rich and full of outside interests, apart from the games they adorn.

To the man in the street they are the queens of the court; he recognizes their pictures, knows them by name. But he does not realize or know that they have another life which is lived far from public gaze, a life that is little known about, but a life which saves those who live it from falling into a rut, from becoming fanatics about games. And nothing else.

The player who can think of games and nothing else is usually the second-rater. The champion to save her life from becoming barren must perforce be a person of many sides. Once the tennis season is over, the queens of the court forget the game at which they excel and take up other activities, for they are all women with a dozen other interests.

Last Summer, after the big tournament at Wimbledon, I spent a few days at Le Touquet, a French *plage* upon the Channel.

Early one morning a handsome young lady preceded me to the golf-links, and, stepping up to the first tee, drove a smacking drive down the middle of the fairway in the face of a gale blowing off the ocean. It was Lili de Alvarez, who, through with tennis, had turned to golf.

Lili is perhaps the most versatile sportswoman alive. She is a scratch golfer, a fancy skater —who won the gold medal in Switzerland at the earliest age it had ever been won; good enough to represent Spain in skating at the Olympic Games several years ago—a daring auto-racer in her low car, a skier; in fact there is no game that she does not play, few at which she does not excel. But if you imagine that her life is sport alone, you are vastly mistaken.

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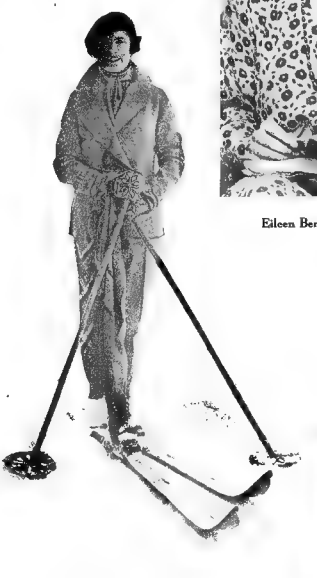
Eileen Bennett, of England



Lili de Alvarez, of Spain

Here is a champion who speaks perfectly five different languages, a polished musician, a lover of books, with a library of rare volumes which with great care she herself has collected in every capital of Europe.

You can understand why Lili de Alvarez is never at a loss to find things to occupy her life when she says good-by to tennis each Summer.

Mrs. Stuart Nuthall, the mother of Betty Nuthall, is a very competent owner of a chain of excellent hotels in and about the city of London, which she has managed since the death of her husband about four years ago.

Under her capable direction these hotels have grown and prospered immensely. The hotel business is her *métier;* she knows it backward and forward. And she is teaching it to her daughter, who is being carefully trained under her direction to take the business over when the proper time arrives. Like Lili de Alvarez, Betty Nuthall is never at a loss for occupation when the time for competition is over.

To the girl who was once Helen Wills and is now Mrs. Frederick S. Moody lawn-tennis has given far more than physical strength and grace and ease of movement. Her contacts upon the court have stirred the creative instinct deep within, for years now she has been devoting her spare time to the pursuit of art, has been learning, studying, drawing incessantly.

So to her many-sided nature we are indebted for some remarkable sketches of tennis-players in action, sketches that have been exhibited in the chief cities of the United States and Europe.

"Bobbie" Heine, whose father is a railroad employee in a small town named Estcourt, in the interior of Natal, has the manifold duties of a home to divert her attention from tennis; Didi Vlasto, who is now Madame Serpieri, has a family of children to think about; Cilli Aussem, who, if she had not been a great tennis-player, would have been a really great dancer upon the stage, is interested in dancing and has won more than one amateur dance competition upon the Riviera in recent years.

Incidentally all these girls drive cars, and drive them well. Some of them have not only selected their model but assisted in their decoration. Thus Fräulein Aussem's is a smart and striking vehicle in black and white, Señorita de Alvarez has a sky-blue car, and Miss Betty Nuthall's is cerise and beige.

Two hundred years and more ago the famous women of the world were the great courtezans: Ninon de L'Enclos, Madame de Maintenon, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse.

They were beautiful creatures who obtained their beauty by artificial means, and who used that beauty for their own selfish ends.

Who to-day is one of the most famous women in the United States? Mrs. Frederick S. Moody. And in England? Miss Betty Nuthall.

The famous women to-day are the champions of sport who use their great beauty, not for selfish purposes, but to charm and delight thousands of spectators in every land upon the earth.

Only those of us who have with our own eyes seen the crowd line up in queues outside the gates of Wimbledon the night before a Wills-Alvarez final, so as to be sure to obtain a place, have any realization of the tremendous hold these modern champions have upon entire peoples.

At the present time the girl who was formerly Miss Helen Wills is better known throughout the length and breadth of Europe than any other American girl.

After all, why not? Who better can represent the American woman than this girl, who in finding beauty has raised herself to a pinnacle in sport that no woman has ever reached before and may ever reach again? Small wonder she receives the homage of every people in every land she visits.

Photo by Keystone View Co.

Cilli Aussem, of Germany

Original from

THE SILVER SWAN

In this second instalment an ambitious mother lays siege to British society while her daughter chases rainbows in Paris

By E. BERTRAND COLLINS

Illustrations by OSCAR HOWARD

"WITH A SMILE, TO SHOW THEY WERE IN PERFECT ACCORD

THE CHARACTERS AND THE PLOT

Claire Watson, a beautiful American girl, extravagant and spoiled. Mrs. Watson, her mother, a chronic faultfinder, socially ambitious. Mr. Watson, the father, a kind man, henpecked and wealthy. The Watsons live in Ohio, in a small town, in a large way. Miss Bulkley, an official chaperon, engaged to take Claire to Egypt, where she is shocked by Claire's flirtations with the British army. Ian Bulteel, an English officer, young and well connected, stationed in Cairo with his regiment. Claire becomes engaged to him. Derek Barran, an artist, a clever Irishman, whom Claire meets on the way to Alexandria. She thinks he looks like a faun, and is fascinated. Other characters, studio hangers-on, hotel servants, and English travelers of quality.

At the end of the first instalment Mrs. Watson has come to Paris to inspect Claire's fiancé, after Miss Bulkley and her charge have returned to Ohio, with the startling news of Claire's engagement. The mother is unbearably rude to every one, in her self-importance and social inexperience. She gives Ian no satisfaction about her plans for Claire, and he returns to England.

Confinement with her mother is devastating to Claire, who escapes one day to seek out Derek Barran in his studio. She breaks into a strange party. When she returns to the hotel her mother's tirades overwhelm her. So in desperation she cables her father to meet her in London, where she intends to marry Ian.

Here follows an amusing account of Mrs. Watson's behavior in the bosom of Britain's best, and an exciting encounter between Claire and Derek in Paris.

THE Tuileries Gardens. Trees arranged like duchesses about a throne. Set strips of green turf. Bands of brilliant flowers. White urns and statues, gods and goddesses and satyrs. Fountains spouting topaz in the late September sun. On one side, the thousand windows of the Louvre flashing with sunlit flames. On the other, a burnished-silver mirror of a pool. Beyond it, the black tracery of gates; and still beyond, the misty sweep of the Champs Élysées and the silhouette of the Arc de Triomphe, like something cut out of purple paper and pasted against a sky all red and blue and saffron.

Claire's taxi swerved onto the Pont Royale A stream of scarlet busses thundered past. Gendarmes. A sailor and a girl, walking arm in arm, stopped to kiss and walked on. Propped against the parapet, a legless beggar held out empty hands, beside a solemn individual, in gray-striped trousers and a wide black hat, busy with a fish-line. More busses. The Café de la Frégate. Spider-like iron tables. Black flies of men and women, sipping *bocks* and *strops*. A waiter, a napkin over his arm, stood on the curb, his back deliberately turned on *les clients*. The Rue du Bac.

A new Paris. It was the first time Claire had ever been across the Seine. A Paris that had no connection with the Rue Royale or the Place Vendôme. A Paris that had no connection with anything she knew, with Jenny, or Ian, or even the Plaza Athénée. A butcher-shop, above which reared the gilded head of a horse. The Boulevard Raspail. Gardens. The taxi stopped at the entrance of a street that really was no street at all, but rather a little alley with a tree.

"Avenue Vavin."

Claire got out and paid the man. How like Derek to live in a street one entered through an iron gate! Number 18. She rang, and a hideously old woman with a dominant mustache peered out. Yes, M'sieu Barran was with himself on the second floor, she muttered. A wooden corkscrew of a stair. On the first landing a door with Derek's card tacked to it. As she knocked Claire heard the sound of several voices. No answer She knocked again.

"*Entrez!* Come in. Who is it? What d'you want?"

The door opened. "Claire!" It was Derek He was in a soft shirt open at the throat. His sleeves were rolled back to the elbows. As he stood with the sunlight slanting through the skylight over him she thought again of that faun in those rooms he had once shown her in Naples. Something dangerous.

"Claire! This is too marvelous. I never dreamed you'd come. I didn't, really." He led her in, and as she let him take her furs she was aware of an immensely high room with a skylight, a dais and a chair, a fireplace, many littered tables, and two Spanish chests Hanging on one wall was a dilapidated tapestry, and in the far corner of the room a square red couch on which were huddled four individuals.

"D'you know all these people?" Derek asked. "No? Just as well. Great friends of mine, and quite charming and all that, provided one doesn't take them too seriously, but without one redeeming virtue. Not one. Sit up, you all, and be properly introduced.

"This" -he pointed to a little creature with hair cut short as his own, a white face, and magenta mouth, in a velvet smoking-jacket, with a monogram on the vest pocket—"is Minna Roy. She does everything. And this, in corduroys and a flannel shirt, is Owen Morgan. Welsh, he writes delightful poetry. And this is Jan Ravinski, who's just about to do something symphonic with steam-calliopes. He's just back from following a circus all over Picardy this Summer, and has finished the *allegro*. And this is Lorna Leslie."

A long, thin woman with a profile like the carvings on the later Egyptian tombs, a tight cap of copper-colored hair, and a husky voice slid to the edge of the divan and held out a long white hand. "Lorna's just back from Fuenterrabia with many, many bottles of old Persod. Have some? How d'you like it? One lump or two?"

"Why, I don't know," laughing nervously. "I don't even know what it is."

"Haven't you ever tried it?" said Lorna. "Really!" She turned to Derek "Give her three lumps, then. And if it's too sweet you can mix her another."

DEREK handed Claire a long glass of clear pale-green liquid that changed, became opaque before her eyes, as the possessed of some spell-weaving jinn. "Don't pay the slightest attention to this crowd," he said. "With the merest encouragement they'll chatter for hours All night. The most utter rot. Cult of decadence. A new mind's like a fresh sheet of paper for them to scrawl on —"

"Really, Derek!" Lorna leaned forward. Her face was sharp her voice a sullen drawl. "You're too appalling since you've come back. Simply beastly. Satisfied in muffs." She spoke over her shoulder to Claire. "Last Spring in Italy, he met some one he thinks he fell in love with. Or he isn't sure. But anyway it's had the most foul effect on him He's no longer human." She glanced scornfully at Derek, whose back was turned to them Apparently he was not even listening.

"And the worst, last phase is this Breton fancy," went on Lorna "Two years ago, when we all first knew him, he used to go there, but we made him stop. No one goes to Brittany It's *dada*. Been *dada* for a generation. Nothing but sea and cliffs and rain and a lot of dirty, drunken fishermen with cross-eyed wives. *Pêcheurs d'Islande. Aux Pays des Filets Bleus.* And all that

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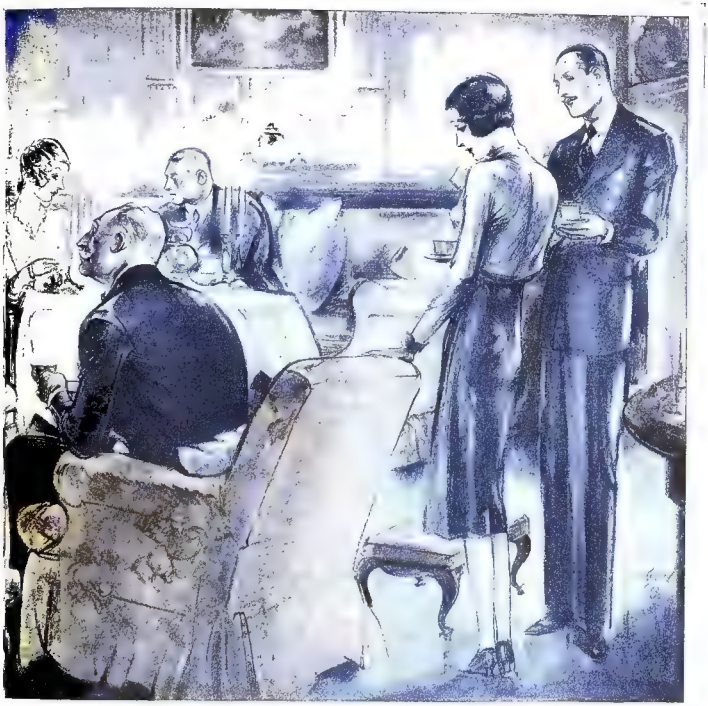

ENNY TOOK A SIP OF TEA. SHE WAS CONTENT. CLAIRE WAS NOT DOING AT ALL BADLY FOR HERSELF"

sentimental rubbish. But after this *affaire* last Spring, off he goes again. Refused to come down to St. Jean with us, or anything. Now I ask you! Really! Putting in an entire Summer sitting on the deck of a filthy little hooker, eating muck and talking Celtic. It's imbecilic." She spoke to Claire, but her eyes were on Derek.

"And now, my dear, he pretends he can't go to Provence with us because he's sent some *marin-pêcheur* *dou les poumons ne marchent pas* to Switzerland for a cure. One of those beastly Bretons. Have you ever heard of anything so utterly idiotic?"

"Oh, chuck it, Lorna! Chuck it! You're talking the most utter rot."

Claire did not recognize his voice. She had never thought of Derek as being angry. She glanced from Derek to Lorna, acutely aware of a situation. Anger. Thinly veiled threats. A tense, red-haired woman taunting a man with crooked eyebrows and a sullen mouth.

"Mademoiselle is long in Paris?" asked Ravinski, the little Pole, in a purring voice. "I would say, is here for long?"

"I don't really know." Claire was still watching Derek and Lorna. Was she in love with him? Was she jealous of the woman he had met in Italy? She must be years older than Derek. Years. Obviously that woman had been the reason for his not coming to Rome when she had telegraphed him.

Claire smiled at Ravinski. "I imagine I'll be here for another month, anyway. Possibly longer." The tension had lessened. "Isn't this a charming studio!" It was nothing of the sort. On the contrary, rather gaunt and haggard. "What is that over there? A tapestry?" she asked.

"That?" Minna Roy pointed with her cigaret. "Yes. Flemish. Quite good. That is, if one cares for that sort of thing. I don't. I like only modern things. You know. Vital things." She put out her hand and seized Derek's arm to pull herself to her feet. "I say, you chaps, let's move on somewhere. Lorna's sent Derek up about his beloved Bretons, and if we don't go there'll be a row. And I loathe rows."

She smiled at Claire. "Don't you? Let's all go over to the Dome. D'you know it, Miss Watson? You don't! Oh, fancy! But you must. It's the one spot in Paris where one's sure of finding every one one knows. Come on, Lorna. Come on, Owen. I was supposed to meet Florence and Hathaway there half an hour ago."

THE wheels had ceased whirling. But Claire still felt uneasy. She wished they would all go away. They frightened her. Lorna, her hands on her hips, bent to speak to her.

"I'm having a party Saturday night. Aragona's bringing two *martiniquais* dancers. They're going to do some voodoo stuff for us. Oh, yes, do come. It's going to be frightfully amusing."

In a moment they had all gone, and Derek had closed the door behind them.

"What a sweet little man, that Pole!" said Claire. "Just like a little kitten. All soft and furry. Is he really trying to write a symphony for calliopes?"

"Jan? Yes. Or something of the sort. Poor devil. He's got himself mixed up with a Chinese girl who's here at the Sorbonne. And can't get away from her," said Derek. He had come over and sat down beside her. "Bloody nuisance, some women."

"Is that why you run away to Sienna, and hill towns, and Brittany?" She was still nervous, but did not wish Derek to know it. "Let me have a cigaret. Will you, please?" He opened his case and struck a match. "Thanks, awfully. And now show me the sketches."

"Oh, yes. Of course." He went to one of the *armoires* and hesitated. "Do you really want to see 'em? Or are you just saying that because you think it's the correct note for a studio?"

Claire cast her unfinished cigaret into the fireplace and rose. "You're being too unpleasant to-day. I like you much better at the Ritz Cambon."

"Oh, don't go." Derek stood before her, grinning. "Please don't go. I'm sorry. It's the effect that lot have on me sometimes. All right for certain moods. One to five in the morning sort of thing. But not for daylight. Talk too much. Anything normal must be ridiculed. One gets fearfully fed up with 'em at times. Sea-gulls without wings—that describes them."

He was looking through a folio, and Claire thought of the fisherman "whose lungs did not march." "Can't you really go away with them because you've sent some one to Switzerland?"

He gave a short laugh. "As good an excuse as any—what?" Suddenly he shut the folio. "No, you don't want to look at these things. They aren't any good. Rotten. Don't even want to look at them myself. Let's go out somewhere."

WAS he still vexed at Lorna's having told about the *marin-pêcheur*, and about his having been in love with some one last Spring? As if any one cared, save possibly Lorna! Claire shrugged. Certainly, she did not care. She was merely curious. And she did not care for Lorna. Rather resented her. Something so avid, so voracious about that white-faced woman with her long nose and blazing hair. What had she been to him?

"Where shall we go?" Derek was saying. "D'you know the Panthéon? The café, I mean. No? Then let's go there. It's almost French." As they started down the stairs he seemed to emerge into another mood. "We'll go across the gardens. The Luxembourg. Ever seen the queens of France? Oh, well, then, you must. They're wonderful. A cyclorama of simpering chastity, not even omitting la Reine Marguerite."

They passed the *concierge's* lodge. "That, in there, with her beard clipped like Napoleon III., is the devil's divorced wife. Did you know that? Yes, he brought suit. Cruel and abusive treatment. And infidelity. Caught her playing girlish games with one of the crocodiles in the Fiery Lake. Madame Jezebel."

Night had fallen. Shop doors made bright yellow squares. The corner *bistros* were Punch and Judy shows; all the characters, the gendarme and the rest. The street lamps were great incandescent butterflies, pinned to earth by long black bodkins. They passed through the ghost of a gate into the empty gardens. Long, shadowy *allées* at whose far ends showed tiny points of light. Claire took Derek's arm, and he commenced to walk rather faster.

"My dear, don't walk so fast. This gravel——"

"I'm sorry."

"My shoes are full of pebbles." She put a hand on his shoulder and stooped down to undo a sandal. Her face was so close to his she did not realize that he had kissed her until he had. They walked on in silence.

"Oh, dear——! I forgot to show you the queens."

"It really doesn't matter." Through the trees she could see the lights of the Rue Soufflot and the Boulevard St. Michel.

"Are you angry with me?"

"Why, no! Why should I be? But that was quite unnecessary."

They crossed the Rue de Medicis and sat down at a table by the edge of the pavement. She was rather pleased. Rather excited. "As a matter of fact, I happen to be engaged to be married, and if you do that sort of thing—why, of course I can't see you any more."

"Married! Really!" He began to laugh. "How very interesting! I say, what shall we have to drink? *Garçon. Deux Cressonnées, 'vec beaucoup de la glace.* . . . And whom, may I ask, are you marrying, and when? Soon? Before Christmas? And who, may I inquire, is the lucky fellow?"

"An Englishman named——"

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"Now, I say, how extraordinarily original of you to have decided on an Englishman! But just why a stalwart Briton? What put that into your head? Ah, my dear, I fear you've been reading something. You should be careful. A little knowledge, you know!" He grinned. "You really haven't the mentality to read. Nor the soul. In fact, I'm certain that you have no soul. You're merely beautiful and nothing else. So beautiful, Claire, it's imperative I paint you."

She sat and smiled, without actually listening to what he said, and sipped her Cressonnée.

"So you are going to marry an Englishman," she heard him saying, "and go to live in merry, foggy, rainy England, and hunt and shoot and fish and eat puddings and have kippers for breakfast and go to house-parties where all the women knit sweaters and the men go to bed by ten. If only you knew how bored you're going to be!"

He waited a moment. "Tell me, have you any special Englishman in mind? Or is this just a plan? I mean, have you bewitched some poor devil into actually proposing the honorable estate of matrimony to you? Or do you just think it would be a jolly good idea to get yourself off with some one rich and titled and politically prominent?"

She flicked the butt of her cigaret across the pavement and leaned her elbows on their iron table.

Derek leaned across it. "Have you ever cared for any one? I mean, really cared? Cared so much you didn't know what you were about, so that you didn't give a darn for anything so long as you were near him, could touch him? Cared so that you shivered at every footfall in the corridor, hoping it was his? And were desolate and forlorn when it wasn't? Sort of faint?" He watched her eyes. "Have you ever trembled just at the sight of a certain envelop lying waiting for you? Or gone and stood in the street, across from a certain window, watching?"

"Why, of course I've cared for lots of people. Haven't I just told you that I'm engaged, that I'm going to be married on the fifth of November?"

"The fifth. No!" He began to laugh. "What a funny one you are! Fancy being married on the fifth of November. Of all months! I don't believe you're going to be married at all. No, I swear I don't. You've made it up, just like the little girls who go to confession and tell *le bon curé* all the sins they wish had happened to 'em. And you know being engaged to a man has nothing to do with being in love with him. You know that as well as I."

She found it expedient to glance away and examine the dregs of her Cressonnée. When she looked up again a blind had been drawn down over his eyes. All his interest had vanished. Piqued, she inquired what day he wished to begin her portrait.

"Oh, yes, of course. The portrait. As a wedding-gift, is that the idea? How extremely charming! Well, then, Wednesday? How would that do? That all right?"

She nodded, disconcerted. How unlike any of the men in Columbus! Her soul! Of course she had a soul. Why else was one baptized? "What time Wednesday? Ten? Oh, no! Eleven would be nicer. Oh, well, ten then. And now will you please call me a taxi?"

As her cab turned from the Rue Vaugirard into the Rue du Tournon and started down the empty hill Claire leaned back and shut her eyes. What a curious person! Such curious ideas! Souls! But it would be fun having him do her portrait. To-night she would write Ian about it. How like Jenny to have pretended that Ian would object! Darling Ian, he would never object to anything.

SOME day she would tell him about Derek's kissing her. It had rather startled her to-day. The gardens had been so dark, So empty. Ah, yes, amusing person. Terribly attractive. But not the type of man a woman would ever dream of marrying. But no earthly reason why she should not see him, and as often as she chose. And if he should make love to her—well, that would be her mother's sin.

If Jenny had not been so irritating about Ian she would not have been driven to hunting Derek up! But that Lorna woman, with her long, thin nose and bright-red hair! She sat up and glanced out the window. They were in the Rue de Rivoli, just passing Rumpelmayer's. She was back in her own Paris and felt more confident.

As Claire entered her mother's sitting-room Jenny was seated at the desk. She did not vouchsafe to turn until Claire had spoken to her several times. Then she said, "Well," with a smile as curved as a simitar and meant to cut as deeply. "You've had a pleasant afternoon?"

"Very!"

"Wasting your time with some good-for-nothing artist." Jenny fumbled amongst the papers before her. "Perhaps you will find this letter of your father's pleasant, too."

Claire sat down to read what Wilbur had to say. Another strike was threatening. All the operatives in the tire industry. Wilbur did not know whether he could leave home before the new case should be arbitrated.

Impossible to go into all the ramifications of this new development. Forty cents an hour more. Planning walkout first of November——

"WELL?" Jenny's manner indicated that she was working herself into a scene. "What do you think of that! Do you realize what that means if the factories are closed? Do you realize, you selfish girl, that we may have to start for home?" She tapped the edge of the desk with a paper-knife. Claire felt if Jenny did not stop it she would snatch it away. "Here! Spending all this money! The last place in the world I want to be. Putting your father to all this expense to gratify a whim." She twisted in her chair. "I should have put my foot down long ago. I should have said 'No!' And here I'm left sitting, alone, nervous, not knowing whether you've been run over by a taxi or not, while you——"

"Has it ever occurred to you that I may be nervous, too?"

"No impudence, Miss! You staying out all afternoon, running round with some riffraff you picked up through that Bulkley woman! If you had any feelings, any consideration for me or for your poor father, if you ever thought of any one except yourself, you wouldn't do such things."

Rustling in amongst the papers again, she drew out an envelop and tossed it to Claire. "Here's a letter from England for you. From Ian, I suppose. Well, now that the two of you have made all your own arrangements, perhaps you will be good enough to let me know a little of your plans. Am I to be invited to the wedding?"

"Oh, Mother, be quiet!"

Claire had not meant to say it. Now, she knew, there would be an outburst. She rose and went into her room. Jenny followed her.

"What do you mean by walking out of the room while I am talking to you? What do you mean by it, I say? What's in that letter that you have to go off to read it? Answer me!"

"Why, there's nothing in it, particularly." Claire cleared her throat. "He says he wants us to be married down at Steyning, at the church in the village, where his mother and father were married."

"In the village!" Jenny gave a hysterical laugh. "With a lot of farmers peering in the windows!" She shrugged. "I might have known it. Just the sort of thing I would expect from Ian. Why doesn't he want to be married properly, in London? Is he ashamed of you?"

"Oh, Mother! Stop it!"

"I won't stop it." She seized Claire's arm. "And how dare you talk so to your mother!"

"Oh, go 'way, will you please? Leave me alone. I tell you I can't stand it."

"I shall not go 'way. And I won't have you talk so to me."

Claire put her hands on Jenny's shoulders and pushed her toward the door.

"Let go of me! Let go of me, I say! How dare you touch me!"

With a low cry Jenny collapsed into a *chaise-longue*, her face in her hands. "Oh, that I have lived to see this day! Oh, that my own child would turn against me! That my own child would dare to raise her hand against her mother! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Mother! Be quiet! There's some one at the door!"

ABRUPTLY as the switching off of an electric light Jenny's weeping ceased. But the instant the *chasseur* had left the room she burst forth afresh. She would not stay another night in Paris. She was going home. For an hour she complained of Claire, abused Derek, and derided Ian. "You're out of your head about that fellow. Ready to run off to-night and marry him in any little hole-and-corner village church. He's ashamed of you, that's what he is. Marry you at Steyning! Why! The ceremony might not even be legal! And then where would you be? I'll never consent to that. Never."

"But if there's another strike and we must economize, it would be so much less expensive to be married somewhere quietly."

"Less expensive! Ha! And since when have you begun to think of expense, may I ask? Hm! The audacity of Ian even suggesting it. The impertinence. I'll write him myself that I positively refuse to have this thing go on another day unless you're to be married properly." Jenny rose, went across the salon to her own room, and closed the door.

A new complication. What a woman! What a mother! Claire was in a quandary. Should she cable Ian? She could not concentrate sufficiently to think one out. Jenny wanted a big London wedding. Claire shuddered at what must be endured before it should be accomplished. Should she cable her father to come to Paris and let her be married there?

A waiter appeared with an enormous tray. As usual, after a scene, Jenny had got into bed and ordered her dinner sent up to her. Claire got out Ian's letter and reread it quietly. After all, what did it matter where she was married so long as she did get married? Better to abandon the idea of being married at Steyning.

The village church would have been sweet, picturesque, but if Jenny had determined on a big London wedding, then concede that point. It was only a detail. Folly to quarrel with Jenny over a non-essential, with so many vital things—clothes and her portrait, ah, yes, her portrait!—regarding which Jenny must be reckoned with. At ten o'clock Claire went into her mother's room. Jenny was reading, and pretended not to hear her come in.

"I've written Ian that we'll be married in London." Jenny did not raise her eyes. "And I asked him to let us know about churches."

"We don't need Ian to advise us about churches." Jenny sat up and arranged her pillow. "I shall find out, thank you, which is the most suitable and fitting church in London in which to be married. I shall make inquiries from Alice Lotchett"—Mrs. Lotchett, whose father and Wilbur Watson's father had been

Photo by Eric Stahlberg

MARY ELLEN CHASE

WINNER OF PICTORIAL REVIEW'S SHORT SHORT STORY CONTEST

Miss Chase, author of Pictorial Review's prize-winning story, "Salesmanship," in this issue, is professor of English language and literature at Smith College, Northampton, Mass. She was born at Blue Hill, Me., a seacoast village east of Penobscot Bay.

Educated in the country schools and in the Academy of Blue Hill, she was trained in the Greek and Latin classics, and in 1909 was graduated from the University of Maine. She then started to teach.

Her first short stories were published in 1918 and 1919. Recently she has turned her efforts to the essay, and five of these have appeared in magazines within the last four years. She has five books to her credit, and the sixth, "The Silver Shell," will be published this Summer.

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associates in Columbus, was the wife of one of the secretaries at the American Embassy—"when we go to lunch with her to-morrow. Do you mind closing the door? And, Claire, I want you to give up the idea of having your portrait done. You won't have time."

"But why? Of course I'll have time."

"No. You won't. And, furthermore, I don't want you going alone to strange men's rooms. It isn't nice."

"Oh, rubbish! A studio isn't a room. You're silly. I want him to do it and I'm going to have him do it. Good night."

CLAIRE'S trousseau! Jenny determined it should comprise everything of which she had ever dreamed. Claire's waiving the notion of being married at Steyning had brought about a distinct improvement in their relations. With the wedding set for a definite date, Jenny began to make plans. She launched forth upon an orgy of buying. She ransacked every shop in Paris. Hats. Shoes. Furs. Lingerie. Frocks.

But in spite of all Jenny's intentions there was friction. They could never agree. Never was one order given without an argument. And for one reason Jenny refused to order the wedding-dress. Every shop in Paris had submitted models, but she refused to come to a decision.

"Why can't you make up your mind? You're too maddening!" They were leaving Molyneux's. It was raining. Claire had no umbrella. "Mother, I never knew any one like you. I'm ashamed to go into any of those places and have you ask to see all their models again. No, I won't go back to Patou's with you. We've been there every day this week."

What she had spent, whom she owed, Jenny had no notion. Often she refused to pay for things when they arrived at the hotel; denied having ordered them; threatened to report the shop to the American Consulate. The very desk clerks at the Plaza Athénée fled into the inner office at her approach.

"Why don't you make a list of the things you've ordered?" Claire asked again and again. "I should think you'd be ashamed to have those people waiting in the lobby to ask you for money every time you go into the hotel. Oh, my dear! Pay them, for Heaven's sake! No, I won't go anywhere else with you this afternoon. I have an appointment at Derek's at three, and it's after that now."

The relief of being able to say she had a sitting, and then to rush across the river to the Avenue Vavin! Even if Claire had not been half in love with Derek Barran she would have gone merely to escape Jenny's endless arguments. These appointments were not to Jenny's liking. She tried, in every way she knew, to stop Claire's going. Would lie about the time. Would threaten. Sulk. But in spite of her, and because of her, Claire went.

The first sittings were quite professional. Tiresomely so. It irked Claire to sit immobile and watch Derek, absorbed in his work. She invented excuses to distract him, to draw his attention from the canvas to herself.

"Derek," plaintively.

"Well, what now?"

"Oh, my dear, I'm so tired! My shoulder's hurting frightfully. And you're so frightfully serious when you are at work. Why won't you talk to me now?"

"'D'YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?' DEREK ASKED. 'NO? JUST AS WELL. SIT UP, YOU ALL, AND BE INTRODUCED'"

"Can't. I'm thinking. It's frightfully important, this first bit I'm doing now."

"Let's see how much you've done. Oh, my dear! I don't like that line at all. Now look at me. I don't look like that, do I? No," pushing him gently from her. "I told you yesterday that you mustn't do that. But, my dear, I've forgotten how I was sitting. Come and arrange me!"

When the light would become too dim for him to work they would have tea; alone, in the studio. Sometimes they went out. But Claire preferred to have Derek to herself, and when they went to cafés too many people came up to speak to him. Once or twice in the first week of sittings Jan Ravinski drifted in, to smile at Derek and kiss Claire's hand.

"*Ah, c'est chic, ça!*"

"D'you think it's good? Oh, my dear, do you really? I'm so glad." Claire would lavish smiles upon him, taking all the credit for the picture to herself. Once Minna Roy appeared, to smile and stare at Claire, and once Owen Morgan came, but never Lorna Leslie.

"Derek," Claire asked him one day, "who was that red-haired woman I met here that first day? Yes, Lorna. D'you ever see her any more? But why not?"

"Why should I?"

"Why, I don't know. I thought she was in love with you. Yes, really. Were you ever in love with her?"

"I say! What a question! What does it matter, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing. I simply thought——"

"What did you think?"

A petulant shrug.

"Then stop moving and keep your head still. How do you expect a chap to do anything if you keep fussing about all the time? He threw down his brush. "What is it now?"

"OH, Derek, I love to see you when you're angry. Yes, really. You're too sweet! I want to stop now for a little while. I'm tired."

That was one afternoon at the beginning of the second week of sittings. Derek had abandoned all idea of Claire's ever remaining still for more than five minutes at a time.

"You're the most restless creature I've ever known!" Three, four, five times every hour he would have to stop work, while Claire got down, to sit on the divan, Derek beside her. Again and again Lorna Leslie's remark about the woman in Italy came back to her.

"Derek! Whom did you go to Sienna with last Spring?"

"Why, no one."

"Well, whom did you meet there, then?"

"Lots of people."

"Now, don't be silly. You know perfectly well what I mean. You know, Derek, you really ought to fall in love with some one. Yes, really. You're so self-satisfied."

"Whom would you suggest I begin with, h'm? No suggestions? Well, then, let's get back to work. No, turn your head this way. Don't gaze off into space. And stop blinking. There. That's better. Now, d'you think you can make a superhuman effort and remain still for five minutes?"

"I think you're very rude."

"No." He kept glancing from the canvas to her face. "I say, Claire, tell me something. You're not really going to be married, are you?"

"I told you once. Why do you ask again?"

"Idle curiosity, that's all. How I pity the poor devil!"

"But why?"

"Because you're not in love with him. You're not in love with any one. Nor ever will be. You're just marrying some one to escape home. You don't want to live in America. You think being married over here will be more amusing. H'm?"

Tho she had told him a great deal about Jenny and

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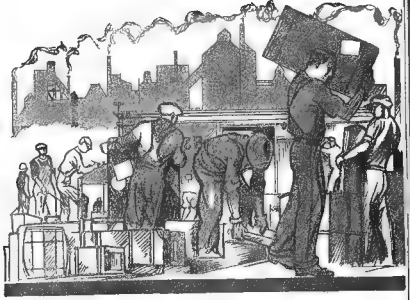
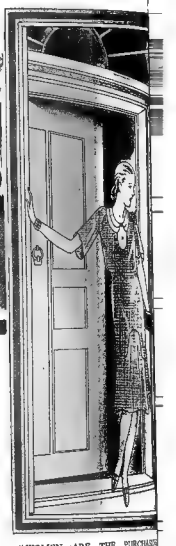
AS A WOMAN

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST





"WOMEN ARE THE PURCHASI
ARE DOING EVEN MORE THAN

To PICTORIAL REVIEW:

The business community of the nation is facing a new phenomenon which is likely to have a profound influence upon our economic future. It is the newly awakening appreciation of the significance of woman's preponderant influence as a buyer. Of course, she has always served in that capacity since the dimmest beginnings of civilization. But this new world of highly intricate and vastly accelerated distribution, with its thousands of specializations and activities, presents a variety of problems totally new and infinitely more complicated than ever before.

The purchasing agent of an industrial establishment holds his position by virtue of the fact that he prevents losses and thus reduces the expense of doing business. Woman is the purchasing agent of the most important institution in this country—the home. The intelligent, business-like performance of this function, whose ramifications and significance are increasing daily, presents, therefore, a challenge of compelling power.

The elimination of waste, as President Hoover has often pointed out, is a total asset. And distribution is the outstanding field in America's economic life, which offers prodigious possibilities for improvement.

Consequently every effort to stimulate careful thinking on these new responsibilities of women will contribute to the well-being of the whole country. I, therefore, welcome such a thorough and painstaking effort as is evident in this forthcoming series of articles by Mrs. Parkhurst.

Julius Klein

Assistant Secretary of the United States Department of Commerce

SOME months ago I was talking with one of New York's big business men about some figures said to have been given out by the Department of Commerce. According to these statements $41,000,000,000 had been spent the preceding year in the country's retail trade, 85 per cent. of which had gone through the hands of women.

"Let me tell you," said the man, "of a conversation I had with a banker just the other day. We were at luncheon together in a restaurant in the Wall Street district. Seated at an adjoining table was a group of men. Through the clatter of dishes, we could hear scraps of their conversation, the subject of which was money and the making of money.

"My friend said to me, 'Wherever one goes these days all one hears is money. If you listen to conversations on the streets, at the clubs, in restaurants, between the acts in theaters, at dinner-parties, on the golf-course—every place—the making of money transcends every other interest.'

"I agreed with him, and he continued: 'Yes, and do you know that if you would go this very minute to Fifth Avenue you would find the women spending this money as fast as men can make it, if not faster. They're having a great time, bless their hearts,' he laughed. 'But they certainly have become fine little wasters. They know nothing about buying, and next to nothing about the things they buy.

"'Why, my wife came home to me last Summer with two dozen pairs of golf-socks which she had bought at a sale because they were cheap. When I looked at them I had to turn my back, as I did not want her to see me laughing. They *were* cheap, but they were far from being economical. They were more than half cotton, and the cotton itself was filled. I knew from the colors that the dyes were poor. Sure enough, the first washing made them unfit for wear. That's the way it is with women,' he laughed."

In telling me this the business man said, "I wonder if that is so. I've never thought very much about it in my own home because my wife is fairly economical, and we have never felt the pinch of money. But if these figures that we read about so much are true, certainly an enormous obligation has been attached to the money-spending privilege of American women to-day. Do you suppose they are equipped for it?"

At the office of Pictorial Review, where we had been discussing these figures and their implications, I repeated the conversation. It helped to crystallize some questions which had been formulating in the editorial mind for some time. Are these figures, we were brought to ask, authentic? If so, do women realize the magnitude of the power that seems so suddenly to be vested in them? Are they prepared to use it to its full capacity? Have they the needed knowledge for the task? If not, have they the interest and zeal to acquire it?

So persistent were these questions in our minds that I was sent to Washington to interview Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce, from whose office these figures were said to have emanated.

"The figures are not ours," said Dr. Klein. "Go see Professor Paul H. Nystrom of the College of Business at Columbia University. He is an authority and, I believe, is responsible for them. However, I am sure that women are the purchasing agents of the country, and are doing even more than 85 per cent. of the retail buying.

"I go further than that. Whereas formerly they were allowed to buy only those things which went into the home, they now have much or all to say about what kind of home they shall have. The man, as head of the family, used to select the site for its dwelling-place, dictate its architecture, watch over its construction.

"His only thought, in the majority of instances, was to get the space necessary for housing his family at the least possible cost. He had little concern for quality or durability, proportion or design. These abstract virtues were left to the architect or the contractor—often honest and even expert, at times neither. And what atrocities were sometimes erected in their name!

"To-day women are taking a peremptory hand in these things. While there is yet great improvement to be sought for in home-building, things are getting better. Little as women know about these matters, they know a long sight more than men; and they are more conscientious—and more eager to learn. Having had for so long to account for the use of money, they have acquired the habit of more careful spending.

"It is only right that they should have everything to say about the building of the home. They have to live in it practically twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. Men are there scarcely more than four or five of their wakeful hours. But as its managing director, they still have a long way to go before they achieve real efficiency in the job.

"They have to learn the value of the lumber dollar, of the steel dollar, of the cement dollar, of the entire building dollar, of the furniture dollar, of the textile dollar, of the food dollar. They do not as yet realize that a thing is not necessarily good because it is expensive; nor, on the other hand, that because it is cheap it is not always economical. They do not see quality as completely divorced from cost.

"If women were aware of it, by demanding the best possible materials for the least possible outlay, they could completely revolutionize that part of the industrial world which manufactures all those products which go into the making and maintenance of the home. But before they can do this, as I have said, they must acquire knowledge—not only of the products themselves, but of the materials and of the labor that go into them; of the costs and methods of distributing and marketing."

Miss Ada L. Bush, chief of the Special Inquiry Department of the Domestic Commerce Division, gave testimony that women are picking up the gauntlet which has been cast at their feet.

"EVERY month," she said to me, "we receive thousands of letters from housewives in all parts of the country, and in all stations in life, asking about everything from cooking-utensils to vacuum cleaners, from cottolene to caviar, from pocket-handkerchiefs to fur coats. They are inquisitive about the origin and source of these things, their kinds and qualities, their manufacture and distribution.

"As a side-light on the general trend, we receive almost as many letters from men—manufacturers and merchants, wholesale and retail, seeking information about the buying habits and tastes of women. In other words, woman as the universal buyer has become the center of commerce around which revolve many processes of business from producer to consumer."

Upon my return to New York I called upon Professor Paul H. Nystrom of Columbia University.

"Yes, those are my figures," said he, "but they are no longer adequate as they were taken from returns of 1926. I firmly believe that in 1928 at least $46,000,000,000 will be spent in the American retail trade, and I would not be

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A BUILDS HER HOME

Decoration by FRANK DOBIAS

AGENTS OF THE COUNTRY, AND PER CENT. OF THE RETAIL BUYING"

ing to this the total imports of consumers' goods for the same year, and subtracting the exports of similar goods for the same period.

"Another takes the average sales per person engaged in the retail business as determined in certain lines of business and certain localities, and assumes that this average amount of business done *per capita* holds good for the entire country.

"The third uses an average American family budget and multiplies this by the total number of families.

"As a further check on this estimate, one may use the carefully drawn-up estimates of the total national income prepared by the National Bureau of Economic Research."

Professor Nystrom then turned interviewer.

"I wonder if you know," he asked me, "what is happening to women? Do you know that there are 27,000,000 families in this country, 22,000,000 of which are complete—that is to say, they include the father and mother and from one to five children? That out of these, 2,500,000 wives are working, that all told there are between 8,500,000 and 10,000,000 women working, that at least 10,000,000 wives have no care of children under twelve years of age, and that 5,000,000 of them have no children at all?

"Do these who do no work of any kind realize that their leisure is consumable—that it entails the spending, and too often the wasting, of vast sums of money for diversion, for amusement, for luxuries? All human beings, men and women, must justify their existence by some kind of worth-while endeavor. Danger and even disaster lie lurking for those who do not.

"With more and more women becoming conscious of this obligation, and doing the best they can to fulfil it, but a few years will elapse before the idle and parasitic women—they who give little or nothing in return for what they get—will become pariahs among their own kind and in the eyes of society as well.

"All women, of course, can not be mothers. All women have neither the talent nor the necessity for actual work. But spending money, particularly money earned by some one else, is a highly specialized job requiring highly specialized knowledge. Making proper use of what one has is one of life's most imperative principles.

"Many women, it is true—not a majority, but a good minority of them, the wives of working men and of men of comfortable means—have always brought conscience and study to bear upon their home-making. It is they who may be praised for the fact that to-day advertised goods—at least those which are advertised in the better-class publications guaranteeing the merchandise set forth in their pages—are growing better in material and workmanship.

"Before the millennium of woman's usefulness can be achieved all of you must learn to do likewise. You must know everything about the things you buy from the time they are taken from their original sources until they are ready for sale and consumption. If Pictorial Review can help even a little toward the awareness of women, it will have done a great work."

And so I went out on my mission. Traveling from one end of the country to the other, I visited logging-camps and lumber-mills, copper-mines and smelters, iron-mines and steel-mills, pulp-mills and paper-factories, stock-yards and packing-houses, orchards and truck-farms, fruit- and vegetable-canneries, textile-mills, and furniture- and rug- and carpet-factories.

I interviewed important men of important enterprise. I studied economic reports and read books of high authority. Gathering here a little and there a little, I returned to Washington, where, with the aid of Dr. Klein and his able assistants, the chaff was separated from the wheat. And now, taking the home as a unit, I shall give what is at least a digest of the things that every woman should know if she is to maintain the balance of her destiny by setting the scales of her privilege with an equal weight of responsibility.

AS SWIFT as the tides of women's economic force are coming to the full, the change, as all great changes are, has been gradual. It has been through countless ages as the long laying of a foundation deep within the ground of life itself. The story of the evolution of the home, together with the story of man's development, is also the story of women's progress. Going intelligently into the sources of things, we must see in all fairness that the preparation of the heart has not been less in woman than in man.

The long way of her upward march has been a hard one. That she has come at last to some even plane with man is proof of her fitness to arrive. And in order to know to what she has come she must also know the way of her coming.

Now, the time of man on this earth is yet debatable. Scientists still fail to agree upon it. Scraps of bones, unearthed from various parts of the globe, and the strata in which they were found, are the only data upon which deductions have been based. Parts of the skull, a thigh-bone, a jaw or so, and two molar teeth gave us the ensemble of the first erect ape-man, or *Pithecanthropus erectus*, and of the Heidelberg man, who lived, so it is said, respectively 1,000,000 and 500,000 years ago.

And then enters woman. Known as the "Piltdown form," her poor old bones—fragments of her skull, a part of her face, nearly half of her lower jaw, and a number of teeth—were brought to light from her bed of gravel, in Sussex, England, in 1911. She, it is computed, reigned or slaved, as the case may be, some 100,000 years B. C.

There follows the Neanderthal man, constructed from dozens of different finds—almost complete skulls and several skeletons—in Spain, France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria-Hungary. He died, according to the best authority, 25,000 years before our day.

We are brought within the realm of history and to the human species with the Cro-Magnon man, a variety of ourselves, or *Homo sapiens* (wise man). He was found in complete skeleton, male and female, in several parts of France, in Italy and Germany. It is 25,000 years since he began to walk upon the earth. From then on, because of the great progress of natural science through research and excavation, we have come to know much of man, his habits, his customs, and his moral codes.

We see him, in his beginning, struggling with his environment, with the cataclysmic changes wrought by glacier, flood, earthquake, and volcanic action, when the earth, too, was in the making. Through ice and snow and torrid heat, in mountain, desert, and plain, he fought and went on.

Gradually his instincts—self-preservation and the continuance of his kind—gave rise to his intuition. Hunger and cold and excessive heat, the fear of wild animals or a threatening enemy, drove him to the association of ideas which enabled him to make the materials about him answer to his needs. Through the old and new stone ages he learned to make implements for killing game and his enemy as well, first by chipping stone with stone and then polishing it to better purpose into arrows and spear-heads and axes, and picks and scrapers, and knives and saws.

By the scarcity of game animals he came to grain as food. Stone working upon stone, he fashioned bowls in which it could be ground into meal. Striking flint upon flint, he ignited dried grass and wood into flame to warm him and to light the way at night. When by accident or want he found that inedible foods brought into contact with heat made them edible, he found also that certain clays mixed with water, molded, and baked formed durable water-jugs and cooking-bowls. And pottery was born.

FOR years, ranging from 50,000 to 250,000, he drifted from place to place, seeking food and shelter, remaining for a time by river-bank, in cave, or under rocks, with only these crude implements to aid him. For covering, to keep out the cold, or to protect his body from the rays of the sun, he had but the skins of animals.

Gradually, generation by generation, one passing on what it had learned to another, each answered need bringing new discoveries and inventions, light dispelled his darkness. Camels and horses and dogs and cattle were domesticated. Bones and horns and tusks were utilized. From the leg of a reindeer or the born of cattle the first needles were made. Skins grew into garments. Because of the growth of his family, he became less a nomad, settling where food and shelter could be more easily procured.

It was then he learned to sow the seed of wild grains and vegetables, to store up water against drought, and, by digging ditches, to carry it from river to land. Dwelling-places he built of stone, of mud, of reed and thatch, or of skins stretched across poles, according to what his environment offered him. Cattle and dog and reindeer became beasts of burden. Horses and elephants carried men to war. Camel caravans went forth to East and West. Families grew into tribes. Woman's work had well begun.

It was she who cooked and carried, who spun and wove grasses and fibers, sewed skins into robes, growing weak or old before her time with excessive and careless child-bearing. For even so long ago men had felt the call to increase and multiply, that they might have young men for the wars that began when property begot greed and greed grew to covetousness. And when men went off to war, only the women were left at home, while old men stayed to command them.

Thus it was that man came to decree woman's place as in the home. To keep her there he set up around her a myriad of tabus and laws and restrictions. The things she could do and could not do as well as those she must and must not, the virtues she should possess, the talents she should not, were all set to a dead-line, across which

Please turn to page 73

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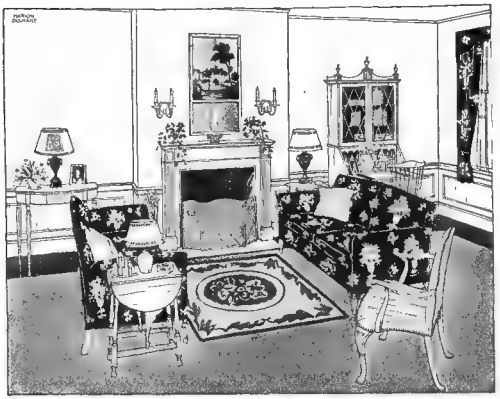
FOR TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

By ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

Exercise taste in buying furniture and the future will take care of itself



THIS DELIGHTFUL LIVING-ROOM IS FURNISHED ENTIRELY WITH INEXPENSIVE PIECES OF GOOD DESIGN

TWO young women of my acquaintance have very opposite opinions on furniture as an investment. One of them buys for to-day. Her home is pretty, small, and informal, and she has expended most cheerfully the sum she had on hand in acquiring the loveliest collection of informal, small, and comparatively inexpensive pieces that she could find.

She wasted little time in wondering whether the furniture would suit other modes of life in the far-distant future. She didn't agonize over fears that perhaps the furniture wouldn't wear, or that maybe it would go out of style.

She did stipulate that it should have fine lines inspired by authentic designs, that its finish should have a dull and rich appearance, and that it should be really smart. As to wearing qualities, she knew that all reputable furniture wears well—some people think much too well—especially if you wanted to move to a larger and more elaborate house. At such a time she knew she would want new furniture, unclouded by qualms that the old pieces were much too good to discard for new.

The second young woman took her furnishing problems much more seriously. As she chose each chair and table, each bureau, desk, and high-boy for her informal little home, she had ever an eye to the future. Because she had chosen a very expensive living-room rug for the "dream-house" of after-years as well as for this one, she had to strive and strain to acquire elaborate furniture to combine with it, quite to the detriment of the room. Her dining-suite looked out of place because it was too important for its present small, gay quarters. As it happened, this forearmed friend of mine had to discard her carefully chosen elaborate pieces after all, for when she moved to her new home it was a quaint place dominated by that expensive simplicity into which her former furniture would not fit at all, and she had to reinvest in Early American reproductions.

But, as you can see by the lovely rooms shown in the pictures here, my friend who bought for to-day has never had a single reason to regret her choice in furnishings. She wanted a cozy living-room, so without a single forward glance toward the possibility of a mansion in the future, she chose a pair of those love-seats which so often may be bought inexpensively.

In their coverings of glazed chints grounded in dark slate-blue, and patterned lavishly in apricot, rose, mulberry, with jade-green foliage, she discovered the foundation of a room-scheme which proved to have distinction as well as gaiety. The walls were painted in the palest peach-tone, the woodwork in dull delft-blue, antiqued pleasantly. The old blue chints was used for the overdraperies at the windows, over glass-curtains of pale apricot.

Furniture of medium price in dull mahogany and walnut, in the up-to-date finishes which bring these two woods into the closest of harmonies, achieved new loveliness in this gay setting: a secrétaire, a console-table (both to be seen in the picture), a long and narrow Duncan Phyfe table holding a pair of lamps, and two Windsor chairs, one for the secrétaire, and one used in another part of the room. All of these pieces were in mahogany.

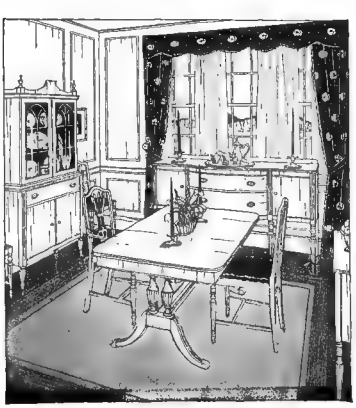
Two armchairs, one in the Queen Anne style (to be seen in the picture), and the other in the same style but slightly different in design, were upholstered in ashes-of-roses color, one in a linen frieze, the other in antique artificial satin. Both these chairs were in dull walnut, as was the radio-cabinet. The allover rug was a dull slate-blue, and the hearth-rug was hooked in tones of the room's colors, predominating in apricot and rose in antique variations.

The dining-room opened from the living-room. A pretty suite had been bought reasonably, in dull mahogany finish and the popular Duncan Phyfe tendencies. The walls were painted in the pale apricot tone to match the living-room, the rug was the dullest of blues, and the overdraperies at the window-grouping were grounded in dark apricot, with soft blues in the design.

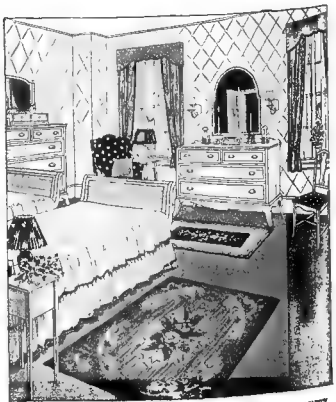
The main bedroom carried out a similar refinement of design and delicacy, for the furniture was of beautiful mahogany veneer, with the sleigh-beds setting the key-note of American Empire character. The walls were a very pale antique slate-blue; the room was carpeted in gray, with gayer small rugs for color-accents. The bedspreads were of artificial silk, striped crosswise in rose and yellow, with antique blue edgings. The window-draperies were of antique yellow, lined with rose, and the glass-curtains were pale apricot.

Often one of the best economies is to meet each need as it arises. For who can tell what the future will bring? You may want to live in a mansion, but if you furnish now in such hopes, you are likely to have to squeeze into an apartment with the aid of the proverbial shoe-horn.

The point is to decide what amount would not be extravagant for your own means. For within that amount, whatever it is, you can furnish smartly with beautiful furniture, not planned to last forever, but lovely enough to be unafraid to face to-morrow, if need be.



THIS DINING-ROOM FAIRLY RADIATES A CHARMING SENSE OF HOME



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BALCONY AND TERRACE

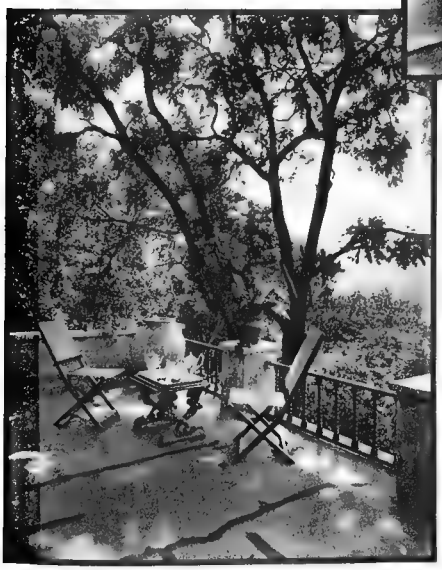
Two attractive types of open porch which invite loafing in the sunshine and fresh air

By
COLLIER STEVENSON

NO HOUSE is complete to-day without some form of porch for outdoor living. As a matter of fact any house is immeasurably more comfortable when it has a variety of porches, designed and placed to meet the respective needs of different hours and seasons. Of all porch types the balcony and the open terrace are particularly interesting, not only on account of their decorative possibilities, but because they shut off neither light nor air from the interior of a house.

AN EFFECTIVE combination of balcony and open terrace is pictured at the right. The balcony floor, being of slatted wood, can not possibly create a drainage problem, as all water is carried through to the terrace. Incidentally, the slatted floor has an artistic value, since it casts broken shadows over wall and terrace. Tho this particular terrace is paved, some of the most attractive terraces are merely sodded, the grass extending from the house to a boundary of either hedge or wall, raised above the grade of the surrounding garden.

Photos by Mattie Edwards Hewitt



TERRACES and balconies are ideal vantage-points from which to view an outspread landscape. This is instanced above by a wide, cement-paved terrace, bounded by a low wall that is broken at intervals by an ornate balustrade of wood. Simple, weather-resisting furniture is introduced as a promise of afternoon tea, luncheon, and other informal meals to be enjoyed beneath the trees that shelter the terrace. Similar furniture is used on the little porch at the right

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girl walked along, saying nothing, taking the black, curving way of the road, guiding themselves by the line of trees black against the dark sky.

A little wind came up, shaking the boughs, forcing the girl to turn her skirt up over her head against the heavy drops of water from the thick leaves.

"I remember you," said Lawlor, "on a windy day stooping to pick up a bit of linen that had blown from the bushes. I've never forgotten your bright cheeks."

"I looked at your shoes going past," said Nora. "While I was stooping down I looked at them. I liked the way you planted your feet."

A rigadoon of heavy drops fell, and from the dark behind walls a sweet essence of blooming things opened out in a little patch of scent no bigger than a spread fan. He and the girl stepped through the arc of sweet scent, leaving behind them known, familiar things as tho they had traveled miles into a far country. He felt the edge of her skirt brushing. She said, "I used to go out there in the road, sometimes two or three times in the day I'd go, hoping you'd pass up that way."

"I always took the hill road," he explained. The thought of his hapless, useless going on the hill road became a great pain, and to atone for the wide circling of his way beyond her he took her in his arms.

SHE was sweeter than the little fans of scent opening from over the garden walls. But she was too quick to kiss him. She kissed him twice before he was half ready to kiss her, and the joy of the moment was lost in the suspicion that he was holding only one of the fuzzy-haired Leary chits who hadn't yet grown up.

But when she cried, "Whatever will I do without you in a strange place that I'm terrified of already?" all his low-stirring thoughts took wing, whirling up and out on the great desire to go wherever she went. He said:

"I'll go with you, for God knows I couldn't stand this life now, and you not in it. Only this evening I was close to the verge of going off by myself, I was. I was longing to be gone somewheres, and now I'll go with you."

They made their plans in the dark of the big oaks with their minds toward the morning. He was to meet her at the abbey crossroads as soon as the sun came up. It was easy to plan with her there beside him. "I'll take to the blowing again in earnest. I'll pick it up again, I will."

"You will so, for it wouldn't matter to me if you had three pouches in your cheeks."

"Wouldn't it matter at all?"

"It would not. I'm loving you over and above the look of your face, I am. I'm loving you for your own sake. Don't you feel that?"

"God knows I do."

IT WAS easy to plan after he had said good-by to her, while he was still wearing the feel of her lips. He was beginning on the wonders of a new life, as young again as ever his head was through wearing the sweet feel of a girl's mouth. He went home to gather up his few things, taking the long way, knowing that by the time he got there Julia would be in bed and the cottage dark.

He let himself in without noise, as he had often done before, in the middle of the night. The fire had been covered, but from a crack there was enough glow to show beyond the hearth as far as the table-legs. He sat down in the chimney-corner to wait a still later time before collecting his things. The crack of fire split wider, sending a red light up to the handle of the teapot standing on the dresser's edge. If Julia could read the fate of others in the tea-leaves, why couldn't she read her own and be prepared against this time when he would want to leave her?

His keenness ached, and he knew there would be more rain. The word "desertion" came into his mind in small printed letters as the part of a notice in a newspaper. He began to see the sentences surrounding the word, and added to be seen them creeping themselves into his mind, he was aware they told that a child had been buried by a fund collected among the neighbors, as the mother was destitute, having been deserted by her husband.

"Desertion" was an ugly word when all a man wanted was the right to live his own life. For God knew women lived their own lives, quite as they pleased in their own

Continued from page 17

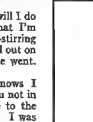
EVE OF DEPARTURE

way. But because their ways were quiet and not bent on roaming, there was no notice taken of them foregathering and doing their bent together in the daytime hours when men worked.

He got up, moving quietly around the room, beginning to collect his things. A man owned little enough when all was said and done. He sweated at his work, yet all he got for it were a few shirts and a coat or two, and a pipe maybe.

His pipe wasn't in his pocket, and he began searching for it, moving his hands carefully over the dresser's top. From the end of the room he heard the sounds of varied breathing, and felt there was something awesome in sleep. It came to him that it was a cruel thing to go out forever unbeknownst to this woman he had married. It would hurt her in her pride, for in the morning she'd be running down inquiring at the pub, thinking likely he'd come to some grief there. And the whole countryside would know her shame before she'd had time to get used to it and put a face on it. For there was shame to a woman in having a man walk out forever on her unbeknownst.

He went back again to the chimney-corner. He'd not go off like a thief. He remembered the shillings hidden in the press. He'd not take the last few paltry coins that ever he'd be earning for her. He'd wake her up and give them to her. He'd tell her, too, that he was done. For a woman couldn't ask more of a man than that he tell her he was



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done, and brazen it out at the time of his leaving. He'd go in, in a little while, and wake her up.

There began to be a loud pattering sound upon the road. He recognized the trot of sheep being driven through the night to some distant market. The lambs bleated sharply, complaining of weariness to the ewes, and all the herd was full of small protesting noises.

They had come a long way and were baffled by the strange roads and the need of rest. Their complaining was full of sadness, and the beating of their reluctant hoofs was sadder still.

The sadness of it came back again and again on the damp air, long after the last sheep had passed. Lawlor could not bear it, and put his fingers in his ears. Then he heard his own blood, fearful and uncertain, murmuring within him. The determination to go was beating loudly along all his veins, drumming fiercely above the low pulsing of his fears. He would clear out for good. Besides, he had promised to meet a girl at sunrise.

A gray light was growing in the room like a slow, wide sound. It showed the plates standing along the dresser-top, a row of dull and shrunken moons. In the slow light he began to look again for his pipe. As before, he felt with his hands over the dresser. A cock crew loud and clear, wrenching Lawlor's mind up and up to the very peak of his crowing. When all was still again Lawlor knew he would not go. He lifted the teapot back to a safer resting-place. He was knowing his unchanging sameness. Whether he went or stayed, he knew the sameness at the core of him.

HE STOOD looking at the teapot, feeling that his roots went back into the things that had happened. He was fast in his fields, in his children, in the woman he had married. Rooted. An old stump.

The sun sent up its first glow. It was strange and no longer sweet to think that a girl was waiting for him. Would she have sense enough to go home when he didn't come, or would she stand there waiting all morning? Would he have to go down there and face her and brazen it out? For all she was a young chit, there was brass in her make-up.

How quick she'd been to hang her eyes on him, thinking herself already safe with the distance between there and Glasgow between them. Throwing at him "I love you," letting him get over it or not, and she safe at the end of a long jaunt.

He heard the creak of a cart coming up the road, and through the window saw Tom McGee and his son making an early start for town. He snatched up the teapot and ran out, hailing them. He said, "When you go down past the abbey you'll see Nora Leary standing there waiting for this pot that I'm sending her as a present on her going away. Give it to her with my regards, and tell her to remember it was predicted in the leaves that she'll be finding a lover in Glasgow. Remember to say that. Tell her she'll surely be finding a lover in Glasgow."

McGee took the pot, and the cart rolled off with it, wedged down safe between some bunches of carrots. Lawlor, going back to the house, met Julia hurrying out, buttoning up her dress as she came.

"So you're back at last," she said.

"Yes, I'm back."

"Then you'll get your own breakfast," she told him as she hurried past.

He flung after her, "It's little you have to do, gadding out at this hour."

"And it's little you have to do, coming home at the same."

"Where are you bound?"

"You heard me say last night I'm going down to look at Nora's hat."

SUDDENLY he felt cold. The sense of being rooted left him. He had become nothing but a bit of thin cloth through which life had strained, leaving no residue. He went into the house and prepared to get breakfast, while there began in him another cycle of the old discontent starting grievously with the fact that he now lacked a teapot and would have to brew his tea in a pipkin.

As he filled the pipkin with water he remembered the shillings hidden in the press. Some of them would have to go toward a new pot, a cheap pot. He couldn't remember how many shillings there were. He went in on tiptoe around the cot where the children were still asleep, and groped in the press.

He found the coins, but one of them dropped and rolled under some of Julia's dresses hanging in a corner. On his knees feeling for it in the swirl of Julia's skirts, he was suddenly apprehensive of her anger.

Well, God knew, on the face of it, it was no more than a neighborly act to send a present to a girl going all that distance. And a woman would have a black disposition indeed if she couldn't put up with brewing her tea in a pipkin for one day, or for at least as long as it took a man to trudge to town, wearing out shoe leather, to buy her a new pot with his hard-earned cash.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time

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Miss Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia

A BRILLIANT FAVORITE IN SOCIETY, SHE IS AN EXPERT HORSEWOMAN AND A DASHING GENTLEWOMAN JOCKEY

CLASSIC BEAUTY, reflected in a modern mirror . . . a flawless profile, the perfect oval of a face that Phidias might have chiseled in an Athenian frieze . . . the silky chestnut hair is parted in the Grecian manner, the firm young skin is fine and lustrous as Attic marble.

Yet this classic beauty is a debonair young modern . . . a brilliant favorite in smart society . . . Miss Elizabeth Altemus, of an old family prominent in Philadelphia since before the Revolution.

Spirited as the thoroughbreds she rides so fearlessly, Miss Altemus is widely known as an expert horsewoman . . . a dashing gentlewoman jockey who rides the colors of her stables, purple and fuchsia, in many a hard-won race.

To live so actively in the open, yet to keep one's skin so radiantly smooth and fine means taking pains! Like many other lovely society women, Miss Altemus has discovered the simplest, easiest, most satisfactory complexion care.

"I have found the perfect protection—Pond's," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses perfectly, I never use any other. And the Cleansing Tissues take off the cream easily and completely.

"The Skin Freshener is well named!" adds Miss Altemus. "The Vanishing Cream makes a wonderful powder base and is especially good for the evening."

KEEP YOUR OWN skin lovely with these four steps of Pond's swift, simple, sure Method:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, silken-soft, absorbent.

Third—briskly dab your skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm, keep contours young.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

POND'S FOUR DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

At Retail Institutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 FAMOUS PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G
106 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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Accessories, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

IN THESE DAYS YOU CAN FIND AN INFINITE VARIETY OF REFRESHING DRINKS TO SELECT FROM.

Photo by Macy-Rinzli

A COOL WELCOME

By MARGUERITE MADDOX

IN THE heat of Summer a wicker chair and a tall cold glass can make life very pleasant. The grocer's shelves hold pale or golden ginger ale, grape-juice, white, red or purple, loganberry-juice and pineapple-juice, cider, and sirups and flavorings, as well as fine coffees, to blend into jewel-like drinks that shade the heated spirit from the sun. Your garden grows berries, and your mechanical refrigerator makes cubes of frozen ginger ale or cooked-fruit juices to add delicacy and chill to your beverages.

Modern glassware lends grace to the ceremony of the cool drink. It comes plain, or etched or cut with a design of playing fountains or scattered flowers, in complete sets for the porch or garden. Blend your loganberry- and orange-juice together, and ginger ale at the last moment, and pour into an amber pitcher. Serve sweet wafers on an amber plate. Cider and pineapple-juice, brightened with ginger ale, seems more delightful in an etched pitcher of green glass.

Color is important when skies are bright. So, if possible, harmonizing your beverages with the sets you use. For iced coffee or chocolate drinks use crystal sets.

Iced coffee is increasingly popular as a Summer beverage. Exotic color, refreshment, and flavor reward careful brewing. There are two ways only to make perfect iced coffee. Brew the coffee double strength to allow for dilution and pour it hot over ice, or else make coffee the ordinary way and cool and place it in an air-tight container in a refrigerator. Serve with only enough ice to keep cold. Use only powdered sugar.

For punches in party quantity use the sirup of cooked or canned fruits or flavored gelatin dissolved in boiling water to give body. Chill the fruit-juices before serving. Add carbonated water and ice at the last moment.

Many beverages have high food content. The fruit-juices provide vitamins. The cream and sugar in iced coffee, and the malt and chocolate in some of the chocolate drinks supply a form of concentrated energy, needed as much during outdoor Summer activity as in Winter. These beverages are therefore both food and drink. At the same time they offer the hostess a refreshing and adequate way to welcome her friends on her awninged porch or in the garden under a Summer moon.

Tinkling Emeralds

Mint Cherries — Fresh Mint
Cider — Ginger Ale

DRAIN the green sirup from a bottle of the mint cherries. Mix with enough of the ginger ale to fill the ice-tray of a mechanical refrigerator. Freeze. Crush the fresh mint and dust with powdered sugar. Allow to stand for 1 hour.

Blend together in an amber pitcher the crushed mint and half-and-half cider and ginger ale. Chill with the green-sirup ice-cubes and add the mint cherries.

Use amber glasses. Place a sprig of fresh mint in each glass.

Siberian Frappé

BREW strong coffee. Chill. Use ¼ as much heavy cream as coffee. Sweeten lightly with powdered sugar. Add 1 teaspoonful of lemon-juice to a quart beverage-shaker.

Shake the coffee, sugar, and lemon-juice in a beverage shaker until very cold. Then add the cream and shake vigorously. Serve in azure glasses, and pass small crackers spread thinly with anchovy-paste.

Lime Fizz Columbo

6 Fresh Limes — White of Egg
1 Lemon — Bitters or Worcestershire Sauce
Charged Water

USE the juice of 6 limes and of 1 lemon for each quart beverage-shaker. Drop in the white of 1 egg and 5 drops of the bitters or 3 drops of Worcestershire sauce, then fill the shaker with the charged water and ice. Shake vigorously. Sweeten to taste, remembering that the clear taste of limes and lemon in this drink makes it refreshing and unusual. Serve in tall, narrow glasses.

Burnt Orange Cream

REMOVE sections of orange free from pith. Squeeze 1 cupful of orange-juice. Brown ¼ cupful of sugar in an iron pan. Add the orange sections and coat with the caramel-sirup. Cool.

For each glass allow 1 tablespoonful of the caramelized orange sections and sirup. Add 1 cupful of the orange-juice and 1 teaspoonful of lemon-juice.

Just before serving add enough ginger ale to half fill the glass, and a scoop of rich vanilla ice-cream. Serve with gossamer-thin biscuits with only a trace of sweetness. Or else pass saltines.

Golden Rain

Ginger Ale — Lime-juice
Cubes of Frozen Pear-sirup

FREEZE the stewed or canned pear-sirup in a mechanical refrigerator. For each glass use the juice of 2 limes (or ½ lemon) and enough ginger ale to fill glass ¾ full. Add the pear-juice cubes. If more sweetening is wanted use a sirup made of boiled sugar. Keep a bottle of boiled sugar-sirup in the refrigerator during the Summer months for your beverages.

Morro Castle

Crushed Bananas — Pineapple-sirup
Cream — Crushed Ice

FOR a quart beverage-shaker use 2 bananas mashed to pulp, 2 cupfuls of canned pineapple-sirup, and 1 cupful of cream. Use finely cracked or shaved ice. Shake vigorously until the outside of the shaker is frosted.

Serve with a long beverage-spoon and straws.

Iced Coffee Imperial

BREW coffee. Stand in an air-tight container for 1 hour with a piece of cinnamon bark. Whip heavy cream lightly. Add a few drops of almond extract.

Use crystal glasses with a square ebony base. Moisten the rims and dip in powdered sugar. Strain in the coffee and add ice. Pass the almond-flavored cream and sugar.

Hawaiian Waterfall

Canned Crushed Pineapple — Fresh Mint
Juice Fresh Limes — White Grape-juice
Ginger Ale

BRUISE the mint-leaves with a spoon. Dust with powdered sugar. Let stand for 1 hour. Build up the beverage on the fresh mint, using for each tall glass the juice of 1½ fresh lime, ¼ cupful of pineapple-sirup, and 1 cupful of white grape-juice. Use the cubes of the frozen ginger ale. Add the chilled ginger ale just before serving, and a tablespoonful of crushed pineapple.

This combination, properly extended in quantity, makes an excellent punch. For a gallon use 1½ pint of pineapple-sirup and 1 package of lemon gelatin, dissolved in boiling water to give necessary body. In making punch use lemon-juice with lime-juice. Chill before adding ice and ginger ale. Serve with salted nuts.

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NEW "Lime" FLAVORED QUICK SETTING GELATIN

This Cooling Royal Flavor Makes Possible Delicious New Summer Dishes

ROYAL LIME FRUIT SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water, add 1 cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup thinly sliced cucumber and 1 cup sliced fresh fruits (honeydew melon, fresh pears or peaches). Pour into mould. Chill. Serve garnished with chicory, lettuce or curly endive, curls of ripe olives and finger-shaped pieces of Royal Cheese Salad, made as follows:

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert, as instructed above. Add 1 teaspoon salt and chill. When it begins to thicken, beat in 2 packages (6 oz.) cream cheese which has been mashed. Mix in 1 cup cream, whipped, ½ cup finely chopped canned pineapple, drained from juice, and 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento. Mould in square, shallow pan. Serve with mayonnaise.

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour in large mould to half fill; chill until firm. Dissolve another package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water. Chill until it begins to thicken; whip until frothy and add 1 cup cream, whipped, with ½ teaspoon salt and few drops vanilla and almond extract. Add 1 cup cut strawberries. Pour in mould of firm gelatin; chill. Garnish with whole strawberries.

Dissolve 1 package Royal Lime Gelatin Dessert in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Chill ½ cup of gelatin in small pan; when set, cut in cubes. Fill parfait glasses two-thirds full with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill. Before serving, whip 1 cup cream with few grains salt; add ½ cup macaroon crumbs. Pile on lime gelatin in parfait glasses. Garnish with cubes of lime gelatin.

FOUR months ago, we gave to the women of America a marvelous new quick setting gelatin—that jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

Today, we are introducing a new flavor . . . the luscious coolness of juicy limes.

Piquant, refreshing . . . this new lime flavor makes possible a wide variety of tempting dishes—garnishes, appetizers, salads and desserts.

So easy to make, too. Without a bit of fuss. For Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the time you have heretofore allowed. In fact, with modern electric refrigeration, it is ready to unmould in an hour . . . or less.

Making gelatin in summer used to be an ordeal. It took hours to set. And often it was still soft and liquid when dessert time came.

But this new Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin always jells on time.

You prepare it in 3 minutes—just before your meal is put on to cook. When you're ready to serve, there's your gelatin . . . perfectly set . . . tender and quivery.

Serve it tonight for dinner. But remember—all gelatins are not alike. Ask for Royal Gelatin Dessert—the *quick setting* kind. In the red box—the same color as the famous Royal Baking Powder can.

Six flavors to choose from: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange . . . and a brand new flavor—Lime.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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You'd smile at the coffee flavor that 18th century England prized —and call it too harsh for modern, critical tastes!

COURTESY OF THE TEA AND COFFEE PUBLICATION

At the left, a scene depicting an English inn kitchen of the late 18th century, after a contemporary illustration by the English artist, Thomas Rowlandson. *Above,* "coffee house politicians" of a somewhat earlier date. Since then, styles in coffee production, selection, roasting, and packaging have all changed tremendously—but never faster than in the last few years.

But are you sure the coffee you serve today brings you *all* the better flavor that 1930 owes you?

Discover DEL MONTE Coffee today—and taste the richness and flavor that modern science and skill *should* bring to your table

You'd naturally expect the coffee you get today to be better than the harsh, bitter coffees that tempted 18th century palates—better, even, than the milder coffees that later took their place!

But the most important thing to know is whether the coffee you serve on your table brings you *all* the better flavor this *newer* century owes you! Are you getting the very best that modern resources and skill should produce?

A cup of DEL MONTE Coffee can answer that question best.

In adding coffee to its line, DEL MONTE had all the experience of 70 years in creating quality products. We had discovered that careful buyers wanted quality and flavor above everything else—we had learned how to keep the quality and dependability of DEL MONTE Products uniform, year after year.

With this broad experience, we set out to create DEL MONTE Coffee with an entirely new point of view—with no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, with no formulas or blends created under less favorable conditions, with no old equipment, with no older type of package.

We were in a position to start fresh—to take advantage of *every* improvement in coffee production—bringing the full resources and knowledge of 1930 to bear on this single brand.

The result is DEL MONTE Coffee—a new quality standard in coffee—the kind of coffee you would expect DEL MONTE to put on your table.

If you would welcome a better coffee flavor—if you have faith in the other foods DEL MONTE has brought to your table—ask your grocer for a can of DEL MONTE Coffee today. Revel in its rich aroma and full-bodied goodness. Enjoy its wonderful quality and supreme flavor. Here, you will say, is an entirely new achievement in coffee selection, blending and roasting—a really modern coffee—the coffee that 1930 owes your table.

Fresh as the Day it was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, hermetically-sealed, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh
IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

A MODERN COFFEE - FOR MODERN TASTES

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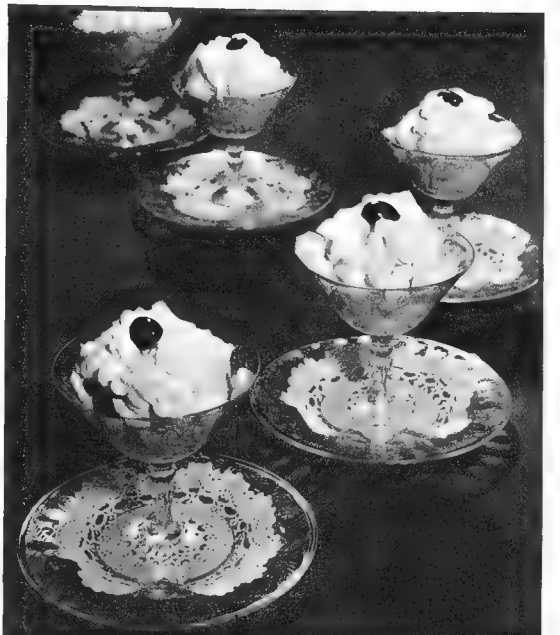
WITH THANKS TO GELATIN



Glass, courtesy H. H. Macy & Co. Plates by Marie Hall

THE VERIEST AMATEUR CAN MAKE LUSCIOUS, TEMPTING DISHES WITH GELATIN TO HELP

AS HOT weather comes along, it is only natural that home-makers should look to gelatin for extra help in meal-preparation. There are several reasons for this, the most outstanding ones being its cool quality, its convenience, and its use in our new mode of cooking. It looks cool and it tastes cool and, what is more, it obligingly imparts this quality to other things, and permits us to serve our every-day foods in a medium that is temptingly cold.

Just now gelatin is of special value in our new "refrigerator cookery." We use it in all sorts of combinations, which we chill or freeze in the refrigerator. We use it in many new dishes, which we prepare in advance and tuck away in some cold place until it is time to cook or serve them. We have found that it will give body to some mixtures; it will lend texture to others; still others depend on it for an even, smooth quality. It blends flavors; it binds ingredients; it adds a refreshing and a decorative note. Most important of all, it is a healthful food—very easy to digest.

It is always worth our while to have a working knowledge of our materials. We can all use gelatin by following any one of the recipes which are given on the gelatin package. But we can make better use of it if we know more about it. In the first place, we should have a general idea of the stiffening quality of gelatin. We serve it in bouillon, in entrées, in salads, and in desserts. These things are not all of the same firmness. Obviously they differ in fundamental proportions.

Jellied soups require the least gelatin per quart of liquid because they should not be stiff. They do not even need to hold their own shape. For these 1½ tablespoonful of gelatin per quart of liquid might be considered as standard proportions. For desserts 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin for every quart of liquid will give a nicely jellied but not too firm product. For jellied meats and for salads, you will need to increase the gelatin to 3 tablespoonfuls per quart of liquid. Here you want a firm product, one that is stiff enough to slice for serving. These, then, are basic proportions. You will soon see how helpful this kind of guide can be.

In spite of the fact that gelatin is one of the easiest materials we have to work with, most of us can recall instances when difficulty has been encountered. No doubt you have witnessed the gelatin-dish (1) that did not jelly, (2) that was not stiff enough to hold its own shape, (3) that was too stiff, (4) that had gluey, gummy bits of undissolved gelatin in it.

In all probability you have also had experience with a gelatin-dish that was (1) coarse in texture, or (2) in which the solid ingredients were bunched or poorly distributed, or (3) in which the fruit or vegetable content was soft, lacking that crisp quality that is so desirable. Each one of these conditions is caused by wrong procedure in preparing the dish.

There is more than one reason why *gelatin may not jell*. Perhaps it has not stood long enough, or has been standing in too warm a place. Your proportion of gelatin to liquid may not be correct. You may have used too little gelatin for the amount of liquid you have, or, using sufficient, you may have increased the moisture greatly by adding juicy fruits. Then, too, if raw pineapple is present it will prevent jellying.

Now for the remedies. Either plan to prepare gelatin in ample time to allow it to become firm, or hasten the process (1) by heating only half the liquid to dissolve the gelatin and adding the rest cold, (2) by chilling in the refrigerator, (3) by chilling in a pan of cracked ice, or (4) by using a product that sets quickly.

If the time element is not a factor, take particular care to have your basic proportions correct. If you are adding juicy fruits drain them and measure the juice, then add it as a part of the liquid. If the solid ingredients are moist but not juicy, use a little liquid to make up for the added moisture. *Keep in mind the basic proportions* for whatever it is you are making, and judge accordingly.

The case of raw pineapple is exceptional. It contains an enzym which will soften gelatin. You can easily guard against trouble here by bringing the raw pineapple to a boil before adding it to a gelatin mixture.

Gelatin that is too stiff either has too much gelatin for the amount of liquid present or it has been too long in the refrigerator. Sustained cold causes gelatin to stiffen. This point is quite important in view of the fact that so many of us use mechanical refrigerators noted for their ability to maintain an even cold temperature. If you expect to place your mixture in refrigerator-trays, or even directly into the refrigerator for cooling any length of time, it is best to use scant measurements of gelatin. Stiff mixtures are tough.

Gluey, gummy bits of undissolved gelatin are not uncommon in poorly made dishes. Of course, there is only one remedy for this, which is to make sure you have dissolved all the gelatin in the hot liquid before adding any other ingredient. You can hasten this process by standing the soaked gelatin in a pan of boiling hot water.

You are most apt to find *poor texture* in the gelatin-cream dishes. By the addition of fruit and whipped cream to gelatin we have what is known as a "Bavarian cream." "Snows" are made by adding stiffly beaten egg white, while a custard sauce and egg white are used to make a "sponge." Whatever the special ingredient you are adding, make sure that it is folded in evenly. Let us say it is egg white you are adding. You have only to visualize a product not thoroughly mixed to know how large spots of egg white through the mixture would cause a coarse, uneven texture. In the case of adding cream a smooth mixture can be obtained by whipping gelatin and cream together. When fresh fruit is added prepare it and sprinkle with sugar. Allow to stand, then drain and add the juice as part of the liquid, just as you would for canned fruits.

When *fruits and vegetables sink to the bottom* instead of distributing themselves evenly throughout the mixture, they have been added when the gelatin was in a too liquid state. Always allow the gelatin to cool and thicken slightly in the bowl before folding in the solid ingredients. Then turn into molds and you will have perfect results.

If the *fruits and vegetables prove to be soft*, you have added them to the gelatin while it is still hot. To retain their crispness cool the gelatin until it starts to thicken, and then add the fruits, nuts, or vegetables.

Molding and Unmolding

MOLDING is not difficult, but it takes time. Place the mold, preferably a metal one, in cracked ice or ice-water. Pour in a small amount of cool jelly—just enough to anchor your design if you are making a design-mold, or enough for your first layer if you are making a layer-mold. Arrange the design. Allow this to set, then pour on the rest of the cool jelly liquid. In case of the layer-mold, when the first layer has set, pour on cool liquid or a whipped jelly or a fruited jelly, and allow this to set. Lastly pour on more cool, plain jelly liquid.

For an elaborate design, coat the sides of your mold with cool, partially thickened jelly. Dip whatever you are using for garnish in the jelly and arrange as you wish to have it, then proceed as above.

To unmold a jellied dish, dip the mold in warm water almost to the top. Hold it there for almost a minute. Next invert a serving-dish over the mold, and turn both plate and mold together. Tilt the mold slightly to let in the air. Then shake lightly. Remove the mold carefully. If the mold does not come out the first trial, repeat the process and you will have no difficulty.

Please turn to page 74

The A-B-C's of Cookery. Article X.

By HELEN TREYZ SMITH

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Spicy flavor

"CREAMED" *in*

DO your sandwiches suggest the dinner-pail? Or are they at home in candlelight, on speed boats, in cars that dash to picnics?

Make them what you will—humdrum fodder, or tidbits that tease while they nourish. It's a matter of seasoning.

Easy when you use French's Prepared Mustard! For the nicely adjusted balance of spices in French's—their aristocratic arrogance, the way they are "creamed" together—gives them a positively unique flavoring quality.

Try French's Prepared Mustard on good old ham and cheese sandwiches and see how its delightful impertinence of flavor lifts them into the class of food to serve a guest.

FRENCH'S
PREPARED
MUSTARD
it's "creamed"

FREE: *Mail this coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 84 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

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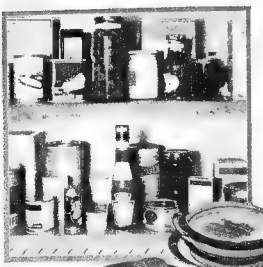
PROGRESSIVE DINNER

By
ETHEL E. GATES



A SHOWER THAT WAS A DINNER-PARTY WITH DUPLICATE FOODS AND RECIPES FOR THE BRIDE-TO-BE

Chins, courtesy R. H. Macy & Co.

SINCE every well-kept house and every efficient housewife has an emergency-shelf, a shower given in the form of a progressive dinner to a bride-to-be, demonstrating the indispensable emergency-shelf, was both timely and practical.

Eleven girls gave this dinner, using all bottled, canned, and packaged goods for the menu, with the exception of the breads and ice-cream, which were also commercial products. Any number could give such a shower. If a smaller group were to attempt it, one of the dinner courses could be omitted; and if more girls took part, a larger number could be detailed to each course.

The invitation read as follows:

We wish to demonstrate to you
What a can-opener can do for two.
Or if company knocks at your door
An emergency-shelf will soon serve more.
So come to Mary's; we know you can.
We'll show you how to serve a man
Or woman, as the case may be.
Do come and eat and see!
Mary Harper, Tuesday, July 7, at 6 P.M.

The dinner consisted of five courses and was served at five houses. At the last home, after the final course had been served, the guest of honor was taken to the kitchen, where she was presented with an emergency-shelf, covered with pastel oil-cloth in apple-green. On this were arranged, in a most attractive way, duplicates of the bottles and canned goods used for the dinner, as well as many tasty additions. Among the cans and bottles on the shelf a box for filing recipes was spied.

The box had been decorated with pictures of all sorts of canned goods cut from magazine advertisements, and pasted over the box so that it presented a very futuristic appearance. Inside were cards, containing all the recipes used for the dinner, and also the dinner menu, on the back of which was a facetious verse, using the names of all the hostesses. The happy girl, however, found also in the box other recipes for quickly concocted dishes and menus for hastily prepared meals. Some of these had been gleaned from magazines and advertisements, cut out and pasted on the filing-cards.

This was the menu served, and also some of the recipes:

First Course—Two Hostesses
Assorted Canapés

Second Course—One Hostess
Cream of Corn Soup
Saltines

Third Course—Four Hostesses
Creamed Chicken in Patty-Shells
Shoe-String Potato-Chips
Small Peas
Heated Rolls

Fourth Course—Two Hostesses
Cherry, Date, and Nut Salad
Cheese-Straws
Fruit-Salad Dressing

Fifth Course—Two Hostesses
Vanilla Ice-Cream — Cocoa Sauce
Demi-Tasse — Mints

Canapés

HEART-SHAPED slices of white and Graham bread toasted on one side, and spread with the following mixtures:

Small sardines mixed with finely chopped pickled onions and enough mild vinegar to make a paste. Cream cheese mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls of chilli sauce and seasoned with salt, pepper, and paprika, topped with a stuffed olive. Pâté de foie gras; over this a thin slice of sweet pickle and a slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish the plate of assorted canapés with watercress.

Cream of Corn Soup

6 Cupfuls Canned Corn — 4 Tablespoonfuls Butter
6 Cupfuls Milk — 9 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Small Onion

CHOP the onion and corn together, add enough water to cover, and cook for about 8 minutes. Melt the butter, add the flour to the butter, and mix well; add to the corn-pulp and milk. Season with pepper and salt, and cook in a double boiler for 15 minutes. When ready to serve add a few nut-meats and top with a teaspoonful of whipped cream and a dash of paprika.

Chicken in Patty-Shells

1 Cupful Canned Mushrooms—sliced — ½ Cupful Chopped Stuffed Olives
1 Cupful Chopped Chicken — 3 Cupfuls Diced Chicken

MAKE a thick white sauce and to it add the foregoing ingredients. Season well with salt, pepper, and paprika. Thoroughly heat, and when ready to serve, turn into heated patty-shells. Garnish with parsley.

Cherry, Date, and Nut Salad

½ Package Dates, Chopped — 1 Can White Cherries, Pitted
1 Bottle Maraschino Cherries — 2 Packages Pineapple Gelatin (Lemon)
1 Cupful Nut-meats

USE the juice from the white cherries, and to it add enough water to make 2 scant pints. Bring to the boiling-point, and pour over the gelatin. Stir until dissolved, and when cool, but not set, add the cherries, dates, and nut-meats, and pour into heart-shaped molds. Serve on a crisp lettuce-leaf with fruit-salad dressing.

WOULD YOU LIKE OTHER RECIPES?

There may be some particular recipe that you would like very much to have which we have not included in our food department this month. After a test in our own kitchen, we shall be glad to mail the desired recipe if you send your request and a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Recipe Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Company-Meal Emergency-Shelf

TWENTY-THREE products were used for the dinner. Of course, some kind aunts and mothers added to the shelf collection. Below is the list of products presented for the emergency-shelf:

1 Can Sardines
1 Cream Cheese
1 Bottle Chilli Sauce
1 Jar Pâté de Foe Gras
1 Bottle Stuffed Olives
1 Bottle Sweet Pickles
1 Jar Chicken
1 Can Mushrooms
1 Can Corn
1 Jar Nut meats
1 Tin Saltines
1 Can Peas
1 Can White Cherries
1 Can Maraschino Cherries
1 Jar Pickled Onions
1 Package Gelatin
1 Bottle Mayonnaise
1 Can Cheese-straws
1 Package Vanilla Wafers
1 Can Evaporated Cream
1 Can Sweetened Condensed Cream
1 Box Cocoa
1 Package Dates

Original from

Yeast *expels* body poisons...

EXPLAINS INTESTINAL SPECIALIST

Dr. Catalina of Madrid tells of simple way to keep intestines active!

WORRIED about your health? Then read what this brilliant authority advises . . . Dr. Alberto Catalina, of the Society of Medicine and Surgery of Spain!

Dr. Catalina's astounding feats of intestinal surgery early won him the applause of the European medical world. He is the author of an important treatise, "Constipation." He declares:

"To combat constipation and related disturbances of nutrition and the skin, we have a highly effective remedy in yeast.

"Recent experiments," Dr. Catalina explains, "have confirmed the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms. It stimulates digestion and frees the system from a great quantity of poison."

Give sluggish bowel muscles the simple aid this great physician advises!

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, actually strengthens the intestines . . . "tones" them up to function normally. Food wastes are gently cleared away. Appetite picks up. Your whole system is purified, invigorated!

Try it! Eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* Yeast every day. You can get it at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions are on the label.

Photo Manuel Urech, Madrid

(*Below*) "I was worried about my digestion and couldn't sleep well," *writes* A. O. BELDING *of San Francisco.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast —and was soon in good shape."

Famous doctors urge this health care!

DR. DARTIGUES, former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris, asserts: "Cathartics should not be used often. An active yet harmless product is required—such as yeast . . . Yeast keeps intestines clean and maintains vitality."

DR. GUSTAV SINGER, Professor of Internal Medicine at the University of Vienna, states: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free of germs. Its purifying action causes skin eruptions to disappear."

DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, head of Stockholm's great St. Göran Hospital, explains: "I have used yeast for 25 years. It keeps the whole intestinal tract in a healthy, clean condition . . . preventing the absorption of poisons into the system."

"Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, my doctor recommended"

"While living in the tropics I contracted intestinal trouble," *writes* MRS. MARGUERITE FALKENBURG, *of Flushing, N. Y.* (at left). "My whole system seemed terribly sluggish and my digestion bothered me . . . On my way home I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast. A doctor advised me to eat it and I took his advice. And today I'm in the pink of health."

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For best results, buy the advertised brand every time!

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NEW... LIPSTICK REDS!...

NAIL POLISHES IN THE SMART LIPSTICK COLORS ANNOUNCED EXCLUSIVELY BY GLAZO

Glazo's smart colors never vary in evening light

SURELY, you have told yourself, a nail polish that looks lovely in frank sunlight will be even more charming at night. And then, when the party lights went on—you found a disappointing difference.

For under artificial light the gleaming daytime smartness of many polishes fades—or takes on a yellow tinge or a lavender hue. Glazo, alone, remains unaffected by varying lighting conditions. Its pure modish color is lovely by sunlight, lovely by lamplight, lovely in dim light and lovely in brilliance.

The color of your nails must be perfection—always

And now, when fashion dictates new vivid reds to give chic accent to the evening mode, it is more important than ever that the color of your nail polish remain unchanged and constant under any light.

Prove Glazo's constancy of color to yourself. You will see that Glazo has the same lovely tone by artificial light that it has in the sun. Glazo goes on evenly and smoothly and it never peels or cracks. It lasts for more than a week.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

See the new Lipstick Reds —in three shades, perfumed!

Nothing quite so chic has ever sparkled on feminine fingertips as these new Lipstick Reds of Glazo's—Flame, Geranium and Crimson. They are lovely reds!—brilliant and dramatic. And in the new Paris manner they harmonize, respectively, with *light, medium* and *dark* lipsticks in a smart symphony of color.

They are delightfully perfumed—but so delicately that they will not conflict with any favorite perfume you may wish to use on your person.

Besides the perfumed Lipstick Reds, Glazo Colorless and Glazo Natural may also be found at all good toilet goods counters.

If you wish samples of Glazo, send the coupon with six cents for each shade requested.

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GLAZO *Coupon*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GP70
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Natural ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium ☐ Crimson

Please send me the samples of Glazo I have checked above. I enclose six cents for each sample requested. Total amount enclosed.....cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Please substitutes; buy the advertised item or decline politely.

THE MOTHER'S CHILD WELFARE CLUB

Conducted by Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge
Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THE PRESENT-DAY BABY—HIS ASSOCIATES

WE HAVE considered in preceding issues several conditions that affect the baby's hygienic surroundings as far as his physical well-being is concerned. This month we will take up his social environment—the influence on him of other human beings.

The Summer season is the time when the family goes visiting, or else has visitors at home. The baby has to share more or less in this visiting. If he goes away the journey may be trying to him or be made fairly safe, according to the common sense of his mother.

While on a train or boat other travelers usually like to while away the time by playing with an attractive baby. They want to hold him, toss him about, and, what is much worse, kiss him, sometimes on the mouth. All this is difficult to refuse, but very bad for the baby. He gets tired of being overstimulated and excited by strangers and begins to fret and cry instead of taking his regular naps.

After the baby reaches his journey's end his troubles are by no means over. He is the center of attraction much too often and made a toy of by the elder people, who hand him about from one to the other; so that while *they* do not become tired out, poor baby is at last exhausted by his attempts to show off little tricks. It is hard for a young mother to be firm and adhere to the baby's regular habits with a certain amount of quiet hours, but it can be done if she is persistent enough and has the backing of the baby's father.

We have a very good plan for a baby's day, and several mothers have taken the leaflet containing this plan away with them, pinned it up on the wall, and told relatives and friends that the baby must adhere to his "time-table" away from home just as he does at home. This saves the nerves of both mother and baby, and also often wins over relatives and friends, who have to admit that the little visitor is the best-natured baby they have ever seen!

This leaflet on "How to Plan a Baby's Day," also another containing advice about traveling with babies, will be sent to any one who will enclose the required stamped envelop, addressed to oneself, and give the age of the baby.

Associating with older children is good for babies for a moderate length of time. They should not be handled by other children, but may lie or sit in a baby-carriage or play-pen and watch the others at play. It is not fair to expect a baby to sleep in the midst of an uproarious frolic of older children, nor when the piano, radio or phonograph is going full blast. Babies should become accustomed to necessary household sounds. It is not advisable to tiptoe about the house because the baby is asleep, but sudden, sharp, unnecessary noises should be avoided.

Many babies are very shy with strangers, crying when they come into the room. It is wiser to ignore this for a time, until the baby learns that no harm will come to him. Strangers should not rush up to a baby and try to take him from his mother's arms. After the stranger person sits quietly for a while talking with the others in the family, many babies will voluntarily hold out their little arms to go to him.

The best associates for babies are calm, sensible persons who consider the baby as a little person who has rights also, and not as a toy for their own amusement. Babies feel the influence of close associates who are very nervous, who are of quarrelsome, unhappy persons. They as readily react to a happy atmosphere in a well-regulated home. Allowing the baby to amuse himself with one suitable toy at a time is far better than trying to entertain him constantly.

In many cases it would be wiser to remain quietly at home with a young baby than to go away where all his good habits, both mental and physical, are upset. I have heard countless mothers say this when meeting them again after a strenuous vacation among well-meaning but unwise relatives. Getting a nervous, spoiled baby back into his regular good habits is very trying for both mother and baby. Change of air and scene under the right conditions is beneficial to all, but if this can not be had without sacrificing the baby's nervous system, it is advisable to remain quietly at home.

Life for a young baby in the city during Summer may be fairly comfortable if all heavy curtains, rugs, etc., are removed from his rooms, blinds or awnings put up to protect him from the heat and glare of the sun, and an electric fan used to cool the air a little. Frequent sponge-baths with a little bicarbonate of soda in the water, followed by dusting a pure toilet-powder in the creases and folds of his flesh, should be given. Dress him lightly in the house and take him out during the coolest hours of the day.

Let him lie in a baby-pen, on a bed or baby-carriage when in the house, as it is much cooler for him than being held in some one's hot arms. Give him plenty of cool, boiled water to drink.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Oh, memories that bless and burn . . .

Sometimes, when lights are low, they come back to comfort and at the same time sadden her—those memories of long ago, when she was a slip of a girl in love with a dark-eyed Nashville boy. They were the happiest moments of her life—those days of courtship. Though she had never married, no one could take from her the knowledge that she had been loved passionately, devotedly; those frayed and yellowed letters of his still told her so. How happy and ambitious they had been for their future together. And then, like a stab, came their parting . . . the broken engagement . . . the sorrow and the shock of it. She could find no explanation for it then, and *now*, in the soft twilight of life when she can think calmly, it is still a mystery to her.

Are you sure about yourself?

How often some trivial gesture, habit or fault alters the course of human affairs. On every side you hear of engagements broken for trifling causes. Of marriages that ride into the divorce court on the strange complaint "incompatibility."

If you have ever come face to face with a real case of halitosis (unpleasant breath) you can understand how it might well be an obstacle to pleasant business, professional, and social relations.

The insidious thing about halitosis is that you never know when you have it. It does not announce itself to the victim. Important to remember also, is the fact that few people escape it entirely. That is because every day in any normal mouth, conditions capable of causing halitosis are likely to arise.

Common causes are: Stomach derangements due to excesses of eating or drinking, fermenting food particles in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, and infections of the nose, mouth or throat.

The pleasant way to put your breath beyond suspicion, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Being antiseptic, Listerine checks food fermentation. Being also a remarkable germicide,* it attacks infection from which odors spring. Finally, being a deodorant, it destroys the odors themselves, leaving both mouth and breath fresh, sweet, and clean. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE
ends halitosis

*Use as directed; 15 to 30 seconds; buy the advertised brand every time.

*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the resistant Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time science has accurately recorded.)

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Behold... Four Million Women making jelly in 1/3 the time!

Enthusiastic Jelly Makers send letters from 47 States

"Imagine! Now I boil my jellies only one minute!"
from CALIFORNIA

"Why, jelly-making this new way takes only 1/3 the time."
from WISCONSIN

"It's like magic—in 12 minutes my jelly is done."
from VERMONT

For seven years Mrs. J. S. Schupp has been a consistent prize winner at the Missouri State Fair with her Certo-made jellies and jams. In 1929 she won a prize for flavor and texture with each of the jellies shown in this color photograph above.

All over the country, housewives by the thousand are adopting this easy certain way to make their jellies and jams.

TWELVE minutes to make jelly! Think of *that* . . . you who now spend hot, tedious, uncertain hours over the jelly kettles!

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . . add Certo . . . boil one minute . . . and there you are, scarcely twelve minutes later, triumphantly putting your jelly in the window to cool.

Certo makes this magic possible! It whisks away the tedious uncertainties of old time jelly-making. It gives you delicious tasting jellies and jams in less than one-third the time.

Certo fills your jam cupboard economically, too. Out of the kettle comes sudden abundance . . . half again more glasses than ever came before. Ten glasses when you expected a meager six! The one minute boil, you see, saves all the luscious, fragrant fruit juice that used to boil away and quickly turns it into jelly.

And such tantalizing, glorious tasting jelly it is! Such piquancy! Such sparkling clearness. Actually its flavor rivals the sun drenched fruit itself as you pick it fresh from the vine! Little wonder that more than 4,000,000 women have been won to this magical, modern way!

EXACTLY WHAT IS CERTO? . . . Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled.

This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others, jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after long, wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance is yours—ready whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple; yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY . . . Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal-clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the world famous authority on jelly-making.

Please remember that these recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow them to the letter every time and your jellies will be greeted with the honors due a master cook.

Certo is a product of General Foods Corporation. More than 4,000,000 jelly makers are using it. Go ask your grocer for your supply today. © 1930 G.F. CORP.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

HAVE YOU STOPPED PUTTING UP JELLIES? No matter how disastrous your past experience may have been, with Certo you can make jelly quickly, easily, surely, economically. Even your grandmother with all her talent could never secure such a fresh fruit flavor.

FREE! Miss Palmer's new booklet "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard" contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jams and jellies. It will bring new inspiration to your meal planning. Another of her booklets contains 93 jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. The coupon brings them both to you free. Simply fill in and mail the coupon.

Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corporation, Fulport, New York
(In Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.)
Please send me your new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard." Print name and address—Fill in completely. (P. L. 7-31)

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

Continued from page 11

"Of course," Daphne agreed. But without quite so much conviction. "Do you know, short skirts make women look like playmates and long skirts make them look like mates. Adrien, when we are all wearing long skirts do you realize that we can't do any of the old things any more? Like tennis or dancing crazy dances or sitting curled up or seeing who can kick the highest."

"We can't?" For a moment Adrien was dubious. "But what can we do then?"

"Well, we shall have to practise clever conversation—like that epigram I said just now—learn to converse, you know, and engage in sparkling repartee. We shall have to sit erect and walk gracefully and learn the art of using a fan."

Adrien brightened. "Fans," she said; "will be simply ecstatic!"

WITHOUT guessing at the sartorial dynamite contained in the twin steamer-trunks lately arrived in Pittsfield, Miss Lansing wrote:

Miss Dextable and her sister, Miss Adrien, of 2 Locust Avenue, returned from New York city to-day after visiting their aunt, Miss Maud Traverse, for two weeks.

Seven o'clock of a Friday evening Major Dextable sat in the drawing-room waiting for dinner to be served. It was a quiet, subdued room with a Sheraton sofa beneath a Paisley hanging, an inlaid Chippendale cabinet on either side of the fireplace, Hepplewhite tables with fawn legs, very slim beneath their burden of pewter bowls holding red and white peonies, and faded rose wing-chairs. It was ivory-paneled and as serene as Grandmother Traverse's sampler above the Governor Winthrop desk.

It occurred to Dextable, looking at the sampler over his cigar, that neither Daphne nor Adrien could have worked that tidy cross-stitch. He glanced at his wife, who sat very still—she never fidgeted—reading "Deirdre," by James Stephens. She had read it three times. Why? Unable to answer this idle question, he felt a desire to talk about the girls. But Laura would be astonished. A man of fifty has no right to begin astonishing his wife.

And then into the room came two mincing figures, walking with erect poise—or perhaps it was not poise, but the stiffness which comes of corsets—and rustling, and smelling of heliotrope. Much as one might have enjoyed doubting the fact, it was actually Adrien and Daphne. There were no knees any more nor even any ankles. There was the downthrust of black net as elegant and as prim as Spencerian chirography, and there were bodices as obtrusively moral as copy-book proverbs. They had gotten a wide-eyed stare and an elevation of the eyebrows to the new self-conscious droppings of mid-Victorian ladies.

They sat down carefully upon the Sheraton sofa and arranged the Vionnet ruffles as nicely as possible against the tips of their opera-pumps. They were too youthful to be humorous, too happy to be gay. In the candle-light, beneath the grave Paisley shawl, floated the delicate echo of Beethoven's minuet.

They would in a moment, you felt, execute a demure schottische or reach for their needlework.

Idled the pages of "Deirdre," Laura Dextable bid an indulgent, almost ironical smile. Across his cigar Major Dextable studied the two Victorian young ladies. "Attending a masquerade?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh, no, Papa," said Adrien. With elegant languor she unfolded a small spangled fan.

"A fancy dress ball, then?"

"These," said Daphne, "are our new long dresses."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" It was some foolish trick, he was sure. Just a harmless little joke.

"Really and truly, Papa! Everybody in New York is wearing dresses like these. Of course they haven't got to Pittsfield, yet, but you'll soon see. Women are going to become feminine again and learn once more the old charming graces and coquetries."

"And it's not only our dresses, Papa. It's our figures too, isn't it, Daphne? The little, tiny laced-in waists and hips and old-fashioned curves." Adrien sighed, and felt her hard, tight, small waist with a look of satisfied martyrdom.

The major's face wore a dangerously apoplectic hue. "Do you mean to tell me you are going out in those ridiculous rigs? Why, you'll be the laughing-stock—everybody will jeer at you! Laura, it's impossible. Are you going to sit there and let these young whippersnappers dress like comic valentines? I never—not in all my life—saw anything more ridiculous!" He struck the table with his fist. "It's downright shameful! I couldn't possibly tell you what you look like."

"We look Godey," said Daphne. "Everybody is going to look as Godey as possible. And it is lots of fun."

"I never had a corset before," said Adrien. "I think with a little practise I can get it a lot tighter. Didn't you say, Mama, that they used to pull them up around the bedposts?"

"So they did," nodded Laura.

"You wanted us to wear long skirts, Papa. And now we've got them you don't like them. I don't think you are fair at all."

Major Dextable towered over Daphne, very grim and outraged. "Young lady, you know well enough that I didn't mean you to go out and get the most outlandish rigs you could possibly find! I meant decently long skirts that covered your knees, and not these trailing, unsanitary things—to say nothing of stays! Why, you'll ruin your health. And how will you get any proper exercise?"

"We're giving up all that athletic stuff," said Daphne firmly. "It's too hoidenish and it makes your figure boyish and it just won't do. It's a new era for women, Papa—you will have to accept it. We are all tired of acting like boys and looking so leggy and wearing simple sports clothes. We had simply unsexed ourselves—"

"Don't start talking that dreadful modern language," the major begged her, embarrassed.

"There you see, Papa! You don't want us modern and you don't want us old-fashioned!"

"That's quite enough back-talk," said the major, patently dignified. "You know very well that I don't want you going to silly extremes in any way. When I say long skirts I don't mean having them drag on the ground, to pick up germs and things. Why can't you be medium?"

"Because, Papa, women who do things half-way are dowdy. It is always the extreme which constitutes style."

Turning a page of "Deirdre," Laura smiled at her husband, but he was far too angry to realize that her smile was a gentle and wise assuagement of his masculine wounds, a smile which said, *Youth passes, my dear, and it must pass into age in its own way, and there is really nothing you or I could (or should) do to change that one passing.*

These were terrible days for Major Dextable. He was conscious of being a laughing-stock, and in all his quiet, dignified career he had never been anything but a respected member of Pittsfield society. He had been a buoy, so to speak, of a placid civilization which piles a middle course and takes no cognizance of extremes, a buoy guiding uncertain ships away from the rapids and whirlpools of exaggerated ideas. He loathed exaggeration. It wouldn't do. It endangered the bulwarks—the dear old bulwarks which he had come to think of with a great deal of affection, for they were really his mental heirlooms.

And here were his own daughters stalking about in the most ridiculous costumes, startling Pittsfield, looking like he didn't know what and making him actually ashamed to meet them in the streets.

Now, the major was nobody's fool. As a man of action he could not be criticised. He had never used much energy in the life of ideas, and he had, therefore, the excess of active energy which is nature's compensation for those who deal in platitudes. With utter directness he made up his mind that a stop must be put to Adrien's and Daphne's nonsense. What, he asked himself, will stop it? The quite simple answer was *boys*. Boys will stop it.

And so he called a meeting in his office one evening, which consisted of all the boys who could possibly have taken an interest in his daughters. The number was large. There must have been twenty of these youths, and they took a delicious and mischievous pleasure in his project.

They couldn't help thinking the major was grand. They agreed whole-heartedly that the new style in women's clothes was frightful. They didn't care to see girls going around looking like a fancy dress ball or a "Godey's Lady's Book." They agreed to the major's suggestion with great gusts of adolescent laughter.

THUS it happened that Adrien and Daphne were able to enjoy their new clothes in utter solitude. They were not telephoned or invited to a party or called upon by a boy for three long weeks. And any Pittsfield girl who was foolish enough to follow the new style was alsosocially tabu. It was a cruel boycott. And it worked.

At the end of those solitary three weeks Adrien went boyish again and stopped being Godey. She hadn't the moral stamina, Daphne told her contemptuously, to carry through. Adrien cried, admitting that she was not made of the stuff of martyrs. "I'd rather," said Adrien, "be popular again! After all there is no fun in any kind of clothes unless boys like you in them!"

"There is," said Daphne. "Clothes are a symbol. They represent women's strength, not their weakness. If only enough women would be courageous and hold to their tenets —why, then men's opinions would not matter. But no! There are always pikers, Adrien, and you are one of them."

"I would rather be a piker," said Adrien, "and go to a dance to-night." And she wriggled defiantly into a slim, tight, short little dress which had been hanging in the closet for a month. "Hello! Oh, my knees!" she saluted them. "I haven't seen you for such a long while and I do think you are honestly adorable."

Daphne quoted sadly:

> Ah, wasteful woman! She who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing he can but choose to pay—
> How she has cheapened paradise!

Daphne was a crusader. She would not give in. The only girl in Pittsfield to cling to the new mode, she derived a great and dramatic consolation from her martyrdom.

She let her hair grow out, and it hung in Jane Eyre ringlets down the back of her neck, a melancholy attestation to the sincerity of her new womanhood.

Ben Raimon was working late one evening when he saw the door open and Daphne stood in the entrance. In the orange ring of light from his green-shaded lamp she stood like a pale and lovely ghost from Victorian days. Her black-net skirts swept the floor and her gloved hands were clasped in a mild, Madonna-like gentility about a beaded bag which might well have been termed a reticule. Her short black-velvet jacket had a pure collar of white fur which stood up about her fair face like a halo.

Continued on page 44

SLIP-COVERS

Slip-covers protect your furniture and enable you to change your decoration-scheme inexpensively. You may now make the smartly tailored slip-covers of the professional yourself. Send 25 cents for a copy of our new booklet to Slip-Covers, care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

you always have time to use MUM

MUM is applied in a moment!

Its protection lasts for hours.

A dab of snowy cream beneath the arms - - or anywhere there's need to guard against body odor - - and you're ready to go! No waiting. Nothing to dry. Mum doesn't even leave the skin greasy.

That's the secret of Mum's popularity; no inconvenience, no discomfort, no danger in its constant use. It cannot irritate the most sensitive skin. It cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a regular part of your toilette. Morning and evening. Every day. Know the joy of permanent protection!

And what complete protection! Mum neutralizes every vestige of odor. The moment Mum is applied, all odor is gone. For convincing proof of this, try Mum on the sanitary napkin. This most important use of Mum makes a woman sure of herself at all times.

Mum brings comfort and security for which most women would pay any price. Yet it costs least of anything on your dressing table. Only 35c the jar, or three times the quantity in the large 50c jar. Mum Mfg. Co., N. Y.

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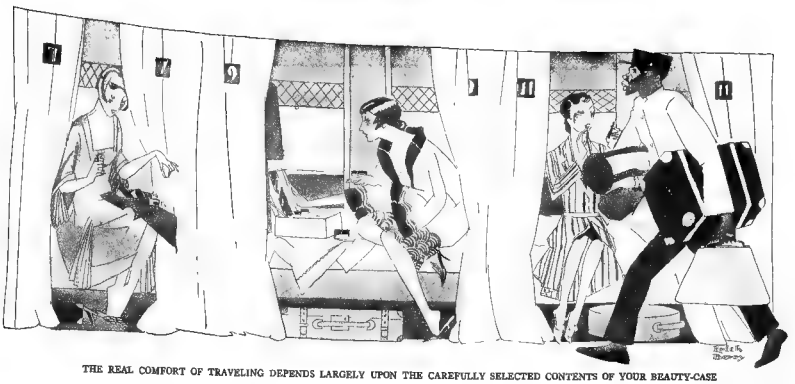

THE REAL COMFORT OF TRAVELING DEPENDS LARGELY UPON THE CAREFULLY SELECTED CONTENTS OF YOUR BEAUTY-CASE

LET BEAUTY ATTEND YOU

By DORIS LEE ASHLEY

IT WAS a gay farewell luncheon-party. Most of the girls were going away, and they would not forgather again until late in the Autumn. They promised to write, exchanged addresses, and thanked me for the thoughtfulness displayed in selecting the beauty-gifts which my niece had presented to each of them.

A week previous to the luncheon Marion blew into my office with a hug and a kiss and a plea for help.

"I know my party will be a success if you will only suggest the appropriate gift for each of my friends—beauty-gifts of course." She drew out a paper on which she had listed her friends, most of whom I knew. "First, there's Marcia, who is going abroad and can not be bothered with bulky things. Joyce is going West, and will probably spend most of her Summer in the mountains, returning by way of the Canadian Rockies. Alice is doing the social stunt at Newport. Peg, the week-ender, will have to have something special.

"Mary, in her little new car," continued Marion, "will probably tour hither and yonder, stopping where she pleases to sketch. Helen hasn't decided where she will spend her precious two weeks' holiday. Patsy, with her new infant, will probably not get away at all, for she lives in an adorable house on the main line and she'd love to entertain any or all of us, for she's the first of our bunch to marry, you know. Now," almost breathless by this time, Marion asked, "what shall we give each of them? Think hard, old dear, and do your prettiest."

"Here is the very thing for the Marcias who are taking their first trip abroad where the water is generally hard and trying to the thin, dry, sensitive skin of most Americans," I replied, holding up a chubby tube containing a jelly-like cream soap. "It can be tucked into the traveling hand-bag, for many of the foreign hotels are not so generous with soap as are our American hostelries."

Ever Hear of Bath-Mitts?

"POSSIBLY some of the delightful bath-mitts would be appropriate. Never heard of them? They come six in a box, and each mitt, formed of wash-cloth fabric about the size of your hand, is filled with cleansing, softening, fragrant cosmetics. A bath with one of these mitts is a luxury indeed, for it leaves the skin exquisitely soft and fragrant. I am told that they lather even in salt water, so Marcia may be delighted to use them in the invigorating salt-water baths on shipboard.

"Now, if you decide to give her, say, three mitts, present her also with a rubber-lined cretonne bag the size of one of the mitts, so that she can carry it even when damp, for each mitt provides at least half a dozen baths, but of course it should be dried in between. However, if she has to be on her way before the mitt is dry, it will carry safely in the gay little rubberized cretonne bag.

"You know, I think," looking over the list of Marion's friends, "that the other three mitts would be a thoughtful gift for Mary, who, you say, plans to tour the country and stop to sketch where she pleases. For Alice, who know 'where she pleases' may be the pitcher-and-bowl type of place—a regular farmhouse.

"She is the type who becomes so absorbed in her work that she gets paint on her face as well as her canvas—I know, for I've seen her—and when she finishes she is too tired to care much how she looks; but I am sure she would welcome a bottle of a new cleanser which will not only cleanse her skin but refresh it and leave it ready for powder. Come to think of it, two small bottles of it would be better than one large one, for she could keep one in her sketch-box and one for her beauty-kit."

"That's two to the good," said Marion encouragingly.

"Now, Joyce will have a long trip across country and spend most of her time in the mountains. Let us think of something that will give her real comfort on the trip. I have it—a bottle of soothing eyedrops, for of course she will spend much of her time on the observation-platform with the most eligible young man, and no doubt she will collect the usual amount of cinders. Or if you prefer you can give her a large bottle of soothing, protecting lotion.

"This lotion is wonderful to use before motoring or hiking, as it protects the skin from sunburn and windburn and is the most delightful thing to use in the evening to give the shoulders, neck, and arms a velvety finish. Or you can give her another preparation that will soothe and heal mosquito and mountain-fly bites. So you have a real choice for Joyce.

"For Alice, who will do the social stunt at the seashore, there are so many things that would interest her that you will have to choose one which you think she is not likely to purchase herself. For instance, if she is going to take on a discreet sunburn, or even a glorious tan, do give her that wonderful preparation that helps to produce the tan without the pain. But of course each inch of skin to be exposed to the rays of the sun must be anointed with this creamy preparation before venturing forth.

"However, she may have decided that this Summer she will be fair. If so give her one of the preventives that will protect her skin from sunburn. She will be interested in the very latest evening make-up cosmetics, and the very latest is blue mascara, which, they say, gives a mysterious, misty appearance to the blue-eyed person, and it would be becoming to her fair type, I think. There is a special liquid powder she should not be without for the smartest evening parties, for it gives the skin the most amazing velvet-like appearance.

FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

No matter where you plan to spend your holiday, you may want to include some of the delightful things listed in our free leaflet "For Beauty and Comfort."

Send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, with your request for the leaflet, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

A New Preparation

"PEG, who plans to spend her spare time on week-ends out of town, must often be up against using a shower instead of a real tub-bath at the crowded house-parties she has told me about. In fact, I understand that most of the girls who play tennis and golf take at least one shower-bath, if not more, at the country club each day. I imagine Peg would be pleased with a jar of bath-cream. I have just tried it out. It is to be presented by a well-known beauty specialist. Of course you haven't heard of it, for it is not on the market yet, but will be by the time this article is printed.

"It is a delightfully fragrant, creamy cosmetic, mighty like cold-cream in appearance. One takes a preliminary shower, and while the body is still wet a tiny bit of the cream rubbed over the surface gives a generous lather which is easily sprayed off. It is equally delightful for the once-a-week tub-scrub.

"Here is a set of preparations that would be ideal for the girl who is likely to have to double up at crowded week-end parties and who loathes the idea of going to bed greasy—and there are many women also who hate the idea of wearing cream on the skin overnight. What's it? It is a set of three preparations made by a firm well known for its hand-lotion.

"There is a fine cleansing cream, and an exceptionally fine liquid cleanser and toner, and, the most important item, the cream which disappears when patted into the skin. Now, curiously enough, while it does the disappearing act it seems to give a sufficient amount of nourishment to make this set an ideal one for the basic care of the young skin. By the way, it would be an excellent gift for Helen.

"And the girls would be interested in another new preparation that insures any nose against shine even in the Summer. It comes in a tiny black bottle.

"Patsy—oh, yes, there are many things that she would welcome for herself or her guest-room. There is a bath-lotion that was made for the bath-water, but is delightful when used for the body-rub. A floating bath-bed of soap, however, is most delightful for both hostess and guest, for the former need never have to remember about soap for the guest-room. And please, the next time you go to visit Patsy, if there is not a manicure set on the guest-room dressing-table, present her with one as a 'thank-you' gift."

Now, altho this article will be on the news-stands the middle of June, I know that many of you can not get away for your holiday until the schools are closed or for some other reason. These suggestions, therefore, will be practical for you to consider when collecting the preparations for your comfort and beauty-enhancement.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

England's leader in Beauty Culture

Mme. BERTHA JACOBSON

warns "against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils"

"By using Palmolive," says Madame Jacobson, "you can always be sure that your skin will retain its natural freshness of beauty. Other soaps may irritate the skin: may cause coarse pores and an unpleasant feeling of roughness. Palmolive is refreshing, pure, safe."

Bertha Jacobson

MAISON DE BEAUTÉ POMPADOUR, LTD.
11/12 DOVER STREET, LONDON, W. 1

A corner of the quaint Victorian waiting room in Madame Jacobson's London salon. Furnishings help to reveal the interesting background of this well-known shop.

Entrance to Madame Jacobson's Mayfair salon, where the smartest women of London consult this renowned beauty expert.

Madame Bertha Jacobson, herself, administering to a client in her Mayfair beauty salon. Madame Jacobson was the teacher of many of our own famous beauty experts.

Nothing safeguards the skin more effectively than olive oil in soap—particularly as blended in Palmolive.

WHEN women come to me for advice on the care of the skin," says Madame Bertha Jacobson, of London, "I always impress on them the need of soap and water, as cleanliness of the skin is the first step to beauty."

"But," Madame Jacobson goes on to say, "I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made exclusively of olive and palm oils."

Dangers to skin beauty

The skin secretes oils; the day's make-up, face creams, dirt, clog the tiny pores. Unless these accumulations are safely and gently removed, blackheads and other blemishes soon appear. And the delicate lather of Palmolive is the chosen method for keeping skin free of these blemishes . . . the preferred method of more than 19,800 world-famous experts.

Both as a teacher and beauty specialist, Madame Jacobson is deferred to by members of her profession, many of whom have studied the essentials of beauty culture under her tutelage. And among London society women, her superiority as a beauty specialist is unquestioned.

When Madame Jacobson urges the daily use of Palmolive that recommendation carries the weight of authority.

This treatment, night and morning

Make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is refreshing as an astringent.

To get the full benefit of salon treatments, you should co-operate with your beauty specialist by using Palmolive Soap twice a day. By beginning tomorrow you will hasten the return of natural loveliness. And since Palmolive costs so little, why not enjoy it for the bath as well as the face? Millions of lovely women already do, in 48 countries the world over.

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time, 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Beware of substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor.* If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730-P.

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

WE VIEW WITH ALARM

Continued from page 41

Ben Raimon gripped the desk with a hard, square hand. It flashed through his satirical, sentimental newspaper man's mind that there were, really, angels as well as salamanders. And yet this was little Daphne, so tall, so fair, so pure, so bright. Daphne who only yesterday had been as meaningless and cunning as a mere fluffy kitten.

He got up clumsily. "Why, come in, child!" He wanted to call her "child" in order to convince himself that he still possessed the benevolent patronage of his twenty-eight years. "I did you want your father? He went to a City Council meeting."

"No, I didn't," said Daphne. Her voice was silvery and remote and she moved with chiseled grace to a battered chair beside him. She was seated—as erect and poised and queenly as if the dusty chair had been Louis-Quinze of gold brocade. "I was driving by and I saw the light and I thought I would come up and talk."

"You drove the car? It doesn't somehow seem possible in that—that ephemeral lyric of a gown."

Her oval face was all at once radiant. "Ben, that was so charming of you. I mean it was really awfully charming. I mean I haven't seen any men for so long——"

"Haven't seen any men, Daphne? You know you always have shoals of them!"

"I haven't really, Ben. Not any more. They are too stupid, too old-fashioned to care for a woman who is not a silly flapper any more."

"Older men, Daphne. How about them?"

"I don't know any older men."

"You know me." He was conscious of a curious thing about the atmosphere of the room. It seemed that a tense, strong current was charging the dusty editorial office with an inescapable power, and he felt nervous, vital, and disturbed. He looked down at his bare forearm with its inky smudge just below the elbow and wished to Heaven that he had put on his coat.

THE lamplight made a warm, mellow circle about Ben and Daphne, and there were alien shadows in the corners outside this small oasis of light. It was very still.

Daphne looked into his eyes. He put out one finger, and her little finger closed over it convulsively. For a moment they sat without saying a word.

"You don't seem like you at all," he said at last, a bit hoarsely.

"Why, what do I seem like?"

"You seem like a lovely woman. You are a lovely woman."

"Do you think so?" Again that swift radiance flamed in her face.

"I think you're gorgeous."

"I think you're swell."

"You mustn't say 'swell,' Daphne. Not in those clothes."

"I know! Sometimes I forget, tho. You can't change your vocabulary as quickly as your clothes. Do you like my clothes, Ben?"

He felt a sudden wave of bold recklessness—such as he had felt going over the top at Villers Bretonneux. *"If I'm killed, I'm killed,"* he had thought, *"and that's all there is to that."*

He got up, leaning over the back of her chair, and very swiftly he drew her soft face up to his, kissing her mouth. Since that daring called forth no protest he did it again, and it was even more wonderful the second time. He was just going to kiss her for the third time when she said, "Don't!" And so he kissed her for the third time. Then he answered her question. "I adore your clothes because I didn't know until you wore them how much I adored you."

"But isn't that funny!" cried Daphne, her eyes very large and shiny. "Because this very minute I realized I adored you!"

"I can't think of anything more lucky." He laughed with a breathless catch in his throat. "Imagine us stumbling into the very same shell-hole of adoration at the same time!"

"You are so terribly clever," she said.

"Love makes one clever," said Ben.

"But what then—if we love one another?"

"We get married, see. It's quite simple."

"Father," said Daphne, "would never let me, dear Ben. I think he has picked out the Prince of Wales."

"In that case," Ben said, "we elope."

"When?"

"Now."

"I don't think a person could elope unless he did it the very minute he thought of it," said Daphne thoughtfully.

"Shall we right now? And are you one you will never be sorry?"

"If a person loves some one," she said, "they are always sure they will never be sorry. And whether they are, later on, has nothing to do with us."

"Why, you sweet, sweet child!" He kissed her fingers. "Will you go to New York with me and be very brave if I get a lousy job on a copy-desk, and we have a cubby-hole to live in and there are only fifty or sixty bucks a week for a start?"

"Of course," said Daphne, looking very and brave and devout. "That is the advantage of being a woman instead of being just a silly flapper. And Ben, I have enough new dresses to last me for ever so long."

"I hope," said Ben, "that they are all exactly like the dress you have on."

AS THE heavy, slightly limping footsteps approached up the narrow hall, every body in the little city room assumed the appearance of feverish labor. But there was an unusual quality of excitement and suspense in the faces bent over the cluttered desks. Miss Lansing held her handkerchief against her lips as if she were controlling some treacherous emotion. Fred, who had been slitting at Ben's desk, hastily went to his own. Only the wireman was indifferent as he chewed gum and listened to the clicking of his telegraph.

Major Dextable glanced around the room. "Where's Ben?"

"I don't know," said Fred in a curiously muffled voice. "But there's a story in the typewriter that he wanted you to see."

"A story—what story?"

"Maybe you'd better look at it, Major." Fred's ears were a deep crimson. "It was in his typewriter, see, when I came down this morning. I think he was working up here till late last night."

"Ben hasn't been down this morning," exclaimed the major, looking shocked. Such a thing had never happened before. Ben was always here, always.

"No sir," said Fred. And at this moment Miss Lansing gave a queer snicker which she changed into a queerer cough.

Dextable frowned at her as he adjusted his eyeglasses. Carefully he rolled the coarse copy-paper out of Ben's machine and scanned the story.

POOR YOUNG MAN WINS PRIZE ELOPES WITH BOSS'S DAUGHTER

This city was astonished this morning to learn that Miss Daphne Dextable, the fairest flower of one of Pittsfield's first families, had eloped with Ben Raimon, an itinerant and obscure newspaper man, recently of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Indianapolis.

Declaring that they feared the wrath of Miss Dextable's father, Major Hale Dextable of 1 Locust Avenue, editor and publisher of the Pittsfield *Daily Gazette*, the young people hastened to Pittsfield Junction to take the early morning train to New York.

The Reverend J. Edward Fisher of the Pittsfield Presbyterian Church, who performed the ceremony, alleged that the bride was looking lovely in a black-net gown by Vionnet, fashioned in the *mode nouveau*. She was radiantly happy and carried a sprig of delphinium picked from the Reverend Mr. Fisher's front garden. The groom wore the conventional blue-serge suit, by Howard. His Ferguson shirt was slightly stained. Immediately after the ceremony he borrowed the Reverend Mr. Fisher's safety-razor.

During the time that the groom has worked as city editor of the *Gazette* he is alleged to have shown both industry and zeal.

The bride's frail and elegant beauty has graced Pittsfield society, winning her a host of loyal friends and admirers.

It is believed that Major Hale Dextable will forgive the young couple.

The major sat down heavily in Ben's chair, first fastidiously blowing at the dust, and he remained a long time staring at a cigar, which he twisted about in his large pink fingers. At last he drew the typewriter toward him, adjusted a sheet of paper, and looked up at the ceiling. The powerful beat of the keys came angrily as he began a new editorial:

We view with alarm the outrageous tendency of women to follow the fads set by decadent French designers, whose only goal seems to be to garb the female figure in clothes dangerously elaborate and seductive. The former mode of short skirts and simple lines, while startling in its attenuation, was infinitely more wholesome in so far as——

And so forth, and so forth.

"—if an Italian recommended it—I knew I could ask for nothing better!"

. . . . writes Mrs. Fox.

Corn Products Refining Company,
New York City.

Gentlemen:

As a salad oil, Mazola is certainly without an equal. For several years I had used olive oil for salad dressings—with no particularly unusual results.

One day I was in a fruit store and was amazed to see some cans of Mazola on their shelves. Knowing that the men were all Italians in this store, I said to the manager—"How is it you have cans of Mazola on your shelves and no olive oil? I know very well that all good Italians never would use anything but the best olive oil!"

"Why, we use Mazola all the time," said the fruitman, waving his hands to aid his explanation and to add to his enthusiasm. "No more olive oil—this Mazola is very, very fine. You try it sometime!"

So I did. I tried it then—for if an Italian recommended it—and with such whole-hearted enthusiasm, I knew that I could ask for nothing better—and I can't! It is far more economical, more time-saving and more space-saving—by no means small items of importance. Perhaps it is laughable, but it is very true, that I do not like salad dressing made with olive oil any more!

Here is our favorite French Dressing and I believe that a French Dressing is the best test of oil:—

½ teaspoon paprika 1 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons vinegar 8 tablespoons Mazola

This is delicious on either lettuce and tomato salad, water-cress or cole slaw.

Very sincerely,
Mrs. Walter S. Fox
370 Chestnut Hill Avenue
Brookline, Mass.

Mrs. Fox is one of the many progressive women who have discovered that Mazola equals the finest imported oils in every respect—yet costs about half as much. For purity, quality and flavor—the world affords no finer oil for salads than Mazola.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN'S famous book "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" contains nearly 300 new, helpful recipes. Write for your copy today. (See coupon.)

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. P-7, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

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... at the helm it's

HANDLING!

MILD, yes . . . and yet THEY SATISFY

... in a cigarette it's TASTE!

SPARKLING, spicy, fresh!—the familiar pleasure of Chesterfield smokers — taken for granted, as a good cigarette should be, because it is unfailingly *there!*

Better tobaccos do it. Such mildness *with* solid flavor requires the costliest leaf—and one thing more: Chesterfield's blend. The partnership is matchless; the result—what every smoker wants—a *satisfying cigarette:*

"TASTE *above everything*"

Chesterfield

SUCH POPULARITY MUST BE DESERVED

HAPPY PRINCESS

Continued from page 13

ıe avoided her gaze, talked for a moment
o mother, and, with a formal good night
o them all, strolled away. It didn't mat-
ter, it didn't matter at all. To-morrow he
would ask Loretta what her name was,
where she lived, where he could find her.

She looked at mother and father with
oaring, and a little feeling of pity. It would
e so hard to leave them. They had loved
ner so long, and were so used to having
ner, and now she would be leaving them.
To go— Suddenly she remembered that
she didn't know where Alex lived, how far
it might be. But that didn't matter, either.
Nothing mattered. She would go anywhere,
anywhere.

Beyond the utmost purple rim
The happy princess followed him.

It was the first time poetry in a book had fitted living. That was because she was living poetry. The happy princess! If only she could go home. Mother was watching her intently, her eyebrows fluttering.

"Get a chair for Virginia," she said to father. "Put it here by me." As she talked to Mrs. Burton, her hand, slim and flushing, lay on Virginia's knee. Father brought a flat saucer with a pointed mold of ice-cream, but Virginia could not eat it, and it was melting weakly, the point gradually sinking into a sea of custard.

Ross Stevens broke through the edge of the crowd, damp and hot, wiping his round red face with his handkerchief. "I've been looking for you everywhere," he shouted over the music. "Where've you been? Going to Loretta's party?" he asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," Virginia answered indifferently. She wondered if Alex would stay for the party, whether every one would know by that time, perhaps be congratulating them, shaking hands, patting Alex on the back. How surprised they would be to hear that she, Virginia, was going to be married! And while people were talking to them Alex's eyes would meet hers, his hand touch her arm, his voice would be in her ears—"Virginia, little lovely Virginia."

"Come on, let's dance," Ross said, holding out his moist hand.

"I don't want to," Virginia said. "It's too crowded. I'm—going home soon."

"Going home! Why, it's only just begun. This mob will melt away in a short time. Then we can *dance*—but let's try it, anyway."

Virginia shook her head. The music stopped, and he wandered sullenly away.

Presently Loretta whirled by, her ruffles caressing Alex's slim legs, her dark face laughing into his. Virginia, watching them, suddenly felt herself forlorn, and forgotten, and she hated Loretta. Then as they were cut off by the crowding dancers she was once more submerged in a fresh wave of happiness. To see him there dancing with Loretta, nodding his head at her chatter, and know that he belonged to her, to her, Virginia! Tears burned and smarted against her eyelids. Loretta and Alex were a blur. She closed her eyes for a moment. Mother's voice brought her up sharply.

"Are you ill, Virginia?"

"No, only tired."

"But you've not been dancing."

"No. That is, only once—"

"Don't you want to, darling?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's so hot—and so crowded."

"But you knew that, dear child, before you came." Mother's voice was edged with annoyance. "If you've finished dancing, perhaps we'd best go. Ask father when Rufus will be here."

RUFUS, it appeared, had been told one o'clock, and it was a little past twelve. They might walk once around the room, gather up their wraps, and wait, if waiting had to be done, in the cool of the lower hallway.

Old Mrs. Burton grasped Virginia's hand as she bade her good night. "You're growing up, my dear, growing up. I see it tonight for the first time. She'll be marrying soon," she added loudly, turning toward mother, who answered a little tartly:

"Girls nowadays do everything else first. We shall keep her for a while."

"Not long," Mrs. Burton persisted, patting Virginia's hand. "You won't be left with an old maid on your hands. Not with that face," she chuckled.

Down the stairs again, living over on each step the moments with Alex. In the lower hallway father left them to look for Rufus. Virginia leaned against the dingy wall, gazing into the gloom of the narrow passage where Alex had kissed her. Suddenly, out of the darkness, came a laugh, tossed out like a bright blossom or a song. It came once more, and this time it was smothered, as if other lips had closed upon it.

While they stood looking, Mary Seaton stepped into the light, one hand flying over her hair like a bee above a flower. Behind her a shadow, a white blot against a deeper black, a form that hesitated. Mary, looking over her shoulder, stopped and called.

"Come along," she said. "We can go up this way." But the shadow did not come, and Mary retreated into the darkness, with another laugh flung back to them.

In a few moments father came running up the steps from the door. "Rufus is here at last. I've been prowling around the other door for a quarter of an hour, waiting for you. Sorry— Are you tired, Virginia?"

The cool night seemed to clasp her close. A tiny breeze lifted her hair and fluttered the ends of her sash. Stars pricked through the trees, and far away a dog was barking. Out of the shadows of the schoolhouse, the moonlight was clear and bright. The horses threw giant shadows against the warm Summer dust. Everything looked strange and sharpened, sounds were clearer, and the clop-clop of the horses' feet seemed to Virginia no louder than her beating heart.

"Mrs. Seaton should take better care of Mary," mother said finally, as if she had been thinking about it. "Some one was kissing her in that lower hallway."

FATHER laughed. "My dear," he said, "half the town has been kissed in that lower hallway."

"The other half," mother replied.

"It was Loretta's young man this time," father went on. "The one that Virginia was dancing with."

Virginia's heart seemed to stop beating, and then leap ahead until it choked her. Where was her breath? Would it ever come again? Or was this what dying meant?

"Poor Mrs. Seaton," mother said, gathering her cloak about her as they turned into the drive.

"Don't worry about her," father answered. "That girl knows her way about. She can take care of herself. She won't be hurt, or her mother either."

Virginia scarcely touched father's hand as she stepped out of the carriage. As they skirted the garden the spicy sweetness of the stocks and the pinks hung heavy in the quiet air. It couldn't be true, of course, but she knew it was. She refused mother's help about undressing, even the hooks in the back. Mother didn't insist. And she only touched Virginia's forehead gently with her lips for good night.

The lights were low in her bedroom, but Virginia turned them high. Once more she faced herself pitilessly in the mirror. Her face was white, her eyes burning blue under the black bows like birds flying, and the soft lips made a straight red line. Off with the blue sash that had been twisted, off with the soft white dress. One was folded, the other hung away. Over, it was all over. The dance, love, romance, marriage, they were all folded and hung away.

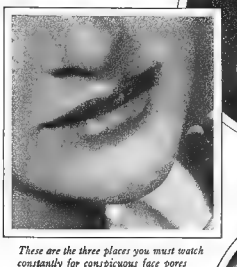
Virginia undressed quickly, mechanically. She forgot nothing, left out nothing. Last of all, she pushed back the long curtains, and flung open the windows to the soft night and the fragrance of the garden. Slim and straight in her white nightgown, she stood and gazed out at the silent beauty that she knew so well.

She would never have to leave it now. For, after all, everything had happened to her to-night that could happen to any one in a long, long life. An old woman like Mrs. Burton couldn't have lived any more. Mrs. Burton. What was it she had said? Father and mother would have an old maid on their hands, after all.

Wide-eyed, she crept into bed. There was comfort in the familiar things—the great room, the huge furniture, the black shadows, the windows open to the garden. They would last. She would have them always. And father and mother. And there was something else. What was it? Something waiting to be thought about. Her fingers moved on the white bedspread. It was Saturday now. Sunday, Monday, and then Tuesday. That was the day of Loretta's party. And finally she fell asleep.

On Nose..

Chin..



Forehead...

These are the three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores

to fineness with this wonderful soap

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You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness.*

The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps, how much more penetratingly it cleanses.

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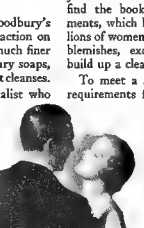

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

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"You're awfully pretty," her son said irrelevantly.

"Thanks, Peter. I do rather well, considering, but let's keep on the track. I went last night to find out what you're doing. You may not know it, my son, but you're skidding rather badly."

Peter lighted a cigaret.

"You don't mind?" he asked. "How do you mean, 'skidding'?"

"Do you know what I heard yesterday?" She got up suddenly and stood before him. "Two women at the table behind me at luncheon spoke your name. Of course I listened. Do you know what they said? That they saw you for the second time the night before, and your performance had gone off so, they hardly knew you."

PETER looked thoughtfully at the tip of his cigaret. Then he lifted his large eyes to his mother.

"Morons, that's all," he said calmly. "I'm changing my conception of the part, and I suppose they hadn't enough intelligence to follow me. I'm acting more in the Russian manner now."

"You doing what?" asked his mother. "Acting in the Russian manner. Surely you remember the Moscow Players. I've been thinking for some time that this part doesn't suit me. It lacks the—well, the something—if you see what I mean."

"I hope I don't," she answered, "but you startled me for a minute. I don't want you to learn to talk like an actor, you know."

"But I am an actor," he said, taking one of her slim hands. "You just don't understand. You—belong to the old school. I require self-expression. You don't seem to realize my position. Mother, I have a peculiar temperament——"

"Oh, Peter—not a temperament—after all these years!"

"Mother, it isn't funny. Do you realize I'm the youngest leading man on Broadway? Next season I mean to be the highest-priced as well—if I'm not a star."

Diantha Gates stared at her son.

"If you were ten years younger," she said, "I should spank you." She stretched out her hand and shook him.

"Peter Gates, look at me! Go get your part, and bring it down here."

"I know my part, Mother. Why should I get it? And don't you think you'd better begin to call me by the name by which my public knows me?"

"I do not. What rot! Go up-stairs as I tell you! You and I are going to get back to that part as I taught it to you. I don't know what's got into you, but I mean to find out."

Peter merely moved over to the window. Diantha suddenly gathered her forces for battle. Peter came over and put his arm around her.

"Mother," he said, "I do appreciate the help you gave me in the early part of my career."

Anger, pain, and laughter were mixed in the curious sound that escaped her.

"Have you a cough, dear?" he asked affectionately.

"No—go on."

"I say I realize the help you gave me in the beginning of my struggle, but I don't think even you realize how secure my place is now——"

"Don't be so silly! After all we've been through! Don't you know nobody's place is secure—that you've just started up a long, slippery hill? 'Secure'—that drivel!"

"But, Mother, things have changed since you were on the stage."

"Don't talk as if I were your grandmother!" she cried, exasperated. Then, mastering her temper, she said calmly, "Who is she, Peter?"

"Who—who——"

"Is she? I didn't do this, so some other woman must have. I'm quite sure you never thought of it by yourself."

"They're all my own ideas," said Peter sullenly.

"I see. But who is she?"

"Well, I was going to tell you anyway. She's Leila Calder."

"Leila Calder. Is she any relation of Rufus Calder's?"

"Just his daughter—that's all. Do you know him, Mother?"

"No, but he seems rather a great man."

"She could be just as great," boasted Peter, "if she wanted to be. As for acting, there's hardly anything she doesn't know about that."

"Really. I didn't know she was an actress."

"She isn't. With the new school you don't have to do things. She says you get a better perspective if you don't—the spectator's point of view. It's the spectator you want to please, isn't it? You see, she knows all about it."

"Laymen always do," said Diantha, sighing. "Well, is she responsible for the performance you gave last night? Because it was impossible. You might just as well hear it from me as from the management when you get your notice. And you will get it, you know, if you keep on like this."

Peter laughed his best third-act laugh, and patted her on the shoulder.

"Dear Mother," he said kindly, "how amusing! They'll all be begging me to sign contracts next year. You'll see."

"I'm afraid I shall," said Diantha. "Well, Peter, I really don't know what to say. I never had any child but you, and I don't know whether this is something you must have, like measles. So I suppose we'll just have to wait and see."

"Just be patient, dear," Peter said, "and we'll show you how right we are."

"We?" echoed Diantha blankly.

"My wife and I," said Peter calmly.

"Your—what did you say?"

"Wife, Mother dear. Leila and I were married four days ago."

For the first time in her life Diantha wanted to scream and tear and smash, but by a gigantic effort of will she managed not to betray herself. She raised her eyes to Peter's.

"You—you were married?" she repeated inanely.

"What? Yes—oh, yes."

"Didn't you think perhaps I—I might have liked to be there?"

"As a matter of fact, I did. But Leila said no. She even made the minister get the witnesses."

"Oh—there was a minister!"

"Why, yes—to marry us. What else could we have had?"

"People have gone to the City Hall, I did." She choked suddenly with a wild desire to laugh.

"Leila said an artist should have a minister. She picked him because she liked his name. He was a Free United Thinker, or something. We went to several. She didn't care what he was, if she liked him. After all, what difference does it make?"

"Oh, none at all. Leila's father and mother were not there either?"

"Oh, no. She says her father is a good scout, but her mother is hopeless. She doubts if her mother will ever learn."

"I see. And are you living with Mr. and Mrs. Calder or with me? I don't want to seem curious, but these things must be arranged, even by artists."

"We shall live by ourselves, of course. Leila can only bring out my best if we have absolute freedom for self-expression. That's one thing I want to ask you, Mother. Have you money enough to keep up your house without my salary? Because if not, Leila says——"

"Please tell Leila," said Diantha sharply. "Please don't let Leila worry over my affairs. My income is quite enough. You and I did very well on it before you began to earn your own living."

"That's what I told her. Of course when I'm a star——"

"We can discuss that when you are!"

The earth was again becoming solid under her feet.

"Well, I guess that's all. There's so much to be done, we shouldn't waste any more time."

"I suppose you'll be leaving home soon?"

"To-day, Mother dear. Now that you know."

"Did you say to-day?"

"Yes, dear. Leila says if you're going to do a thing you might as well do it."

"Undoubtedly. Has she told her father and mother?"

"Yesterday."

"Is she an only child, too?"

"She has two brothers, but you'd never know they were her brothers. Leila says the family drew blanks when it came to boys."

"Perhaps it's just as well."

"Yes, they couldn't all be brilliant." He dropped an arm affectionately around his mother's shoulders. "Leila says you can't tie an artist to a home, so we've taken a suite at a hotel. Leila wants to meet you, dear, after we settle down. She'll let you know."

"That will be charming. You'll miss us, perhaps—Mary and me?"

"Oh, I'll run in," said Peter lightly. "You always have so much on your mind you won't know I've gone."

"Still, after twenty-one years— Well, Peter, I think, as Leila says, if you are going to do a thing, best get it over quickly."

"That's right. I've got a lot to do. A man will come along after my stuff presently. I packed it all last night."

"That's why you were stirring about. Well, dear, are you going?"

"Mother!" reproached Peter, "I really believe you want to get rid of me."

As she made no answer, he picked up his hat, stick, and gloves, and stood before her, a wonderful sight. Diantha raised her face for his kiss, and with a "See you soon, dear," he vanished. The door slammed, and Diantha went into her first attack of hysterics.

Hurrying feet brought Mary from the breakfast-porch, terror stamping her old black face.

"Fo' de Lawd, Mis' Ann!" said Mary. She seized the shaking Diantha by the shoulder.

"Mary!" she cried. "Mary—the—the world's turned over!"

"Stop dat laffin' an' hollerin'! Stop it, Miss Ann! What's all de trubble?"

"I—I—can't help it!" she gasped. "Wouldn't you laugh—after all—all——"

Laughter shook her, and the tears poured down her face.

"Ain't you 'shamed?" cried the terrified old woman. "All yo' life I ain' never seen you carry on like dis. Stop it! I tell you! Fo' de Lawd, Miss Ann, ef you don' hush, I gwine go git water, and th'ow it all over dat pretty dress." The tone penetrated, and Diantha sat silent, white and shaking.

"I'm sorry I upset you so," she said, "and dreadfully ashamed. Something just snapped. I held on too tight while Peter was here. I couldn't let him see——"

"See what?" asked Mary.

"Mr. Peter is married."

"Fo' de Lawd! Dat chile? Well, what next?"

"He's twenty-one."

"I don' keer of he's a bunnerd, he ain' no more'n a chile. Who done tek and marry him?"

"A blithering fool!" cried Diantha savagely. "I could choke her. After the years I've spent! There's youth for you! Is there anything so powerful?"

"Fo' I'I' while, Miss Ann. But dere's a long time comin'. All you got to do is wait."

"Then the mischief will be done."

"No'm, 'twon't. Not after all de love you done spent on dat chile."

"Selfish love, Mary. How much was for him and how much for me?"

"You ain't never done nothin' selfish in yo' life."

"I've still got you, anyway." Diantha patted the old hand. "And you're right—the biggest fight's ahead. Oh, if I'm only clever enough—and patient enough!"

"You kin do it, whutever it is. Tus' you."

"I can try."

"Now you come to yo' senses, I'll go finish my dishes," said the old woman. "You know mos' everybody 'roun' ter git married some time."

Diantha laughed faintly.

"I hadn't thought of that," she smiled faintly.

OFFICIALLY, Rufus Calder was busy with his morning's mail. What he was really doing was starring at an etching on the opposite wall, and what he saw nobody knew. It had nothing to do with stocks or bonds, or with his secretary, sitting patiently beside him. And as she sat she wondered why he had aged two years in the last two weeks.

"Yes, Mr. Calder," she suggested for the fourth time in twenty minutes.

"Yes, of course. I beg your pardon. Where were we?"

"We would like to call your attention——"

"Call your attention'—oh, I can't even remember what I want to call his attention to. I think I'll knock off and call it a day. You do the same if you want to."

"Thanks—but hadn't I better finish up that Rockwell business?"

"Oh, of course. It's lucky I've got you here. Do you need me for anything?"

"No, sir. I can handle it."

"Good. I've been thinking lately about your loyalty to this place. Seem to have a new valuation on loyalty, lately."

Ellen Malton stared at her tailored hat and flushed.

"Thank you, Mr. Calder. I guess we all get more than we give, here. Do you mind if I say something—well, cheeky?"

"I guess I can stand it."

"I'm butting in, but we all think you don't look right. Couldn't you go away and rest and let me run things?"

"Bless my soul," laughed Rufus, "why should I mind you saying this?"

"Well, you remember what that efficiency expert said about eliminating the personal element in work?"

"Even an efficiency expert can't get rid of the human equation. I'm grateful for your interest, but I'm all right. I'm up against something that seems hard to settle. When I have settled it, I'll get fat. How's that?"

Ellen smiled doubtfully. A telephone buzzed beside her chair.

"It's Wilson," she reported. "He says Mrs. Gates wants to see you."

"Has she an appointment?"

The question brought a negative.

"Please ask her to write for one. I can't see her to-day."

Ellen repeated this. Again the telephone, and a faint excitement in Ellen's report.

"Wilson says she's Blackwell Carter's mother."

"What?" he cried, springing up. "Tell him to bring her in at once."

Ellen glanced quickly at the slim woman who came in one door as she went out the other door. "I guess he cannot sister," she thought.

Continued on page 50

Continued from page 15

LEILA LEARNS

Pictorial Review's $5,000.00 Annual Achievement Award

It is now time to submit recommendations for the 1929 Pictorial Review Achievement Award of $5,000.00.

We wish it to be borne in mind that this is not a voting contest. The recommendations, which may be made by any one, are submitted for judgment to the Pictorial Review Achievement Award Committee of distinguished men and women.

Because of the great number of recommendations we can not guarantee to return material sent in by the applicants or by those who recommend them.

The time to send in recommendations is from now until August 1st. Recommendation blanks and full particulars will be sent upon application to the Achievement Award Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

(See page 4.)

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Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete*.

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the tooth-brush cannot reach.

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FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-553, P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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DON'T LET HAPPY OUTDOOR DAYS CAUSE YOU WHOLE WEEKS OF ANGUISH!

QUICKLY, cruelly, the blazing summer sun burns your lovely skin. That means hours of agony for you, and weeks of after-treatment for your parched, coarsened skin. Why not *prevent* sunburn?

You needn't bother with hats, parasols, or sticky, greasy preparations. Just use Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream before going out of doors. This creamy lotion disappears into the skin, leaving no trace of stickiness to annoy you and stain your frock. The sun will not burn you, because Sunburn Cream actually absorbs that part of the ultra-violet ray which causes burning. Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is the *only* preparation which prevents sunburn by this scientific method. Under a normal application of Sunburn Cream, the skin will gradually take on a smooth, becoming tan. Should you wish to avoid even the suggestion of tan, use Sunburn Cream very generously.

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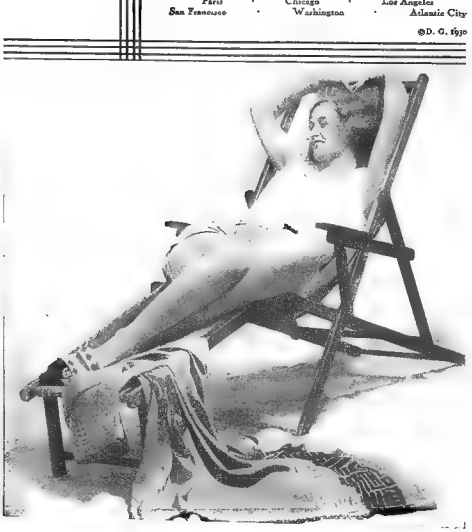

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 48

Rufus and Diantha each took a step and stopped. Then Rufus held out his hand, and tightened his fingers around hers. The hand around his heart loosened, and he smiled suddenly.

"Well, that's that," he announced unexpectedly.

"Yes," she answered.

"It's lucky you told them who you were."

"I think this must be my lucky day."

"Will you sit here?"

He rolled a big chair toward her, and she sank into it.

"I've been giving myself a lot of worry for nothing," she said.

"It often goes like that." The lovely contour of her face, he thought, was as smooth as Leila's.

"I had to see you—and I just couldn't. I was looking for a mountain——"

"And I'm only a mole-hill. My mountainous reputation is just a bluff, you see."

Diantha leaned suddenly toward him.

"You're being awfully nice—I appreciate it. And now I don't have to be afraid of you, I think I can talk. I had to come because, you see, I don't know what to do."

He laughed shortly.

"Then there are two of us—I don't either."

"I don't know how you feel about your daughter and my son. I'm going to be horribly rude. Will you please forgive me? To me it's just a calamity."

He drew a chair near her, and sat down.

"If we talk at all," he said gently, "we shall have to hear home truths. So we'll say what's on our minds. Shall we?"

DIANTHA stared hard at her lap, and bit her lip.

"I screwed my courage up for a week to get here. Once I got as far as down-stairs, and then I lost my nerve and went home. Do you think I'm an idiot?"

"No. There are the remnants of a hard fight in your eyes, and I wish I might have helped you—that's all."

"I was bitter. I thought you had everything, and had taken all I had. Will it bore you if I tell you some personal history?"

"I want to hear."

"Only Peter and I know what I'm going to tell you."

"Peter?"

"My son. That's his real name—Peter Gates. I wanted him to keep it, but they thought it wasn't romantic enough."

"I see."

"He has a right to the Blackwell. My father was Colonel Blackwell Carter."

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a foolish story. A fascinating woman, who could do anything with my father. She hated me, and I had loved my mother so, I couldn't bear it. When he married her I ran away, and went on the stage."

"Foolish girl!"

"Of course—but I was very young, and I love the theater better than my life! It's in every fiber of me. But the men who hedge it in sicken me. To escape dealing with them, I married my manager. Peter was the only worth-while thing that came of it. I was only nineteen, and soon I had to leave my husband. I wouldn't go back home. I had only my son. So I staked everything on him. My mother left me a decent income, and with that, and any kind of engagement I could get, I sent him to prep school, and then to college. I wanted to make him a civil engineer. Another mistake. He was no student. Then I saw him act in the college dramatic club. When I heard his voice, and felt his magnetism, I knew what I should do. So I made an actor of him. Have you seen him?"

"I have—he's magnificent! With his personality and brains——"

Diantha laughed sadly.

"Personality—yes. But brains— He's a sweet lamb, but he hasn't got the brains of a—a beetle."

"And you admit it?"

"What else can I do? Except think for him—as I've done for years. And that's our life."

"Of all the extraordinary mothers——"

"His beauty and charm and my wire-pulling have got his engagements, and my brains have kept them. Tone by tone and gesture by gesture I've taught him his parts. He couldn't act to save his life without me. We've worked this way three years. Each time he's had a bigger part. This season they gave him 'Jim of the Hills.' It was his chance, and you know what we did with it. Next year they would have starred him. Then I turned my back for a minute—and he met your daughter."

"He's twenty-one—wasn't he apt to meet somebody's daughter?"

"That was the weak link. I was so busy with his work, I never thought of his heart. And Peter never cared for girls. I've been a fool, Mr. Calder—and now I see it; it's too late."

"But is it? Men will marry, you know. Need that interfere?"

"I suppose it needn't," she said, "but it has. Your lovely daughter seems a bit spoiled. One of those home truths."

"My lovely daughter," said Rufus, laughing, "is almost plumb ruined. What's been up to now?"

"She's made him give me up, for one thing."

"*What?*"

"She thinks I hamper him—his talent. I don't even know where they're living."

"I do. And the detective force is still working."

"I never thought of that. I'm supposed to keep him from 'expressing himself.'"

"The blithering idiot!" snorted Rufus. To his surprize, Diantha laughed.

"You must admit it's funny, but nobody is as great a fool as the average mum. Either we're irresponsible, and they give up anyhow, or we try to put them in a mold, and suffer when they won't stay there."

"You're right—it's sheer conceit."

"And I've been worse than most. I decided my son's career without even asking him. I didn't do anything big myself, and tried to do it through Peter."

"You're hard on yourself."

"No—just honest. And of course I tried to blame everybody else before I saw it."

"That's fine. It will come out right. What are the young idiots living on?"

"Peter just has his salary—and he won't have that long, with the awful things he's doing to his performance. He says he's playing after the Russian manner—whatever that is. Anyway, the management doesn't like it, and if they give him his notice, I don't know what will happen to him."

"The little fool—Leila, I mean!" cried Rufus.

"They got Peter cheaply, because it was his first big chance. He's only saved about a thousand dollars—he has no idea of money. Another thing I've done to him."

"Leila has a couple of hundred a month—my mother left her. It usually pays for her gasoline and tires." He chuckled suddenly and jumped to his feet. "Mrs. Gates, I have an idea—and I haven't had any lately. Come out for a bite with me. Do you want to go into partnership?"

THE bed was very near Circassian walnut. Leila lay in it and blinked her blue eyes at the ceiling. The sunlight sifted through the shades and spattered the satin counterpane about her determined little chin. The fussy gilt clock on the dressing-table struck eleven. Eleven! She sat up sternly, but melted at sight of Peter. Peter was beautiful, even asleep. Was he? Peter was beautiful, even asleep. Was he going to sleep all day with a million things to do? There was the squirrel coat bought the day before, for instance. It might come home at any minute, to be tried on and admired. Spring was almost here, styles were changing, and twelve hundred was nothing. Then the car needed two new tires. And the garage bill—grafters! Oh, wake up, Peter! She threw back the covers, and thrust her feet into satin mules, and reached for her negligée. Now into the bathroom, with the door ajar, and the water running in the tub. As she splashed about she heard Peter yawn.

"Out in a minute, darling," she called.

"I'd like to have slept a year!" he said.

"I'd like to have slept a year!" he said. five minutes later as she emerged, fresh and glowing.

"Why didn't you?" she asked innocently, bending to kiss him.

"Yes—why! Gee, you're pretty, Lily!"

"It's lovely you love me," she chanted gaily. She tossed his dressing-gown over his shoulders and thrust him into the bathroom. "Hurry!"

"What for?"

"Thousands of things. It's a gorgeous

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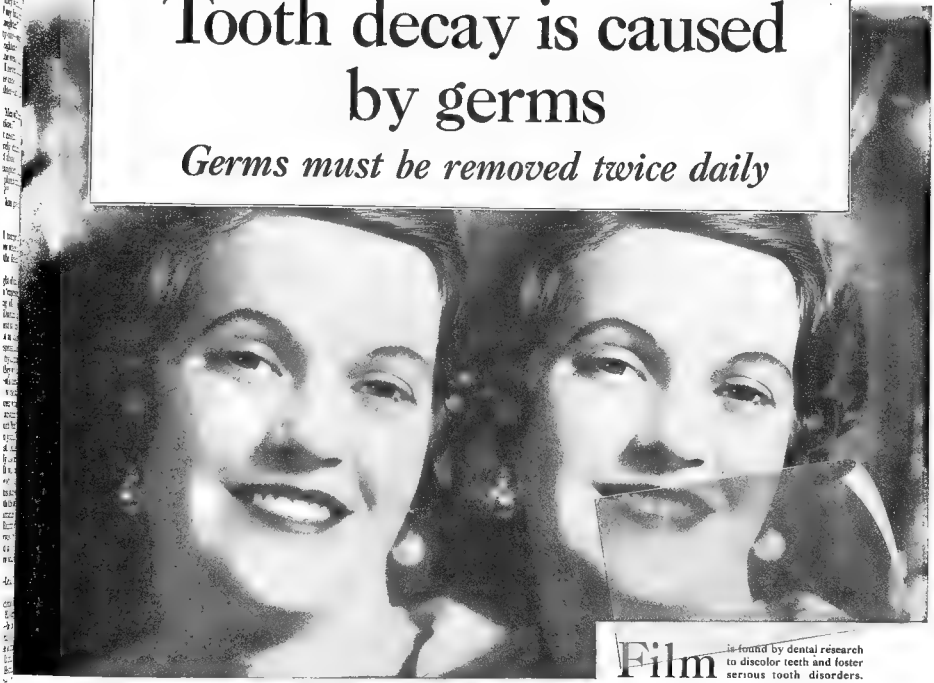
Tooth decay is caused by germs

Germs must be removed twice daily



Film is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth disorders.

FREE . . . a generous supply of Pepsodent to try

Please accept a free supply of the tooth paste that affords a modern way of fighting these common dental ills.

IF you brush your teeth *to prevent decay . . . to remove stains* . . . we want to send you a remarkable development in modern tooth pastes (mail coupon).

It will last at least ten days. At the end of that time you will see a marked change in the brilliance of enamel. Continue to use it and in three to six months, we believe, you will be aware of a greater freedom from decay.

This way removes germs that start trouble

What causes decay? *Germs.* Germs and tartar are a contributory cause of many other dental troubles.

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Film gets into crevices and remains. It clings so stubbornly that brushing alone cannot dislodge film completely. So Pepsodent was developed after years of laboratory study and experiment. The moment you use it you will notice the difference by the way it feels. It seems to "take hold" instead of slipping over film ineffectively.

Pepsodent removes film with complete safety to the enamel. No pumice, no harmful grit, no crude abrasive. But a creamy paste so gentle that it is recommended for children's teeth.

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APPLY Hinds Honey & Almond Cream freely, but gently . . . feel the instant relief from painful burning. Apply a little more. Your sunburn is cooler at once. Try it again in a little while . . . and again the last thing at night. Hinds Cream will give blessed relief to the most violent sunscorch . . . it will make your skin cool and supple and comfortable again. It offsets the ravages of wind and sun, too, and keeps your skin soft and fresh. Rub on Hinds Cream before you go out into the sun if you would like a glorious tan without the painful burn. Or, if you prefer to keep your skin creamy-white all summer long, Hinds Cream with powder over it will help prevent burning at all. All drug counters carry this soothing lotion.

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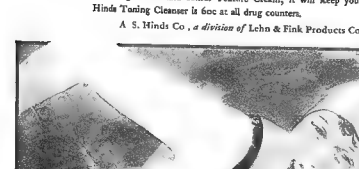

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 50

day—I'll order breakfast. What do you want?"

"I never know. I wish I had some of Mary's waffles."

"I'll bet they have marvelous ones here. I'll order some."

In half an hour a waiter wheeled a large tray into their sitting-room. Leila poured his coffee and gave him a waffle. Peter tasted it with a wry face.

"Might as well eat a magazine advertisement," he said.

"Peter—that's really clever! Maybe you ought to be an author."

"Well, you might," he insisted, mollified. As they finished there was a knock on the door. Leila hugged a large box into the bedroom and shut the door.

"Wait half a minute and get a thrill," she called. She cut the strings, and shook out the fur with little joyous sounds. She slid into it, and came out beaming.

"Peter, look how beautiful I am! Don't you adore me?"

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you had that."

"I didn't—until yesterday. Saw it, fell for it, tried it on."

"How much?"

"Cute Peter! You're talking like a husband."

"Well, I am a husband. How much?"

"Only twelve hundred—sounds rather a lot, doesn't it?"

"How did you pay for it?"

"Well, I got my check for two hundred yesterday. I gave 'em that, and when they saw your name, and found out who dad is, they sent it. I said you'd pay the rest today."

"I've got fifteen hundred in the bank. I'd better give them a check for a thousand when we go out, but don't fall for any more. This hotel just opens its mouth—and swallows my salary whole."

"It's ridiculous—only three hundred a week, with your reputation!"

"Mother thought three hundred was a lot. I'm a dub about money. She——"

Leila jumped up and fell into Peter's arms.

"Oh, Peter—eater—lamb, I'm a marvelous business man! I'll tend to all your money. How's that?"

"I wish you would. Figures don't make sense to me. But mother——"

"Listen, angel." She perched lightly on his knee. "Listen, Peter, do you have to talk about your mother all the time?"

"What?"

"I'm sure she's an old lamb. But she's there, and I'm here!"

"I didn't mean to. But, Leila, we've got to see mother. Why, I haven't seen her for a month! And you're a hit calling her old. She looks darn near as young as you do!"

"Peter! Idiot! How old was she when you were born?"

"Nineteen."

"And you're twenty-one! Why, Peter Gates, your mother's over forty!"

"I don't care if she is," he insisted. "When can we have her here?"

"For Pete's sake—we're on our honeymoon! Oh, Peter—eater, don't you love to be by ourselves?"

"Sure. But I'd like to see my mother."

"Well, we're not going to fight about it. If you want to see the families, we will. Let's have the whole bunch here on Sunday."

"Not so good. You don't know my mother, and I don't know yours, and if we have 'em all at once nobody will know anybody."

"All right, have it your own way. Who's first?"

"I—I'd like to see my mother."

"Mother it is. Call her up and break the news."

"I wish you'd do it."

"Peter, I just don't want to! You do it. Do it now. Gosh, what a day! Jump into your clothes, and we'll get the old bus, and go pay for my coat."

BUT when Peter finally got his mother on the telephone, by her casual tone she might have seen him the day before. He was vaguely hurt. She turned his invitation lightly aside with engagements that couldn't be broken.

"What's the matter with you," he said at last, "always going out like this? You never used to."

"I'm renewing my youth," came back Diantha's voice. "Now Leila's taken you off my hands, and I don't have that to bother with."

"Mother, don't you want to see me?"

"Indeed I do, but why not come here? It's more suitable for children to visit an old lady." Peter laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, forty! I'll dine with you some other time. How about dinner here a week from next Sunday? That will be better than a theater night."

"Not before that?" asked Peter gloomily.

"Fraid not—but the time will fly." And with this she hung up.

"I don't know what's got into mother," he complained to Leila over their late supper that night. "She never used to dash about like this."

Leila laughed.

"I wouldn't worry. She's got to be something. Probably women's clubs and committees and bunk like that. That's what old people fall for."

"Did you ever see my mother?" asked Peter.

"Never did—but they're all the same."

"You've got something coming to you!"

Which indeed Leila had. The days slid by, and she was dressing for dinner almost before she remembered where they were going. They had spent the day reeling about the country in the bright Spring sunshine. To Peter the hours had been a bliss of fleeing before a multitude of motor cops. He got home limp and exhausted. But Leila was in her glory. She jumped under a cold shower and into an orange-colored frock, all in fifteen minutes. Peter, unkinking his nerves in a hot tub, heard her flying about, singing lustily. He wondered vaguely how she did it, and then slept. Leila knocked sharply on the bathroom door. At her third alarmed "Peter!" he struggled from a blissful stupor, pulled himself out of the tub.

"Hurry," Leila called to him. "We'll never get to your mother's by seven."

PETER ran his eyes over Leila's bright plumage.

"What's the matter with it?" she asked tartly.

"Nothing — I was just wondering—Sunday night and everything—I just thought——"

"Well, don't think about my clothes, funny Peter. Your mother'll probably thank me for putting some life into the party." A few minutes later, from a corner of the taxi, Peter looked out into the old familiar street.

Leila glanced curiously at the charming little house as they climbed the steps. Somehow it didn't look like an old lady's, but Mrs. Gates was probably a quaint creature. They'd have an engagement next time they were asked. Inside the softly lighted hall Peter fell suddenly on the neck of an old black woman.

"Mary!"

"Mr. Peter—chile!"

"This was my 'mammy,'" he said to Leila. "Mary followed mother away from my grandfather's; didn't you, Mary!"

"Yes, honey."

Leila looked into the shrewd old eyes, and suddenly dwindled. It was a new experience. She followed the old woman meekly down a bedroom all glowing rose and silver, and was left there to powder her nose and find her way down again. She was wondering where her mother-in-law could be, when she caught sight of Peter, at the far end of the drawing-room, holding the hand of a slim girl in silver lace.

Leila looked the graceful figure over angrily, and advanced upon there like an orange-colored cyclone. Now Leila saw her face. Beautiful enough and young enough to be dangerous! Then they came down the room to meet her.

"Mother," said Peter, "this is Leila."

Leila sat down suddenly like a blown-up paper bag smacked upon a stone.

"Peter was telling me about your drive," said Diantha. "It must have been fun."

"Peter didn't think so," said Leila wickedly. "He was scared stiff."

"I certainly was," answered Peter plaintively. "I always am when Leila drives."

Diantha laughed. More guests now arrived, and Leila presently found herself at Diantha's old mahogany table in the white-

Continued on page 54

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Kotex deodorizes; Kotex is softer, more absorbent, and thus adds both daintiness and comfort to sanitary protection.

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When you think it over, the fact that great hospitals use Kotex is your most important assurance that it is best for personal use. Hospitals—with their high medical standards—are careful to use only the best, the most comfort-giving, the most hygienic protection for patients. By choosing Kotex you assure yourself the same care that leading hospitals give. And it costs so little that home-made cotton and cheesecloth substitutes, far from being an economy, are actually an extravagance.

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KOTEX

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 52

paneled dining-room with a famous statesman and his wife who had visited her father's house since her childhood. Also, looking at Peter with admiring eyes was a famous young star. On Leila's left, a writer she adored, and next to Diantha an aviator who had made newspaper head-lines for a year. And Diantha herself, looking in the candle-light like a last year's débutante. It was ridiculous! Leila turned her small puzzled face to her neighbor.

"It's funny to think of Diantha as a mother-in-law. You're in luck!" he said.

"Have you known Peter's mother long?" Leila asked.

"Fifteen years. There's nobody like her."

"Don't prejudice my new child," called Diantha. "I'm trying to make a good impression."

"I leave it to you," he appealed to Leila.

"Did I say anything to bias the youthful mind?"

"He's laughing at me," thought Leila furiously. "I'll never read one of his old books again." But she smiled sweetly, and glanced at her father's old friend. He was leaning toward Diantha. She looked at Peter, but Peter was talking shop with his lovely neighbor. She faced front again, small and foolish and very bad-tempered.

She wished with all her heart she'd made Peter stay at home. She wanted to snatch him and run away. She shook with blinding jealousy, but she smiled blandly. Her neighbor watched her keenly.

"Jolly party, isn't it?" he asked.

"Marvelous. Are all Mrs. Gates's parties like this?"

"Rather—everybody fishes for invitations. She's an extraordinary woman."

"How?"

"Well," he said slowly, "she's absolutely on the level, and she's kind and beautiful. Sometimes I wonder if she's not, or even two, of these things, but I never knew anybody else who was all of them. I wish I could get her into my family!"

"Oh!" cried Leila. "Do you mean——"

"That I want to marry her? I've been trying my darnedest for ten years—haven't I, Diantha?"

"Haven't you what?" she asked.

"Haven't I been trying to get you into my family for ten years?"

"I'm glad I have a permanent blush," said Diantha, laughing.

"Disgusting!" thought Leila. "A woman of forty! Talk about the younger generation!"

The others were rising, headed for the drawing-room. Leila was glad to see two bridge-tables set up. She adored bridge and played well. But she drew Peter for a partner, with Diantha and Van Allen against them. It was the last straw. But she was determined to shine at something, and concentrated on offsetting Peter's playing. He seemed bent on being particularly atrocious. Even Diantha protested at last as he amiably trumped Leila's trick, and let Van Allen set them.

"Peter," she said, "it really is a crime—with such a partner."

"Why?" asked Peter blandly. "Did I do something wrong? Trumps don't seem to mean a thing to me—I never can remember them."

LEILA got suddenly to look for a handkerchief. When she came back she was smiling brightly, and patted Peter as she passed him.

"Never mind, darling," she said smoothly. "Don't you care."

"I don't." He caught her hand. "Do you?"

"Not a bit. You can act, and we can't. What's an old bridge game? But really we ought to be going," she said. "Remember your rehearsal to-morrow, Peter."

"Rehearsal?" echoed Diantha quickly.

"Oh, some silly stuff," said Leila. It was a good time to show who was running Peter.

"They liked me better at first," he said to his mother. "They want me to go back to that way."

His troubled face smote Diantha sharply. But she smiled calmly as Leila sprang up.

"Come on home!" she cried gaily. "Your mother isn't interested in silly managers. Nobodies—what do they know about art? You're marvelous. Miles better than you used to be—exactly like that—what's his name?—in the Moscow Players. Peter's giving a marvelous performance!" she repeated defiantly.

"I'm sure he is," smiled Diantha. She followed them into the hall, and put her arm around Leila. "What a charming coat! I wish I had one just like it."

"It would be becoming," she answered with unwilling admiration. "Peter must make a ton of money and buy you one too."

Diantha smothered her amazement. "We must lunch together soon—some day when Peter has a matinée," said she, kissing her son, and holding Leila in a good-by hug.

"Some day when Peter hasn't a matinée," corrected Leila. "I always help him in the theater. He likes me to be there—don't you, Peter?"

"Sure," he answered hastily. "Go in out of the cold, Diantha!" He gave her a little shove and closed the door.

"You called your mother by her first name!" said Leila as their taxi drove off.

"Sometimes I forget she's my mother. She worried me, dashing out without any coat. I told you she was young. Weren't you surprised?"

"Rather," she answered abruptly. "Didn't she ever stay in your dressing-room?"

"No—she doesn't believe in it."

"Well, I do," said Leila. "Goodness knows what would happen if I wasn't around."

THIS dressing-room thing worried Peter. His mother had decided views about the theater. She never came behind the scenes. Leila always insisted on doing so. She cared nothing for the delicate mechanism of the artist. She was tired and bored with one side of the footlights. Now a door had swung open on the other. She followed Peter down a dark alley, through a green door under a single light, heard the doorkeeper's "Evening, Mr. Carter," and turned into the star's dressing-room.

Under the "No Smoking" sign by Peter's dressing-place she would light a cigaret, and chatter without stopping, as he took out the sticks of grease-paint and other symbols of his trade. Like all those without experience in the theater, she had the greatest deference for her own opinions about it. She confused Peter with fantastic suggestions about make-up, reading of lines, and stage business. All that was safe and sane in Peter's world vanished. Her everlasting supervision of his time and his work fretted him. Sometimes as she prattled beside him, he ached to be alone, just for fifteen minutes to think himself into his part. He dared not say so, for he adored Leila, and also sensed the temper that smoldered behind her smile. The next night after his mother's dinner was terrible. Leila, resenting Diantha's spell, was at her worst. She threw the squirrel coat over a chair and flounced about.

"Peter—eater, you ought to call that doorman down! He just grunts at you now. Who does he think you are?"

"I don't know—I didn't notice," Peter said, deftly applying grease-paint to his face.

"What's the use of being Blackwell Carter if a common doorman isn't going to be respectful?"

Peter glanced at the thin partition between him and the leading woman next door.

"He's like the rest," he said softly. "Nobody treats me the way they used to. They used to tell me how great my performance was. Now they just look the other way. There's something funny going on."

"What do you care? Give in your notice."

He laid his cosmetic down and stared at her.

"Who will pay our hotel bills?"

"Get a better part first—that will show them!"

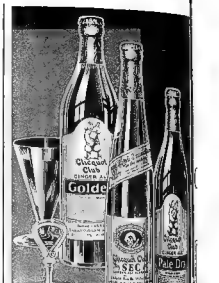
"You don't know what you're talking about," he cried, exasperated.

"Oh, don't I? I'll get some money from dad. He's got plenty."

"I don't want your father to pay my bills. I'll pay them myself."

"Peter—your beautiful disposition!" she wailed. "Keep your old part—only smile at me—Peter—" She slid her thin little arm around his neck, and Peter caught her close. What was the use? Holding his hand, she trotted beside him to the stage, and snuggled into the first entrance to watch him. But it was only the empty shell of Peter. The vitality was gone. She saw it suddenly,

Continued on page 56



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GOLDEN—with its spirited zing of real ginger—is a zestful, appetizing drink. It has been America's favorite ginger ale for nearly half a century.

PALE DRY is more delicate. It is mild, with the fruit flavorings more apparent to the taste. Ideally suited to recipe drinks.

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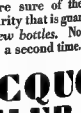

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HOW TWO MOTHERS MADE THEIR CHILDREN OVER

One, the mother of a nervous child . . . one, the mother of an underweight child

What Happened to the Nervous Child

"IT PUT HER ON HER FEET, WHEN I WAS SURE I WAS LOSING HER"

My little daughter 2½ years old had the flu with measles following. As the result of this she was very puny and nervous, cried all day, bit her finger nails, and refused to eat her meals or drink milk. At night she was restless. Altogether she was in bad shape.

Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her. The roses are coming back in her cheeks. She sleeps and eats regularly, does not bite her finger nails any more, plays out in the sunshine all day and is altogether a different little girl

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What Happened to the Underweight Child

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My small son was a perfectly healthy child, but his appetite had fallen off noticeably during the summer heat. I wanted to see if Ovaltine would provide the necessary food elements and vitamins even though he was not eating as much solid food as usual.

We noticed an immediate increase in weight and he has certainly come through the hot weather in first-class shape. He likes Ovaltine immensely—drinks it 3 times a day with meals and whenever he wants it between meals.

Mrs. H. A. Witcher, Amarillo, Texas

ew light has been thrown on the problem of the underweight, nervous child.

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to America, over 20,000 doctors are already advising frequently increases weight 1½ to 2 pounds weekly. *usness is often noticeably curbed in a few days.*

wo examples of its results, reported on this page, are ll of thousands of others coming from mothers in cally every part of the world.

y do much or it may do little for your child. But, in of what it has done for others, we think most mothers ree that trying it is worth while.

at you may first test it, before purchasing a larger ity, a coupon good for a special 3-day supply is d at right.

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food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

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Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

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Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 54

with a scared sense of futility. Saw, too, the thinly veiled hostility of the company.

The big scene was over, and instead of the crashing calls came a spattering of applause, started by the ushers at the back. Peter's puzzled face as he came off stung Leila's eyes with sudden tears. She saw the stage-manager speak to Peter, with a side-wise glance at her. Heard something about "Orders from the office." Then they went to the dressing-room.

"I suppose not," he answered, sighing. He took off his make-up and put on his street clothes heavily. On Saturday afternoon, after the second act, he came in, an open envelop in his hand, his eyes like a hurt child's. Leila, reading listlessly, threw down her book.

"Peter!" she cried. "What it is? What have they done to you?"

"Given me my notice," he said heavily.

"What do you mean—your notice? You're not a cook!"

He held out the typewritten form silently.

"How dare they?" she cried hotly. She threw the note on the floor, stamping on it.

"Please don't shout so!" He looked warningly at the wall partition.

"I don't care—let her hear! The brutes! I'll tell them what I think of them!"

"Leila—please! They have a perfect right to get rid of me if they don't want me." He dropped into a chair, head in hands. Leila knelt beside him. Having only known Peter triumphant, she was aghast.

"Peter—brace up! Don't let them know you care. Why, you're Blackwell Carter! Didn't you ever get your notice before?"

"Never," he said dully.

"Well, then, here's a new thrill. Walk out to-night—that'll show 'em."

Peter looked at her strangely.

"You can't do things like that. And I wouldn't want to. Two weeks means six hundred dollars. I don't know what's in the bank."

"Darn little," said Leila briefly. "That Lanvin model I got to-day—I'll send it back to-morrow. But you'll be getting five hundred in a week or so. You must go right out and get another part to-morrow."

"How can you be so silly?" asked Peter. "You don't know how lucky I was to have this. Summer's almost here, with no more plays going on. We have to live until Fall. I suppose I shall get a part then—I always have."

"Well, you've always lived till Fall, too, haven't you?"

"When I began mother made me work in stock Summers. She owns the house, and she has her own income. She managed my salary. I always had what I wanted."

LEILA tilted back her chair.

"Well, if she could I can," she said.

"You don't know this game," said Peter, touching up his-make-up. They were calling the third act. "Mother's been at it all her life. You can't learn it in a few weeks."

"I can learn anything, any time," said Leila pertly. "You'd be surprised."

"I've got to go on now," was all he said.

After the matinée, with Peter washed and dressed, they stepped from the dark alley into the bright afternoon. The usual knot of women clustered around the entrance, and Leila clasped Peter's arm possessively at their admiring whispers. It was a moment she lived for. Even Peter straightened his shoulders and thought, "Maybe things aren't so bad, after all."

But in that no-man's land between dinner and time to go back to the theater Leila saw him reach for the telephone.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I—I just thought I'd talk to mother." She removed the instrument gently as she perched on his knee.

"Peter, please let's not call in the family—yet. I can manage your career. Come on, darling—be a sport—please—"

Instinct told him that disaster was approaching, but Peter had always been run by a woman, and Leila's appeal was emotional.

"Your mother's marvelous, precious, but you're a man! You can take care of yourself. Show her you can."

The dominant male woke in Peter. "You're right," he said, "I'll get a good engagement in a day or two."

"I knew it! Just you wait—money can do almost anything!"

"What money? We haven't got any."

"Never mind," she cried gally. "I've got brains. That's better. It's theater time—get your hat, and let's go."

Peter promptly forgot Leila's cryptic remarks. He was swamped by what had happened. He had no idea of the drudgery, business sense, and tireless diplomacy with which Diantha had put him on the market. And now he was learning the difference between the sent for and the unwanted. There was a gulf separating the "Whatchs wanna see him for?" and the "Right this way, please," and Peter was on the wrong side.

One day, after hours in a stuffy office where he had heard of a production, he caught the fishy eye of the office-boy. But instead of the usual "Nuttin' for youse" he got a "C'mere you," and was admitted to the lordly office of a small man, hat aside his head. The potentate stared owlishly at him.

"Got fired from 'Jim of the Hills,' I hear," he remarked.

"I—I beg your pardon?"

"I say I hear you got fired from 'Jim of the Hills.'"

Peter stood and stared. Quite suddenly a blinding anger shook him. Strange words leaped to his lips. He gripped his stick and took a step forward. Then without a word he turned and opened the door.

"Hey—where y' goin'? I gotter job for you. Well, c'n y' tie that?"

Peter, face white and eyes blazing, quietly shut the door. Diantha would not have known her son. He came home worn out, and told Leila there was nothing in the play for him. Two days later he accepted thankfully a second-rate part in a second-class company, and never even knew he had done a foolish thing. But Leila's instinct warned her, and after a day's coaxing he returned the part. He yielded, but he was terrified, for a job was a job. Leila's monthly check hardly paid for their food, and an enormous hotel bill piled up. She hid the weekly account from Peter, but she need not have bothered, for he took the roof over his head for granted.

Leila perched on the sitting-room window-seat late one afternoon, absently watching the endless stream of traffic writhing along the avenue. She was thinking, as usual, of money, and how to get it, but she was far from admitting that she had anything to learn. She was wondering why she thought of her father so constantly, when there was a knock at the sitting-room door. Her surprized "Come in" was repeated twice before a suave young man appeared. Leila recognized him as one of the office force.

"Ah—Mrs. Carter—good afternoon. I—I wonder if I might see Mr. Carter a moment?"

"Mr. Carter is out—on business," said Leila warily.

He stood, ill at ease, and Leila let him stand, and watched him coolly.

"Mr. Carter—isn't playing just now?"

"Not just now."

"He—he has given up his stage work?"

"He would hardly do that, would he?"

She knew now why he was here, and wondered desperately what to do.

"When do you think I could have a little talk with him?"

Leila looked him over casually.

"You want to see Mr. Carter on business?"

"Why, yes—on business."

"I look after Mr. Carter's business. You can hardly bother him with that sort of thing."

The young man shifted feet, and eyed a chair suggestively.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" he asked at last.

"Sit down? No—not at all."

"I—well, to be frank, Mrs. Carter, the management has asked me to—to remind Mr. Carter, I should say, of his account with us. It is now—I believe—a matter of some eight hundred dollars. If it would be convenient—" he paused suggestively. The situation was delicate. Nobody minded an actor more or less. But the daughter of Rufus Calder! That was different—it would pay him to be careful. Leila lifted her impertinent little face and looked at him vaguely.

"Eight hundred dollars? I had overlooked it. One forgets the small bills, doesn't one?"

"Eight hundred—small!" he thought, "the old man must be made of money!"

"Then we may hope—" he said.

"Hope? Oh, yes—the check. How stupid of me! I'll see that you get it." She got up and walked to the door. When he had gone she sat down to sum up the situation. There was only one thing to be done.

The next morning, Peter gone, she dressed carefully, found the nearest subway entrance, and was sardined down to the familiar building overlooking the harbor.

She got out of the elevator and swung into the outer office of her father's suite with her careless stride, and came face to face with a strange young woman.

"Where's Wilson, who was always here?" Leila asked her bruskly.

"Mr. Wilson is on his vacation. Did you wish to see him?"

"I want to see my father," said Leila impatiently. "Kindly let me pass."

"If you'll tell me your father's name, perhaps I can help you."

"My father's name is Rufus Calder, and I'm in a very great hurry."

"I'm sorry, Miss Calder—"

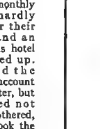
"Mrs. Blackwell Carter."

"Mrs. Carter, but Mr. Calder is in conference. If you'll sit down I'll call his secretary, and see when he'll be free." She returned in a few minutes. "Mr. Calder will see you now, if you will follow me."

"I know the way to my father's office, thank you," said Leila, as she hurried away. A rush of emotion caught her at sight of him sitting in his deep chair. He got calmly to his feet. She nodded to his secretary, who slipped out quietly. Leila put up her face to be kissed.

"Well, Dad, you don't seem very surprized to see me."

"Not especially," he patted her shoulder, and went back to his chair. "Sit down. How are you? You look a bit thin. Did your husband come down with you?"



Modern Homes

If you are going to build, or even if you are just thinking about it, be sure to send for a copy of this splendidly illustrated new booklet, "Modern Homes." Send 25 cents for your copy (post-paid) to Modern Homes, care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

"Peter wasn't—that is, Peter isn't—"

"I see—playing a matinée."

"One doesn't play matinées Tuesdays."

"That's right—it is Tuesday. I see he's not in 'Jim of the Hills' now. Fitz—he was good."

"They—we—it didn't give him scope enough. He needs something bigger," she said.

"Of course. I suppose he has a bigger part now?"

"He—this isn't the season they put on things. He'll get something bigger by Fall."

"He ought to—he's mighty clever. But he isn't doing anything now?"

"Not—not just now." Then suddenly, "Please discharge that awful girl outside!"

"Girl outside? I thought we were talking about Peter."

"She won't let me in—she acted as if she'd never heard of me!"

"Well, maybe she hadn't, but I happen to find Miss Simmons very useful. It's her job to keep people out."

"To keep me out?"

"She didn't know you. You see, you haven't given us a lot of your time the last six months."

"I—I've been very busy," said Leila.

"These are busy times," agreed Rufus. He looked down at his watch. "Sorry, dear, it's nice of you to run in, but I have an important engagement in twenty minutes, so if there's nothing special—"

LEILA bit her lips. A sudden sickening thought of the hotel bill struck her, and for the first time in her life she ate a huge slice of humble-pie.

"But there is something special, dad dear," she said sweetly. "Would you rather I came back again?"

"Have you the 'streak' outside?"

"No, a man took a fancy to it—so I let him have it." Leila didn't add that he took it in exchange for a garage bill she couldn't pay.

"Costs a lot to keep a car in town, doesn't it?"

"I'll say it does. Well, Dad, shall I come back later?"

"No—we still have ten minutes. Will it take longer than that?"

"I'll try not to take any longer," she said brightly. "You see, Dad, I—I've spent all my money——"

"Ah!" said Rufus.

"Peter has nothing but his salary. He lived with his mother. And now he hasn't any salary. My money from granny doesn't go very far——"

"It wouldn't—at the Dilmore! Why do you live there?"

"Why—why, I don't know anywhere else to go," said Leila blankly.

"No little apartments vacant anywhere?"

"I—I really don't know. I don't want to keep house and bother with servants."

"That wasn't what I meant. Your mother and I had four rooms. She did her own work. Both the boys were born there."

"How hectic! I'd be sorry for anybody in four rooms with me."

"I see. Well, what can I do for you?"

"Dig out the old check-book, I guess."

"How much?"

"Well, I've got a beastly bill of eight hundred. I thought if you'd make it a thousand——"

"That's a lot of money, Leila."

"Isn't it? But that joint has a grasp of hold-up men."

"And yet you won't leave?"

"Oh, I didn't say that, lamb. I just sidestepped the four-room, no-maid stuff."

"Tell me," said Rufus suddenly. "Does your husband know you are here?"

"Peter?" cried Leila sharply. "Gosh, no!"

"If I give you this money, who will he think paid the bill?"

"He doesn't even know we have a bill. Dad, Peter doesn't know a thing about money."

"Doesn't know? How old is he?"

"What has age got to do with it?" Peter's an artist. His mother attended to the money. Now I do it. It's my job."

"Your job. I see."

"Dad, what's got into you? You're weird!"

"My dear little girl," said Rufus briskly, "you're just finding out you can't have your cake and eat it too—that's all."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You'll learn. You came into a world of love and too much indulgence. You got

Continued on page 58

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Compare Super Suds with chips or flakes

in these first photographs ever taken of dishwashing soaps at work

Actual color photographs through glass dishpans prove Super Suds dissolves far faster... gives richer soapiness, faster dishwashing.

NOW... see through glass dishpans the difference between instant dissolving Super Suds and slow dissolving chips or flakes.

These are the first photographs ever made that show how soap works *below the surface of the water.* Down where the real job of dishwashing takes place. Down where swift, all-through-the-water soapiness really counts.

Notice how the gummy, half-dissolved flakes of soap leave the water almost devoid of helpful soapiness. While in the same length of time every tiny "bead" of Super Suds has dissolved... flooding every drop of water in the pan with rich creamy soapiness.

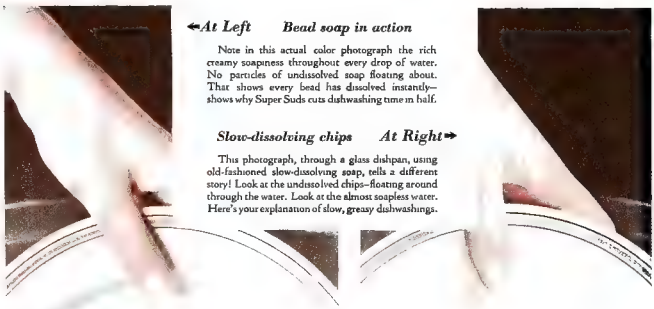
An utterly new-type soap

Super Suds can do this because it's not chips, flakes or powder, but tiny hollow beads. Made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus this wonderful new form of soap gives instant suds... suds with such speed of action that they cut dishwashing time in these 3 ways:

(1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring, soaking or heating water extra hot to get soap to dissolve. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating, all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to streakless, sparkling clearness. Wiping is not necessary.

Once you've used this instant dissolving, instant washing, instant rinsing form of soap you'll have no more patience for old-fashioned, slow-dissolving soaps. And Super Suds is only 10 cents a package, 10 brimming cups. Order from your grocer today.

Super Suds 10c



←At Left ***Bead soap in action***

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips ***At Right→***

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

5852

Beware of substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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CONSTANCE Tyndale McCormick

She's only three but *she can do a lot of things!*

Her health is guarded by this special care

Plump legs that hardly straddle her pony ... thick dark curls ... big violet eyes that are very fetching.

Constance Tyndale McCormick is the three year old daughter of the Alister McCormicks of Chicago.

Life is a joyous round of tempting things. Riding (she has a firm small hand on the bridle) ... swimming (short legs can kick effectively) ... a Springer Spaniel ... a playhouse in the garden.

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 56

bitten by this modern bug—know it all, and you dash off and marry. You cut us all out of your life, and when it doesn't work you come blandly in and find me different. Really, Leila, you make me laugh!"

"Tell me, didn't you and mother go on a honeymoon when you married?"

"Four days. I couldn't afford any more."

"Well, Peter and I have been on a honeymoon. He was working and we couldn't go away, so we stayed away. That's all."

"Not quite—honeymoons don't last six months. You ignore us for six months, and when you come back I don't cut you off with a penny, or shut my doors to you, or any rot like that. I'm glad to see you. But you can't expect me to feel as I did when we were pals, and you cared whether I lived or died."

"YOU'RE wrong!" she cried, jumping up. "You're hurt because I only wanted to see Peter for a while, and I dared to do it!"

"You have a right to hurt people. You took a boy away from his mother when he's been her life for twenty years——"

"We've seen Peter's mother——"

"Once!"

"How do you know?" demanded Leila. "Never mind how I know. You cut yourself off from your own mother——"

"Dad, the mater bores me!"

"Bores you?"

"Bores me stiff! That shocks you because you aren't used to the truth. She's a dear, and so are all the rest, who just gather round and blat. But she bores me."

"Perhaps because you want to 'blat' yourself—whatever that is."

"Maybe—but they bore me just the same."

"Leila, I won't let you——"

"Be yourself, Dad. I'll bet they bore you, too. You're such a live one, it must bore you to listen all day."

"I don't listen all day."

"You bet you don't! You stay here, where you're boss, and play a big game in a big way. When you're home you play golf."

"Your mother is a wonderful woman."

"And awfully pretty and a sweet little thing. But I can't listen to things I know when I was four, and cheer and ask for more. Not when I can be with Peter."

"Well, I'm still here We used to be rather congenial"

"I know, but, Dad, you're a father—and Peter's a husband"

"Well, look out Peter isn't bored. You can play at that."

"Ouch!"

"Oh, you must hear the truth as well as speak it." He looked at his watch. "Sorry, kid, but my time is up Come in again." He took out a check-book and wrote a check, looking down, saw it was for fifteen hundred dollars. She had her little face suddenly on his outstretched hand.

"Oh, Dad—that's wonderful!"

"It's your wedding-present," he said.

"But, Leila, look at me. Don't think I'm not glad to give you this. But nothing is so easy as spending somebody else's money. Maybe you'll come out on top, but I think you're riding for a fall. You think I'm successful—well, here's some advice: pay your bill and get out of the hotel. Take what's left, and get a cheap place. Because—listen: I'm not going to pay any more of your bills. If you think I'm hard—well, I'm not. But I mean what I say. Now run along. When you really want to see me, you know where we are."

Leila longed to throw herself in her father's arms, and forswear every idea that opposed him. But the impulse passed. She set her stubborn little chin and tucked the check in her smart purse.

"Thanks, old dear," she said, kissing him. "I'll think it over about the hotel. I can't promise—I must use my own judgment."

"Go as far as you like," smiled Rufus wryly. "Only remember."

"I will. Thanks a whole lot for the check." From the door she flung back, impish grin. "Give my love to the mater." She was gone.

The concluding instalment of "Leila Learns" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 10th.

SALESMANSHIP

Continued from page 9

gave it full swing, partly because he *felt* cordial, partly because he sensed an air of determination in the somewhat set face of his customer, a determination which he must combat with all the forces of persuasion and gallantry at his command.

"In selling there is no asset like extreme politeness," he quoted to himself. "Keep your reservoir filled to the brim."

Seemingly unimpressed by his welcome, the woman came to the point at once.

"I am looking for a blue suit—for a boy—twelve years old."

"Certainly," said Mr. Staples. "Our stock, I may say, is excellent. Were you thinking of serge or cheviot?"

"I hadn't thought very much of—the material."

"I see. It's color you want. But material's important; take my word for that. There's a lot to be said for both. Serge may be dressier, but cheviot won't take a shine or show spots like serge. And it's newer. It's sure to be worn now by boys and men for two seasons straight."

"I see," said the woman.

Mr. Staples felt vaguely troubled as he turned toward the cases. He always liked interest in his customers. It made things go better—and they were fussy and hard to suit. He groped about in his mind for something to liven up things a bit.

"You said twelve years old? Now, that's an age to keep you guessing, isn't it? I've a boy twelve myself. They're alive to everything at twelve."

The woman did not answer. Mr. Staples did not resent her neglect of his allusion to Charley, but he had thought his last remark quite clever. Queer how some folks expected the salesman to do it all, and yet he had been forewarned by his course of just such an attitude. Undaunted, he started on another and more direct course.

"How big a boy is he? Large for his age or small?"

"I think you'd say average," said the woman.

"It's always more satisfactory," said Mr. Staples, "to bring them along. But, of course, there's school."

"Yes," replied the woman.

Funny, thought Mr. Staples, as he spread out four suits for her inspection, funny how little help her husband offered. He stood at the extreme end of the counter, fumbling with the buckles and straps of some knickers piled there. Perhaps he was a professor from the college on the hill. They always behaved in that absent-minded fashion, their heads deep in some crazy notion or another.

"You wouldn't want me to lay these aside now, and bring him in, say, at four to try them on?"

"No," she said. "I think not. I'll choose myself."

"I know just how 'tis," remarked Mr. Staples genially. "Try to catch a twelve-year-old after school and there's something doing. Funny how when they get older——"

"This looks about right to me," interrupted the woman, "this cheviot one."

"You can't go wrong on that," asserted Mr. Staples, "no matter what. That's genuine Scotch cheviot, all wool to a thread My word on it, Madam, and the store's guaranty. That suit'll wear the toughest youngster in this town a good two years—one year for Sunday-school and the like of that, and one for common. And being cheviot, it's not going to show every spot on earth or take the shine that serge is bound to."

HE LIFTED the suit from the counter, hoping thereby to attract the attention of the man; but he still fumbled at the buckles and straps. The woman fingered the cloth, and then with a sudden, impulsive gesture put her hand in one of the pockets of the coat.

Mr. Staples laughed aloud.

"I see," he said knowingly. "A boy always raise Ned with pockets. But they are tough ones and lined with the best. If

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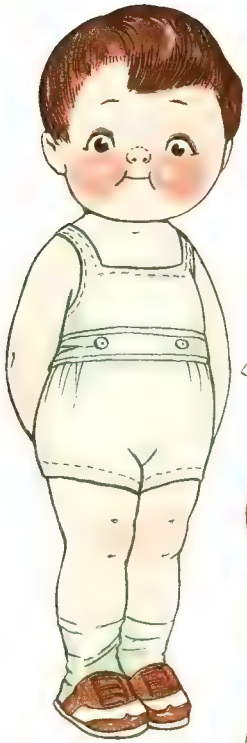
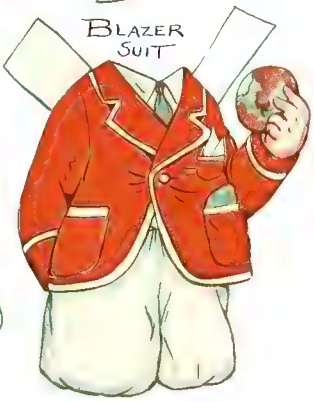
DOLLY DINGLE

By GRACE G. DRAYTON





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Conducted by MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

OF COURSE none of you have forgotten the letter from H. I. P., who said that he was "not a sheik," and who bitterly complained that no girl was interested in him since he did not have a "line," and he did respect and honor women. I was not surprized when hundreds of you girls sprang for your pens to answer him. There were regular letters, air-mail letters, special deliveries, even telegrams from those who wanted letters forwarded to H. I. P., those who wanted his address, and those who wished to tell him how wise or how foolish or how utterly mistaken or how exactly right he was. One clever girl sent a sketch of the young man being pursued through dense forests by dozens of women of all ages and sizes. She was right!

It is funny and yet it isn't. More than once I found my eyes filling with tears as I read letters from girls who are sincere, modern in the best sense of the word, intelligent, capable of living full, well-rounded lives, but seeing nothing ahead but loneliness and frustration. They are not meeting the young men they should meet nor having the good times which are the rightful heritage of youth. As one girl says:

Most of us are types that every one looks to to see things through in a crisis. Not a few of us are good-looking, dress well, and are fairly interesting if any one would take the time to discover it. We can cook and keep house and nurse a little. We love homes and children. Our friends tell us their troubles because they say we understand them, and yet—where are we? We're sitting at home seven nights a week unless we go out with other girls like ourselves! We look so longingly from the outside into life without really sharing its joys and sorrows. What are we to do, Marion Lambert? *Southern Girl.*

Another girl writes:

Why should H. I. P. complain? He can go out and look for a girl. I wonder if he doesn't realize that there are literally thousands of women between the ages of twenty and thirty who live and work from one year's end to another without a single "date" or a chance of one.

If H. I. P. really is anxious to find these quiet, sensible girls he talks about he will find them leading the church societies, the Red Cross, and interested in all sorts of community work.

Through necessity they have learned to be self-sufficient and make their own good times, but he will find them pathetically responsive to a little attention, because deep down in their hearts they still dream of that right man their mothers say will "come along some day." *Alice.*

That line about mothers makes me wish again that all the mothers of young daughters would try to make their homes social centers for the young people. The girl who has mother's help *from the beginning* is the girl who doesn't have to sit at home alone when she is a bit older.

You can't keep your girl child away from playmates and gay times at home and then expect her to blossom forth with social poise and the ability to make and hold friends when she reaches what you call years of discretion.

I myself look back with undying gratitude to a mother who always encouraged the children to play in our yard and who never failed to give a party if there was a new little girl or boy visiting in our neighborhood. Hard work for her? Yes. But is there any way to bring up children without hard work?

Somehow I can not help feeling that there is something wrong when a girl with a home and parents has no social life or when she slips out secretly to meet her friends.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself. Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

This subject links up with the recent discussion of church attendance. A Sunday-school teacher writes:

The way to keep children active in the church is for the parents themselves to be active, not only in the morning service but in the different societies and the Sunday-school. For fifteen years I have had classes of from thirty to forty young people and there have not been more than six mothers or fathers who were interested enough to help in the work.

Not long ago I helped a group of eight girls to plan and give an entertainment. I gave many evenings to rehearsals. When the evening came there were just two mothers interested enough to encourage their girls by coming to the entertainment. Yet these very people will ask why the church doesn't have more activities to hold the young people.

Another woman says:

Mothers coax and wheedle and hire children into practising music or studying arithmetic or Latin. They compel reluctant boys to go to dancing-school—and they don't fear that they will grow up to hate going to dances because they were forced to do it! They make undue sacrifices to get the children into the "proper set." But to get them to know God and His church is left to chance. Why would children of such parents think churchgoing important or valuable?

And here's a letter which shows what a church can do to help the H. I. P.'s and the lonely girls:

Our young people turn out Sunday mornings and evenings because they are a part of the church. The young people run their own departments and make their own decisions—and what a happy, active crowd they are!

We have swimming-parties, horseback-riding, hikes, picnics, parties of every kind which attract young folk. When money is needed we give a party to raise it. The old-fashioned box-social is as much fun as any. Unless you give young people something to do you can not hold them. They don't ask for easy things; they glory in doing the impossible.

It is a pleasure to know that the old-fashioned box-social is still popular. Do the girls still have that trick of fixing their boxes so that the right boy will know which one to bid on? If any of you girls don't understand how that is done, Marion Lambert has not forgotten and she will tell you.

We hear so much about all the family discipline being left to mother that I feel this letter really deserves to be printed in red ink.

Dear Marion Lambert: Anent spanking, there are ninety-nine ways of doing a task erroneously and one way of doing it correctly. A child in his tender years must be started correctly or his whole life will be a series of mistakes. We tried talking to our boy first. When that failed we spanked and got results. We always told him why we issued the command and why we punished. Our boy is now eleven years old and we do not need to spank; he promptly complies with our wishes.

Obedience was instilled into him with a razor-strop when stern commands failed. The razor-strop makes more noise and causes less actual injury than any other instrument. By explaining the how and why of things to him and showing him just how much disobedience might affect his life we have made a real buddy of him. There is love in his performance of duty and actually no fear of us.

He is not perfect; he is a boy in every sense of the word, but with his ever-ready smile I wouldn't make many more changes in him. But he was a headstrong, wilful only child until spanking curbed a very unenviable spirit. Guess I'll get ready now to dodge bottles and rolling-pins!

Just a Dad.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could hear from a lot of fathers! I for one would greet them with fervent appreciation and no rolling-pins.

Dear Marion Lambert: I shall never be able to tell you how much I appreciate the copy of the letter from a Mother of Two. Because of it I am starting my two youngest children right. I am answering their questions frankly, not trying to hide from them any of the so-called mysteries of life and its beginnings. I am planting seeds in windowboxes, taking Ted and Anne to the zoo to see the baby animals, doing all the things which that very wise mother suggests. But, dear lady, I have an older daughter, a girl of that lovely age, "Standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet."

I'm ashamed to confess it, but I touched and evaded her questions when she was small. I, like thousands of other mothers, confused the words "innocence" and "ignorance." And now, when she needs to know the reasons for the changes which are coming into her life, when I know she is confused and baffled by her own feelings and by the new experiences she is meeting, when I am so eager and anxious not to fail her, when my heart goes cold with dread at some of the things I read and hear—she is aloof, remote, rather resentful if I try to break the ice and talk to her on these subjects.

In many ways we are good pals, but—oh, can you see what I mean and help me, Marion Lambert? I need wisdom. I need to be told just how to explain to the older girl and how to reach her without shocking her. Can't you give us a letter from a mother of older children?

Mother Who Mistakes Fear.

Because of this letter, and of many similar ones which have been coming to me in the past months, I have prepared a letter which I hope may be as helpful to the mother of the older child as Mother of Two's letter was to the one with young children. It may be absorbed and given out by the mother herself, or it may be handed to the daughter to read. In fact, it might quite profitably be handed to the son. All of you who wish copies may have them, but please do not forget the stamped envelop.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

"Let's take the children on a picnic" says Mrs. Fox

"Let's stay at home and rest" says Mrs. Fox

More vigor per spoonful... GRAPE-NUTS

HOW often a woman's vitality is like a see-saw. Now up! Now down! One side says "let's go places, and have a good time." The other side says "let's *not*—it's just too much trouble."

How we welcome the days when our vitality is brimming over—when even our daily duties are graced light-heartedly and zestfully. For these are the days when vigor and energy make every hour bright with the joy of living.

Why doesn't every day bring us this feeling of eager vivacity? What's wrong when we're low-spirited and apathetic—when we can't pull ourselves together to do the things we'd like to do?

Look for an answer in the food you eat. For food, day by day, must rebuild the body and recharge it with vital energy. And only the right kind of food can do the right kind of job!

If you want all-around health, exuberant energy and vitality, see to it that your food, every day, gives you all the building, energizing elements your body needs.

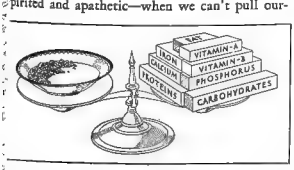
There is one food long known for the contribution it makes to building and fueling the body—a food which gives us a tremendous amount of energy in proportion to the amount eaten. This food is Grape-Nuts—purposely designed to give you the nourishment that produces healthful vigor, buoyant energy—and to give it to you in a form that is temptingly delicious.

Grape-Nuts is made of choice wheat and malted barley. It is abundant in dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, the chief producers of *energy*.

In addition, Grape-Nuts provides vital elements often lacking in the modern diet—iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite.

And Grape-Nuts *invites* eating. Its golden-brown kernels, tinged with purest malt sugar, are crisp and crunchy. Not only does this crispness add to deliciousness—it also encourages thorough chewing to help digestion. And gives to teeth and gums exercise they need to remain sound and healthy.

Start *now* to make breakfast build vital health and energy for you. Buy Grape-Nuts today for breakfast tomorrow! Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts—a Product of General Foods Corporation. Or send coupon below for free trial offer.



GRAPE-NUTS MAKES THE SMALL BREAKFAST SAFE

A single serving of Grape-Nuts with cream provides more varied *nourishment than many a hearty meal. Add Grape-Nuts to your breakfast.*

"There's a Reason"

© 1930, G. F. Corp. G—P. B. 7-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, a trial package of Grape-Nuts, and two free booklets—"Happier Days from Better Breakfasts" and also "Civilized Teeth and How to Prevent Them."

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely—print name and address
In Canada, address GENERAL FOODS, LIMITED, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Buy the advertised brands every time!

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"To bring my skin to flawless perfection what *preparations* do I need?"

MARIE EARLE now simplifies the answer to this confusing question. The three preparations you need for the care of your skin at home are all in one simple Treatment Set.

A precious youth restoring cream—

A snowy smoothing skin emollient—

The sparkling lotion your own skin needs—

These three matchless preparations with faithful daily use, smooth ever increasing loveliness into your skin.

Modern conditions dry away the natural beauty oils in your skin and unless they are restored the skin becomes prematurely coarse, rough, wrinkled or dull. Essential Cream with its costly ingredients having a special affinity for the skin, melts deep into the pores. It clears away every trace of clogging impurities, cleanses and softens so thoroughly, the precious natural oils it supplies are easily absorbed deep into the skin. It is remarkably different from the ordinary hydro-carbon "cleansing" creams which clog over the surface of the skin. Over the Cream, the wonderfully rejuvenating emollient—Cucumber Emulsion—is used. It gives the skin a fairer hue—brings back petal softness and translucent crystal coloring. Before make-up you finish with the sparkling lotion. In your Treatment Set you find the one to give your individual type of skin the tonic bracing and tightening it requires.

Day by day you can see new beauty from this incomparable Basic Treatment. Lines and wrinkles soften, tissues regain life and tone. New silken softness—the shining radiance of a young skin are yours again.

Marie Earle's new Treatment Sets at the better shops. If you cannot obtain them in your city send your check direct to Marie Earle, 660 Fifth Ave., New York. For average or dry skins $6.00, for oily or very oily skins $7.25.

Marie Earle

660 Fifth Avenue, New York — 15 rue de la Paix, Paris

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time

SALESMANSHIP

Continued from page 58

won't sag these, no matter what he fills 'em with!"

For a long time, it seemed to Mr. Staples, she kept her hand in that pocket. He began to feel foolish standing there holding the suit up on its hanger.

"It's good and roomy, too," he said at last, a little loudly so that she withdrew her hand. "But there's one drawback. There's only one pair of pants to this suit. Most have knickers and longs, but this has only the longs. Most of the kids now, tho, wear longs. You see in a sort of dressy suit like this they don't——"

HE STOPPED, surprized at the sudden movement of the man, who walked quickly from the knickers toward the door. But he paused after a moment and, to Mr. Staples's relief, came nearer his wife. She put her arm in his and drew him closer.

"I believe," she said to Mr. Staples, and as she raised her eyes he was surprized again by the brightness of them, "I believe I'll take this very suit. He's always wanted long trousers, but I've thought them rather silly for small boys."

"They're all the rage, Madam," said Mr. Staples, relieved alike by her decision and by her increased interest, tho withal puzzled a bit in that she did not seem to be speaking to him at all. "And once he wears them through, you can just combine the coat with sports knickers or flannels, and presto! he's fixed as good as new."

He was not prepared for the silence which greeted his words. A customer might at least acquiesce, he thought, in such an economical suggestion. For just the fraction of a minute he envied men of leisure estate, Mr. Nesbit in the underwear and Mr. Sims in belts and suspenders, the sale of whose wares required less tact.

"Successful salesmen," he quoted to himself, "learn to create the atmosphere in which their customers move."

Vaguely conscious tho he was that he himself was moving, however blindly, in an atmosphere not of his own creating, he strove to readjust himself, to be "master of the situation."

"He'll be some surprized this noon when he comes home and finds his longs," he said with what his book would have termed an attractive chuckle.

"We're in somewhat of a hurry," said the man bruskly, startling Mr. Staples by the first and unexpected sound of his voice. "If you'll do the suit up, please."

"Certainly."

Again he made an attempt at livening matters, at disseminating that quality called "homelike" by his course-book.

"Well, we sure must trust each other. Here, I entirely forgot to tell you the price or you to ask!"

"It doesn't matter," said the man, taking out his purse.

"Cash or charge?" asked Mr. Staples, seemingly unconscious of the pocketbook.

"I'll pay for it," said the man.

Mr. Staples consulted the price-tag.

"Twenty-nine fifty," he announced. "And I know that seems a bit steep for a growing boy. But I'll guarantee your money's worth, and if he outgrows it quick, send him in. Alteration's free. And here's my card."

FROM his inner pocket he secured and extended a bit of new, fresh pasteboard. The man ignored it, but the woman took it.

"Thank you," she said, and smiled suddenly at him, a strange smile which Mr. Staples was at a loss to interpret. "You've been very kind, I'm sure."

"Not at all," said Mr. Staples, now secure in her thanks and in the consciousness of a good sale. "Not at all. We aim to please. I'll tell you what, Madam. With a sale like this we like to throw in a bit of a gift. This Spring it's a baseball, a good league number, none of your twine-and-sawdust balls. If you'll just show your slip in the sports and my card they'll give you one. Present it to the young man with my compliments."

He felt magnanimous as he began to secure the box with stout twine and wrap it in brown paper.

For a moment only the crackling of the paper broke the silence.

"We're late, Margaret," the man said then, his voice high and tense, his hand pulling at her arm. "Come, darling."

Mr. Staples stared. The word of endearment seemed to him so at variance with the tone and gesture. Little as he was given to calling Nora such loving names, he never spoke to her in that tone or treated her with such roughness.

Perhaps the woman had not heard the offer of the baseball. He started to repeat it, and then decided not to. If these queer customers did not want something for nothing—why, the store was but the gainer.

He looked after them as they walked hurriedly arm in arm toward the door. He had been a good enough sale, but a queer one, one hard to dominate by his every personality.

Then he suddenly recalled an omission which must be rectified, and he turned after them, book in hand. As he approached them the man was speaking, still in a tense almost angry voice.

"I told you, Margaret, 'twas crazy to buy it yourself."

"Don't worry, dear," said the woman. "I wanted to. And I'm pleased about the long trousers. He's always wanted them."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Staples, as her as he intercepted them at the door. "Even with cash sales like this the store asks for names and addresses so we can keep track of our patrons. I hope I may have the pleasure of fitting out that young ster again."

He colored a bit under the reserved gaze of the man, but recovered himself when the woman smiled again at him. The customer book was right. His temperament is made for dealing with women.

"Of course," she said, laying her hand upon her husband's arm quite as tho she were curbing a restless child. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. And thank you again."

THAT evening Mr. Staples stretched luxuriously upon the green davenport with his paper under the bridge-lamp. He had had a good day, had earned his relaxation.

Charley was fussing with the dial of the radio. Nora was washing the dishes in the kitchenette. Mr. Staples was a thorough reader of his paper. Immersed in sports, in the society columns, where he often found the names of his patrons, he was oblivious of Charley's impatience.

"Say, Dad, I wish you'd help a fellow. I keep gettin' this correct-English stuff when I want baseball. Don't I get enough English in school? I'll say I do!"

"Henry!" called Nora from the sink.

"Henry! What's the use of the new radio if you can't help Charley get what he wants?"

But Mr. Staples's eyes were all at once concentrated on one spot, in the last column, on the next to the last page.

SEYMOUR—On Sunday, Charles, aged twelve, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seymour, 100 Forest Avenue. Funeral Tuesday at two o'clock.

"Dad," called Charley again. "This thing's funny. I can't do nothin' with it."

"Henry!" supplemented Nora, appearing now from the kitchenette and snatching the paper from his hands. "My soul! You're reading even the deaths. Don't you hear Charley?"

"Yes," said Mr. Staples.

He got up from the davenport and began fussing with the dial of the radio. Queer, he thought, how you couldn't tell some folks some things even after you'd lived years with them. Funny!

"You don't seem to be doin' much better, Dad," complained Charley. "It's funny how we can't get what we want, and a——"

"Yes, Charley," said Mr. Staples, passing his left hand in a dazed fashion across his forehead.

HE GLANCED about the room, at its tight security, at the fat pink silk cushions, at Nora in her bedlowered robe apron, at Charley in his blue suit, at his course-book on the center-table, evening his half hour of study.

"Yes," he repeated, neither to Nora nor to Charley, "yes, 'tis funny. Most things are kind of—funny, I guess."

Next month will appear "Eagle-Beak," by Radia Bercovici—the story that won the $1,500 prize in Pictorial Review's contest.

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complete protection

just *three* simple gestures

and ODORONO *Keeps you safe from perspiration odor*

NO more fear of perspiration odor! No more summer dresses ruined by perspiration stains!

Odorono keeps your underarm dry and sweet throughout the hottest days. It is so simple to use and so sure. A physician made it for his own use and today thousands of fastidious women depend on it. The clear antiseptic liquid leaves no greasiness to rub off on delicate dresses, no stickiness on the underarm. Just use it this easy way:

1. PAT ON. After your bath or after washing the underarm with clear water and drying, pat on Odorono with your fingers or a bit of cotton. Just pat—don't rub. Omit use for 24 hours after shaving or a depilatory.

2. LET DRY. Then let the Odorono dry thoroughly before any clothing touches the underarm. Any slight tingling will soon pass—just smooth over with cold cream or dust with talcum. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.

3. RINSE OFF. If you are putting on a dress, wipe the underarm thoroughly with a damp cloth when the Odorono is quite dry. If using at night, rinse off next morning.

Why there are Two Odoronos

The familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength is for use twice a week on normal skins. The Odorono Mild is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use — every day or every other day — and for emergency use any time you want. At toilet-goods counters 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00.

ODO-RO-NO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored), used twice a week on normal skins. The colorless Odorono Mild is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use.

MAIL COUPON below with 10¢ for Underarm Toilette Set

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono Mild and Crème Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

THE ODORONO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. PO-7
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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Keep your skin safe 365 days; 10 minutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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DOROTHY DIX *tells*

"The Real Truth about Feminine Charm"

"COLORFUL, *lacy underthings—they make you feel so utterly feminine!*"

"MISS DIX, what IS the secret of charm? Girls no prettier than I am are happily married with dear little homes of their own. Won't the right man ever fall in love with me—" EVELYN S—

HERE is the real truth, Evelyn. It is *femininity* in a girl that arouses a man's desire to take care of her, marry her. And this adorable quality of true womanly charm can be yours—as it can be every girl's!

But first of all, you must *feel* your own dainty, captivating femininity before you can impress others.

Confidence of Charm

Clothes can help to give a girl this happy confidence of charm. Especially all the dainty, most *feminine* part of a girl's wardrobe, her lingerie, negligées, hosiery.

Lovely, soft, colorful underthings, lacy and shimmering—they make you feel so utterly feminine. Irresistible! And because you have confidence in yourself, you impress others—*for confidence is contagious.*

Girls sometimes say, "It is so difficult to keep lovely underthings looking wonderful—frequent washings take away color and charm."

It is true that just ordinary "good" soaps do take out some of the color along with the dirt. But this will never be the case if you wash them always in Lux. *Lux is made especially to keep colors vibrantly alive,* to preserve the soft, dainty texture of sheer fabrics.

Your Surroundings, too

Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie bring you confidence of feminine charm, but your *surroundings* can help you! Pretty curtains, slip covers, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell, when they are kept ever lovely with Lux. DOROTHY DIX

MEN *adore the girl who is truly feminine . . . clothes can help you to have this charm!*

(Right) Sample of printed silk washed 12 times in Lux—color fresh, unfaded, live! All the glamour of color surrounds you when a dress is kept lovely with Lux.

(Right) Same silk washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap — undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, but its original lovely appeal has been lost.

Lace-trimmed lingerie after 12 Lux washings—every thread in place, silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all the charm of new!

Similar lingerie after 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged, lustre impaired—color off.

If it's safe in water . . .
it's just as safe in **LUX!**

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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NEW RESORT FASHIONS IN THE PARIS MANNER

Paris says—

. . . Summer and resort life is synonymous with Deauville, Cannes and Aix-les-Bains, as the focal points for the gay cosmopolitan crowds that disport themselves by day on the beach, or aboard swift speed boats, and by night stake their chances around the tables in the glittering casino.

The ingenuity and perfection of the new beach fashions rival the formal quality of the classic evening mode, for the chic Parisienne gives as much attention to her beach wardrobe as to the sumptuous costumes for formal occasions. In fact, beach life gives impetus to the outstanding surprize of the season—the suspender frock which commenced life as an accessory to the bathing suit, and now dons a blouse and cape, and so becomes an impressive fashion. Model 5308 exploits this style on page 66.

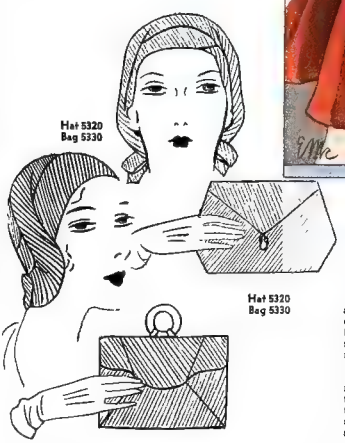
Colors and contrasting fabrics appear to be the outstanding theme of the sport costumes at St. Cloud, where swagger fashions are paraded—many ensembles with the new effect of a light jacket matching the blouse and thus affording contrast to the darker skirt, as model 5299, on this page. Pale pinks, and the new blues and greens are leaders with the all-white costume accented by colorful accessories.

Colette Carteer

Hat 5320
Frock 5337

Hat 5320
Ensemble 5299
Initials 12031

For measurements and back views see page 88.



Hat 5320
Bag 5330

Hat 5320
Bag 5330

5337—Paris endorses the alliance of contrasting fabrics with emphasis upon polka dots. Here this theme is exploited in this sleeveless frock with matching fabric hat. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5320—The popularity of the fabric hat is emphasized at smart continental resorts. Self-fabric makes those above, while here two versions are shown of ribbon. Designed for head sizes 21 to 23 ins.

5299—This dashing two-piece ensemble exploits a gored skirt that forms part of the bodice with interesting detail, with blouse and jacket fashioned from a lighter fabric. Designed for sizes 12 to 40.

5330—Fabric handbags create a colorful accent to the monotone or all-white costume. The flat envelope type is favored for resort wear, and may be finished with a contrasting crystal-handle detail.

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5308 5286 For measurements and back views see page 88. Jacket 5264 Blouse 5287 5312 5305
Frock 5294 Frock 5303

GAY COTTONS LEAD IN PARIS STYLES FOR SPORTS WEAR

5308—Suspender costumes are all the rage and are doubly chic in one of the new cottons, combined with a cape. Designed for sizes 27 to 36 waist.

5286—The tennis frock of 1930 takes to fitted lines as in this attractive model, with surplice closing and contrasting scarf. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5264—Jacket. 5294—Frock. Two-piece costumes register for country club wear. Jacket designed for sizes 16 to 48. Frock in sizes 14 to 42.

5287—Blouse. 5303—Frock. "Little" jumper frocks for both active and spectator sports. Blouse designed for sizes 14 to 46. Frock in sizes 14 to 38.

5312—Kimono sleeves in ultra-abbreviated effect and a cut-out yoke accent this one-piece frock, with a slightly flared skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5305—The ubiquitous capelet shares honors with the pleated skirt and molded hip-yoke with button trimming in this model. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step by-step" [illegible] Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices, prices given on Page 89.

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THE OHIO STATE

5165 For measurements and back views see page 88. 5297 5221 5261 5292 5291

5165—Polka dots are tremendously chic and well adapted to this frock with a capelet that follows the line of the flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5297 -A peplum outlines the skirt, ascending to the waistline in front. A split capelet repeats this theme at the V neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5221—A circular flounce cascades gracefully from beneath the tie-bow of the snug-fitting girdle that curves up in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5261 --This smart little sports jacket is distinguished by its slender shawl collar, fitted belt and smartly flared peplum. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5292—A bright print fashions this short-sleeve overblouse with a novel circular collar that forms a jabot effect in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 46.

5291—The flare theme is repeated in the peplum, capelet and sleeve flanges that create the softened lines of this frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

FILMY CHIFFONS PLAIN OR PRINTED FOR AFTERNOONS

Patterns, including Pictograf "step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing, Finishing and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the Country or at Pictorial Review offices, prices given on Page 89.

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SUMMER FROCKS ARE COLORFUL FOR YOUNGSTERS

5152—A crisp print makes this dainty model with scalloped detail. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 yrs.

5314—The capelet extends in a deep point in the bodice front. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years.

5279—Featuring a simulated tuck-in with novel tab-closing. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years.

5306—A two-piece ensemble simulating a tuck-in dotted blouse. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years.

5310—The notched collar is repeated in the sleeve trimming. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years.

5316—A diminutive ensemble with a printed cape coat. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.

5254—The circular skirt extends in a narrow front panel. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years.

5301—For informal affairs this dainty model with epaulet sleeves. Designed for sizes 10 to 17 yrs.

5318—Touches of shirring accent the bertha and normal waistline. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years.

5315—Every frock has its jacket. Frock shirred with Trumstitch. Designed for sizes 1 to 6 years.

For measurements and back views see page 88.

Patterns, including Pictograf "step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Fitting, Sewing Together, and Finishing are obtainable at leading stores throughout the world, and at Fictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 87.

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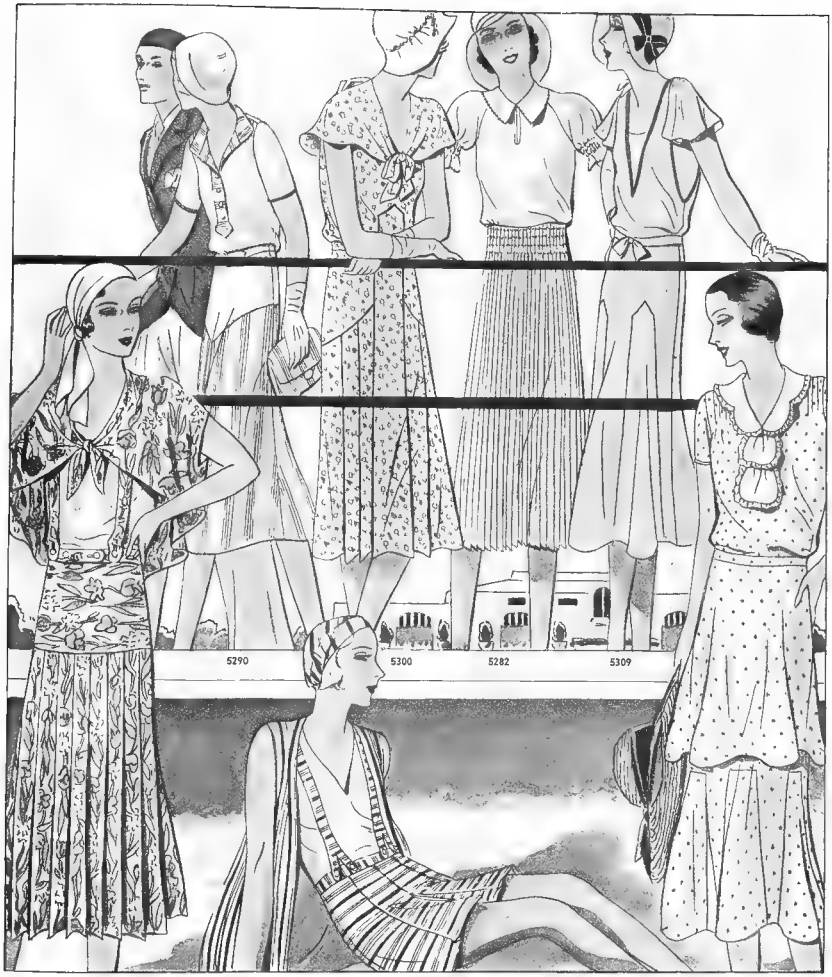

Paris—Nowitzky
5117

5199

Paris—Mirando
5304

CRISP SUMMERY FROCKS—SWAGGER BEACH ENSEMBLES

5117—Beach fashions grow in importance and sophistication. The suspender skirt is a favorite fashion, and is shown with a matching cape in a colorful and bold print. Note the knife-pleated skirt with its slim molded hip-yoke. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5199—Suspender trunks, a sleeveless jacket and shirt create this swagger ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5290—Contrasting materials are combined in slim tailored fashion, for smart resort wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 46.

5300—A crisp cotton frock with the ubiquitous capelet as a youthful and summery note. Designed for sizes 14 to 46.

5282—A quaint peasant frock decorated with the new machine thread "Trimatitch". Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5304—Crisp lingerie in a scalloped effect and double-tiered skirt accent this frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

5309—Jumper frocks with epaulet capes are cool and casual for informal daytime wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 42.

For measurements and back views see page 88.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices, prices given on Page 89.

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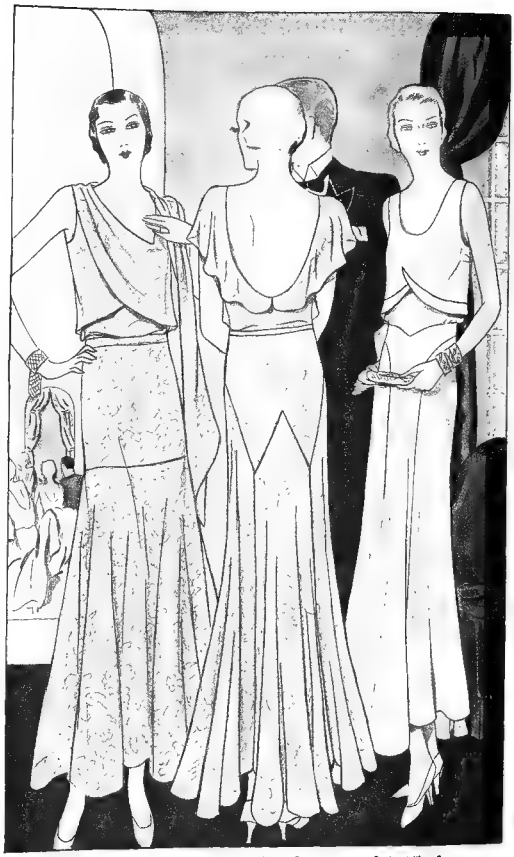
PARIS GOWNS WITH BODICE DRAPERIES



Paris—Chanel
5289

Paris—Iréne Dana
5284

Paris—Milor Soeurs
5281

5297 5298

DRAPED BOLERO

5289—The bolero is drawn up at the right side and extends over the shoulder to form a graceful scarf. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4⅛ yards around the bottom.

BOW TRIMMING

5297—The youthful capelet and rippling peplum droop becomingly in back and are softly tiered in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2⅛ yards around.

DOUBLE PEPLUM

5298—The frilly double peplum is posed at the bottom of a deep, shirred hip-yoke. Designed for sizes 12 to 20. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material. ⅜ yard contrasting. Width about 3⅛ yards around.

FRILLY COLLAR

5284—The circular capelet-collar descends in rhythmic frills that outline the U-shaped décolletage. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4⅛ yards around lower edge.

BOLERO EFFECT

5281—Graceful, dignified curves are featured in the simulated bolero and in the elaborate skirt seaming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 4 yards at the bottom.

EVENING TYPES

There are two distinct types for evening—the sophisticated and demure. The modern woman may be alluringly sophisticated in gowns with classic drapery, or charmingly naive in puffed sleeves multiple flounces and frills.

5297 5298 5289

5284 5281

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NECKLINES ARE NEWLY ELABORATE

Paris—Madeleine 5295 | Paris—Augustabernard 5293 | Paris—Paray 5285 | 5280

5295 5293 5285

5280 5296 5302

HIP INTEREST

5295—Seaming encrustation at the hips develops a girdle and widens into a flare detail. The sleeves are very new. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch print. Width about 2¾ yards.

PEPLUM FLARE

5293—Featuring a low-placed peplum flounce and flares at neck and sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric, ½ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 2⅝ yards around.

DOUBLE FLARES

5285 The double treatment of the capelet, which is split in back, is repeated in the peplum with charming effect. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 2¾ yards.

FLAT U COLLAR

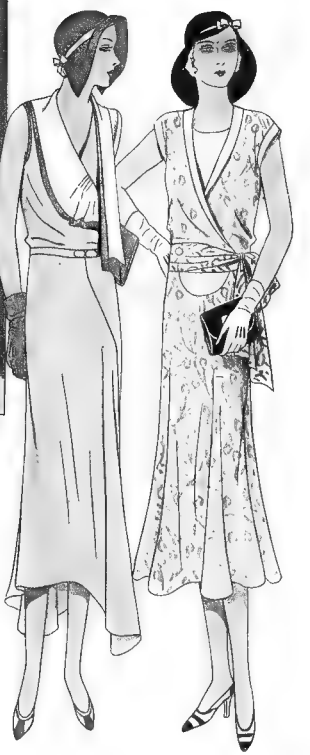
5280—A youthful frock with short sleeves and a flattering circular collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires ¾ yards 36-inch fabric, ⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting. Width about 3⅛ yards around.

DOUBLE COLLAR

5296—An unusual scarf-collar smartly accented with contrasting detail. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch fabric, ⅝ yard light fabric, ⅝ yard dark. Width about 2⅞ yards.

SOFT ENSEMBLE

5302—Attaining distinction by its surplice jacket, which ties softly around the waist. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch print, 1⅜ yard plain. Width about 3⅛ yards around.



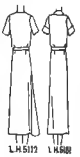
5296 5302

Patterns, including Pictorial "step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 89

Google

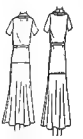
SLIM TYPES FOR CHIC MATRONS

L. H. 5112 L. H. 5181



L. H. 5112 L. H. 5181

L. H. 5311



L. H. 5317 L. H. 5319

As a foundation for new frocks a bandeau and girdle combine in one exquisite garment to mold the figure in harmonious, slenderizing lines.

L. H. 5311 L. H. 5317 L. H. 5319

FROCK SUIT

5311—Larger-hip. The flattering quality of curved lines is effectively illustrated in this ensemble by the cutaway jacket and by the line of the blouse and skirt seaming. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch printed, 2¼ yards plain. Width about 2¼ yards.

CAP SLEEVES

5317—Larger-hip. The simplicity of this becoming little frock is relieved by the frilly ruching that edges the tailored collar and by the slender lines of the hip-yoke. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material, 1⅜ yard ruching. Width about 2⅜ yards around.

TRIM COLLAR

5319—Larger-hip. This slenderizing frock, with its swinging diagonal lines and narrow shawl collar, is ideally suited to the mature figure. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed material, ¾ yard contrasting, 1⅛ yard ruching. Width about 2⅞ yards around.

SLENDERIZING GODETS

5112—Larger-hip. Deep godets contribute graceful skirt fulness while preserving the slender silhouette. A tie of self-material, slipped through two buttonholes and knotted, drapes the bodice softly. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch dotted material, ⅛ yard plain. Width about 2⅝ yards around lower edge of skirt.

CONTRASTING DETAIL

5181—Larger-hip. This cleverly designed printed frock employs narrow decorative binding to edge its contrasting collar and cuffs and to create a smart jacket effect. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch printed material, ⅝ yard contrasting. 4¾ yards binding. Width about 2 yards around the bottom edge.

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NO OTHER OCCUPATION

Continued from page 2

are skeptical about this just consider how seriously the modern home-maker goes into equipping herself for her tasks. She studies budget-making, efficiency methods, practical nursing, dietaries, and home-decoration. She strives for skill in every household art.

Indeed, the young wife of to-day is conscious of meeting new and important challenges. Her list of grievances does not include any lack of interest in her. Economists and sociologists refer to her as the very pivot of the nation's welfare. Salesmen have waked up to the fact that she does some 80-per cent. of the family buying. Psychologists announce that in the attitude of the mother lies the future adjustment of the race. Educators seek her co-operation through Parent-Teachers Associations. Magazine departments, clubs, social organizations, schools, and colleges offer her the technical help which she needs.

And thus it is that, hearing herself grandiloquently addressed as the home-producer, the economic factor, the consumer, madam doesn't really mind so much being classed as she is by the census. Moreover, she knows right well that if it weren't for women there wouldn't be any census. She knew that last April not a man among the enumerators but was roused from sleep every morning, given breakfast, and started on his way by wife, sister, or mother. Probably it often happened that these aids ran out after the poor fellows to tell them they had forgotten their note-books—the very schedules in which they were to write down 20,000,000 women as unoccupied.

After all, why take the matter seriously? Women aren't supposed to understand figures anyway, and they're far too busy to argue.

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

Continued from page 25

her burden of drudgery and child-bearing rendered her too weary to cross.

She became to her men the weaker sex—a chattel, like their ox or their ass or their household furniture—to be protected, of course, and to be nurtured, but at the same time to be exploited as their handmaiden.

LESS than six thousand years ago it was, with the finding of meteor and copper, the metal age was ushered in. The discovery of tin, and the knowledge of melting it and mixing it with a large proportion of copper, produced the bronze age. Later iron was mined, and the process of tempering iron into steel was discovered. With the use of metals came the art of writing and many other inventions.

Progress went forward with great strides. With the spread of the populations settlements grew into villages, villages into towns, towns into cities. Tribal chieftains gave way to kings and dynasties. Agriculture and industry, with their attendant trade and commerce, created new economic conditions.

When man came to see beauty as a need of life and to know the inner voice which spoke of the Invisible and the Infinite, art was born. In architecture, the pyramid, the arch, the beam, and the column appeared, in monument and temple and palace Stonemasonry, the potter's wheel, the plow and the chariot, and improved weapons for warfare started this modern world well on its way.

Men looked to building better dwelling-places for their families. When they no longer wished to sit or lie upon the ground, beds and chairs and tables were fashioned. Gradually stoves and household utensils were improved. Cotton and wool and silk came from the East and West. Life began to be more convenient if not easier for women. For with the widening and interchanging of interests between men and their neighbors, life itself became more complex and more exacting.

Men in those earlier days were divided into four classes: slaves taken captive in war, who did most of the manual labor; husbandmen, who tilled the soil; artizans and merchants; and nobles, who throve by the work of the other three. Women were set into three categories: slaves, who were serving-women or castaways; housewives; and the luxury-loving women of the courts, who lived only by and for the pleasure of their men.

Then, as now, and as it has been through the entire course of civilization, the women who mattered were those who worked with their hearts and their hands, through invasion and overthrow, through pestilence and famine, tilling the soil with their men and sowing it, baking, spinning, weaving, and bearing children that the home and the family as the world's foundation might be kept intact.

Through all the ages it was the same. In the days of the great Eastern empires, in the Greek and Roman civilizations, during the medieval darkness and the Renaissance, through feudal times, and beyond the dawn of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, the work of the women was never done. Nor did their status see much changing. Men were their lords and masters. They were protected and foraged for, it is true.

Little chance were they given to come out from among them and stand separate as individuals with wills and ways of their own. In the course of the centuries there were women who stood out and above the crowd to prophesy the day that is now—women like Aspasia, Sappho, Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine of Russia, and Elizabeth of England. In the majority they were denied any and all of the freedom which gave men the opportunity to strut and crow over their achievements.

When the printing-press brought letters to life, learning was denied them. They were bargained and bartered for in marriage, and if their marriages brought them misery through the hardness of the men at whose mercy they were, they found no surcease unless the men themselves were willing

Now, of prehistoric and earlier man, we know that he sprang up almost, if not quite, simultaneously in many parts of the globe. But of culture brought to the point of civilization, all evidences point to its cradle as the East. Sweeping onward toward the West, taking with it its traditions, customs, arts, and sciences, it came at last to England and to Scandinavia.

In these northern lands there was a rude culture but a hardy one, which took unto itself those things from the interlopers which they thought fit, discarding those which were not in tune with their own ideals. One of these was the Oriental attitude toward women. While they remained for some time as chattels, it was only in the Scandinavian, and later the Anglo-Saxon civilization, that women slowly but surely came to be recognized as human beings with rights and privileges none too different from those of men.

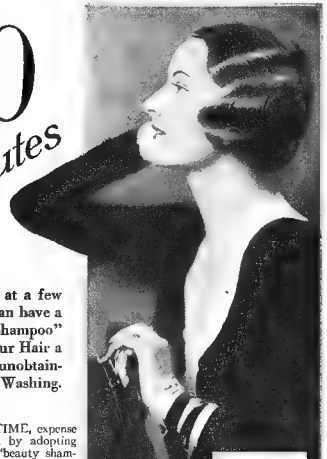
In these countries where only the strong could declare their dominion over the earth, all women had proved their worth. The chatelaine of a castle, as well as the housewife in her humbler abode, worked as no women have worked since time began Their duty it was to see that meat was salted in plenty, that all foods were preserved and stored away, for the long cold season, much of which was spent in darkness. They it was who spun and wove clothes not only for themselves and their children but their men as well. And so men came to know women and to pay them their dues.

IT WAS in England and Scandinavia that woman first was accorded the right to own property in her own name, that she was permitted learning and letters, that she was protected by law in divers ways that had not been so before.

But if her lot had been severe it was not without recompense. Idleness and ease make neither for wisdom nor character. For century upon century the women of the Nordic peoples, the women who with their men braved uncharted seas and pioneered their way across the whole of America, suffering deprivation and hardship, cold, hunger, and extreme heat, so that the new world might be born, had been gathering knowledge and fortitude for that last long stretch which lay between them and their rightful heritage.

Continued on page 74

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes



Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost, you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing," which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle .. its gloss and lustre .. depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt —hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural ... color tones ... of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter ... anywhere in the world.

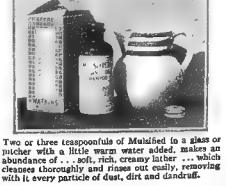
To Set or Wave Hair

To set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use a few drops of Glostora.

Apply with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on. You can then press the waves in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way, does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

FOR DRY HAIR—a few drops of Glostora, brushed through your hair after shampooing, restores the natural oil, leaves your hair easy to manage and gives that added gloss and lustre which is always so charming.



Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of ... soft, rich, creamy lather ... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo comes in 10 minutes; buy the advertised brand every time.

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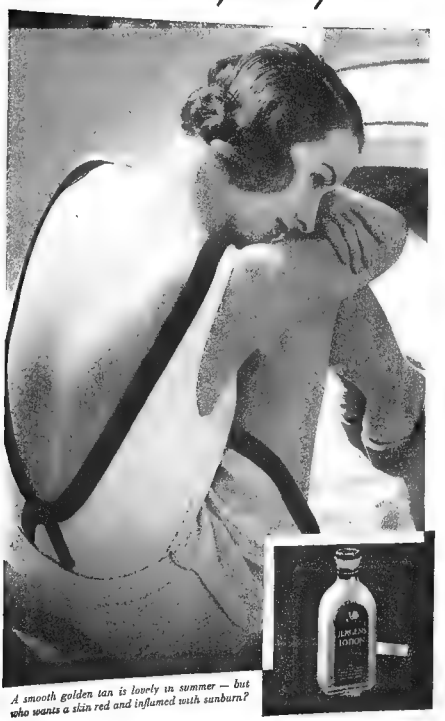
Smoothly tanned, Yes! sunburned, peeling...No!



A smooth golden tan is lovely in summer — but who wants a skin red and inflamed with sunburn?

SUNBURN is a burn from light and not from heat, but the effect on your skin is the same:—redness, inflammation, peeling—in severe cases, actual destruction of tissue.

But tan actually *protects* your skin from sunburn. Tan is the formation of dark pigment in your skin cells, which enables your skin to resist the chemical action of strong sunlight.

Use Jergens Lotion to fight off the damaging effects of sunburn and to acquire, gently and painlessly, that smooth, becoming coat of summer tan!

Because of two famous ingredients, used in medicine for generations—Jergens Lotion is wonderful for protecting your skin against the burning effect of sunlight. It helps your skin to tan softly, evenly, keeping that lovely silky smoothness that gives a sun-browned skin its special charm.

Use Jergens Lotion all summer long both *before* and *after* exposure to bright sunlight. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Jergens Lotion

FREE · · NEW TRIAL BOTTLE · BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET!

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2513 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2513 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

Continued from page 73

We see them, these mothers who went before us, on strange shores, working side by side with our Pilgrim Fathers, settling new lands, struggling with the elements, in fear of their lives from savage tribes, keeping the home going with crudest of utensils and meager materials, bearing their children without attendance, going ever on and on, across plain and mountain and desert fastness, until the whole of this vast country had been put under their feet. For close to three hundred years it was so with them, until men's work grew upon them, and science and art, discovery and invention eased the mechanics of living.

The richness of our land, the mineral wealth beneath its soil, came slowly but surely into sight. Candles gave way to sperm-oil, to gas, to electric lights. Handthreshing was replaced by animal-power, by machinery. Before the latter, water-wheels disappeared. Horse-drawn vehicles were set aside for railways, sailing-vessels for steamships. Appeared the automobile and now the airship.

With the growth of industry, because of the increased utilization of power, steam and then electric, came mass-production: gas and electric stoves, washing-machines for laundry and for dishes, electric irons, gas and electric refrigerators, fruits and vegetables preserved in large quantities; because of steam and motor transportation, the better distribution of meats and groceries by packing corporations, the spread of textile manufacturing, educational facilities, the increase of wages, the sudden and overwhelming prosperity of the country, have lifted toil from the housewife's shoulders.

More and more our American men, becoming absorbed in the making of money, and appreciating, too, the help that their women were in the days of their making, have given the spending of money into their hands. Accumulating large fortunes, dying, large legacies have been left to their wives and their mothers and their sisters.

With so much leisure on their hands, the sturdier women, unaccustomed to idleness and unwilling to be bound by it, have gone out from the homes, where there was little or no work for them to do, into business and the trades and professions. With the opportunities which the necessity of the Great War opened up to them, and the granting of suffrage, their power is growing beyond their own ability to reckon it.

Over a long, rough road women have come to ease and leisure, to comfort and even luxury, to recognition and beyond it. But there still is much work for us to do. We have a stewardship for which we must account. Those talents which we do not use may, if we have no care, be taken away from us. Walking up over the hill of the world, in the wind, gave strength to our sinews and fortitude to our souls. If we are now to grow soft through idleness, we shall have lost all that we have gained. Zeal for knowledge, and its observance, is our mainstay. Building our house in wisdom and beauty, so shall it stand.

In the next number Mrs. Parkhurst will tell the story of the timber industry, and its products and by-products as they are used in the building of the home.

WITH THANKS TO GELATIN

Continued from page 35

As a general rule the mold is usually rinsed with cold water before the gelatin mixture is poured into it. Salad-oil may be used to coat it also.

Jellied Bouillon

1 Can Condensed Bouillon
1 Slice Onion
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1¼ Tablespoonful Gelatin
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
1¼ Cupful Cold Water

HEAT the bouillon to the boiling-point with the salt and slice of onion. Strain, and add the gelatin, which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of the cold water. Add the rest of the water and the lemon-juice. Turn into bouillon-cups and chill. Serve plain or top with whipped cream.

Jellied Egg and Vegetable Salad

2 Cupfuls Canned Tomatoes
1 Small Onion
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Peppercorns
½ Cupful Diced Celery
1 Cupful Cooked Lima Beans
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
3 Hard-cooked Eggs

SEASON the tomatoes and simmer with the chopped onion for about 10 minutes. Put through a sieve and add the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water. When cool add the beans and celery and allow to stand until partially thickened. Arrange in the mold with alternate layers of sliced egg. Chill. Turn out on lettuce and serve with cooked salad dressing.

Jellied Tomato Salad

1 Can Condensed Tomato Soup
1 Can Condensed Bouillon
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water

HEAT the soup and bouillon with the seasonings. Add the gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water, and stir until it is dissolved. Pour into molds and chill. When firm, unmold and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Chicken or Veal Mousse

2 Cupfuls Chopped Chicken or Veal
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
½ Cupful Stock (or Boiling Water)
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice
¾ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Whipped Cream
¼ Cupful Cold Water

SOFTEN the gelatin in the cold water. Add the hot stock or water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the salt and lemon-juice and cool slightly. Add the chopped meat and cool until the mixture starts to thicken. Fold in the whipped cream and chill thoroughly, preferably in the refrigerator-pan.

Jellied Vegetable Salad

1 Package Lemon-flavored Gelatin
1½ Cupfuls Boiling Water
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
1 Cupful Shredded Cabbage
½ Cupful Diced Celery
2 Tablespoonfuls Green Pepper, Chopped
½ Cupful Cooked Peas
½ Cupful Cooked Diced Carrot
½ Teaspoonful Salt

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the boiling water. Cool, and add the remaining ingredients. Stir well and pour into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and garnish with mayonnaise.

Jellied Apple Sauce

2 Cupfuls Strained Apple Sauce
¼ Cupful Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Red Cinnamon Candies
¼ Teaspoonful Nutmeg
1 Teaspoonful Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice

HEAT the apple sauce to the boiling-point and add the sugar, cinnamon candies, nutmeg, and gelatin, which has been softened in the cold water. Stir until the gelatin and cinnamon candies are dissolved. Cool, and add the lemon-juice. Turn into molds and chill until firm. This is especially good served with cold meat.

Jellied Pineapple Ginger

1 Package Lemon-flavored Gelatin
1 Cupful Boiling Water
1 Cupful Canned Pineapple-juice
1 Cup(ful Cream, Whipped
¾ Cupful Crushed Pineapple Mixed with
¼ Cupful Chopped Preserved Ginger

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the boiling water; add the pineapple-juice and chill until thick, but not set. Whip until frothy, and add the cream, fruit, and ginger. Pile in sherbet glasses and chill.

Glorified Blanc-Mange

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
6 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Cupfuls Milk
2 Large Oranges
¾ Cupful Shredded Cocoanut

SOAK the gelatin in ½ cupful of the milk for 5 minutes. Meanwhile add the sugar and salt to the remaining milk, and scald. Pour this over the soaked gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Peel the oranges and remove all the white inside

Continued on page 76

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VACATION SPECIAL

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner . . . for the snug silhouette . . . of summer wear

odess Compact was especially created to assure
: inconspicuousness so necessary with closely
ed afternoon and evening gowns. The Compact
simply regular Modess, gently compressed.

Most women have found that their require-
nts are best satisfied by regular Modess for or-
iary use, with a smaller supply of Modess
mpact for special occasions and formal gowns.

This offer enables every woman who acts
mptly to learn at our expense the convenience
d desirability of Modess and Modess Compact.

This new TRAVEL PACKAGE FREE *to acquaint every woman with the sensationally popular* MODESS COMPACT

As you probably know, we announced early in the year a thinner Modess suitable for sheer, closely fitting gowns, but having the same high absorbency as regular Modess. It is called Modess Compact. Three Modess Compacts were packed in each box of regular Modess.

This refinement has been so appreciated and the demand for Modess Compact so overwhelming that we are introducing a new Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts. During July and August, this new twenty-five cent box will be given absolutely free to purchasers of regular Modess.

You will find this small, thin box admirably suited to go in your traveling case or week-end bag—a real convenience for vacation or brief visits. That is why we call this unusual offer, "Vacation Special."

OUR OFFER

Buy two boxes of regular Modess, value forty-five cents each, at the special price of 79 cents. You will receive free, the twenty-five cent Travel Package containing six Modess Compacts.

These three packages, two boxes of regular Modess—considered by those who use it the finest, most comfortable and efficient product available—and the useful Travel Package, will be particularly appreciated this summer

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J., U.S.A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages. Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

Beware of substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

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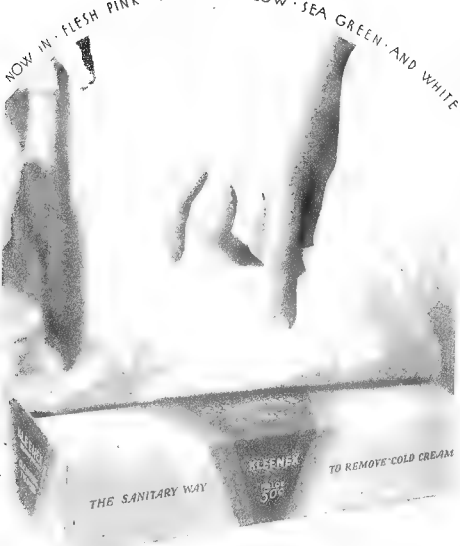

Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so disastrous to beauty.

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Drug and department stores carry Kleenex. Ask for it at any toilet goods counter.

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Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

WITH THANKS TO GELATIN

Continued from page 74

skin. Slice, and remove the center pulp and quarter these slices. Add the orange pieces and the coconut to the gelatin mixture while it is still hot. Cool. When it starts to thicken stir and pour into a wet mold. When firm, unmold and serve with whipped cream. Garnish with orange sections.

A Simple Ice-Box Cake

1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
2 Tablespoonfuls Cold Water
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Cupful Cream, Whipped
Sponge-cake

SOFTEN the gelatin in the cold water; add the sugar and a pinch of salt and dissolve in the hot milk. Add the vanilla. Allow to cool until it starts to thicken. Fold in the whipped cream and pour into a bowl which has been lined with the sponge-cake. Chill. Serve with a chocolate-fudge sauce or a butter-scotch sauce.

Fruit Bavarian

2 Package Lemon-flavored Gelatin (Strawberry Flavor for Strawberries, Cherry Flavor for Cherries, etc.)
1 Cupful Boiling Water
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Fruit, Cut in Small Pieces
3 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar
1 Cupful Cream Whipped
1 Cupful Fruit-juice

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the hot water; add the salt and chill until syrupy. Beat with an egg-beater until stiff enough to hold its shape. Fold in the sugared fruit, and lastly the whipped cream. Pile lightly into sherbet-glasses. Chill and serve.

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 23

about Columbus, the trend of his remarks displeased her. "How do you know I'm not in love with any one?"

"Because when a woman's in love there's a light comes in her eyes. There's a look. No, don't try to appear soulful. The thing I mean's more than a gesture. It's a sensation. And you haven't got it. You'll never have it."

"I think you're simply abominable." She got off the dais and began putting on her hat. "Simply abominable! And I'm never coming back."

"Oh, yes, you are. You've said that at least twice a day for the last three weeks." He put his arms round her, laughing, and raised her mouth to his. "Claire, d'you know something? You're the most beautiful creature in the world. You don't have to love any one." She let him kiss her as the accepting as apology, she saw no reason for his laughter. "Don't go just yet. I'll stir up the fire and we'll have some tea."

"D'you still think I've never loved any one?"

"Oh, I dare say you've had affairs. No one as lovely-looking as you are, and as fascinating, and with fools of parents who let you run about alone, could have escaped them."

"Derek, d'you think it's wrong to have affairs? I mean—well, you know what I mean."

"Some people," he said, "can't help themselves. Affairs just occur."

"But I mean, Derek, after a person's married."

"Oh," he grinned. "Is that why you're getting yourself married? *Un mari complaisant.* Is that your idea?"

"I don't know what that means. But if you're going to be vulgar I won't stay to tea."

"Oh, yes. You might as well. It's all made, anyhow."

"IF YOU had any idea of the struggle I have with mother every time I come over here"—they were in the third week of the portrait—"you'd be nicer to me, Derek. Yes, really. You can't imagine what that woman's like!"

"What! You mean to tell me *p'tite maman* still objects to your coming here?"

"She doesn't trust artists. She thinks they're all immoral."

"Not far wrong, either, is she?" Derek appeared neither impressed nor interested. "Some day, when we have this finished, she and I must meet."

"Oh, my dear! No!" The idea cast Claire into a minor panic. "Oh, no! You wouldn't get along at all. You wouldn't like her. You know, I don't like her, really, myself—and she wouldn't like you at all!"

He stopped work to stare at her. Claire had never seen Derek taken aback before. It rather amused her.

"You're so rude, you know. And so flippant. Oh, no, you'd never get on. And you pretend——"

He dropped his brush and came over to her, kneeling in front of her on the edge of the dais. "What do you mean, I pretend? What do you mean by that?"

"Just that." She looked over his head, enchanted at having finally penetrated that debonair assurance. "Oh, Derek! Oh, my dear! You're hurting my fingers." He bent his head and kissed her hand. Ah! This was delightful. She glanced down. The light was glistening on his hair. She ran her hand very softly down the back of his head.

"D'you think I'm only pretending to love you, Claire? Don't you know I'm mad about you, that I've been mad about you ever since that first day we met on the train going down to Alexandria?" He put his arms around her. "Claire. Look at me. You know I'm mad about you, don't you?"

She sighed, and her eyelids fluttered. "How should I know? You never told me. And I've been coming here every day for weeks and weeks."

"Oh, but, Claire, you've known it. Have, haven't you?" She did not reply. "Have? you?" She felt his arms close round her, and smiled, and as he took her up and carried her across the room she closed her eyes, hiding her face against his throat. "You've known I was mad about you ever since—oh, forever. Haven't you?"

WHEN she finally insisted she must go it was after dusk. "Please, Derek, You must let me go now. I really must. It's nearly seven! Mother'll be perfectly furious at me for staying here so long!"

He leaned against the mantel, watching her put on her hat and gather up her furs. "You'll come back to-morrow. What time?"

"Oh, my dear! I don't know if I can, to-morrow." He had lit the candles on the mantel, and in the light he had suddenly become another person. She wished he would not look at her, wished to get away from him. "I may have to go to see some things with mother. Yes, really. Oh, Derek, please let me go! Please!"

"Then promise you'll come back to-morrow. Yes?"

"But if I can't? If something should happen—" She was in a fever to be away, out of this room. Anywhere but here! "I'll let you know. No, don't bother to come down with me. I'd rather go alone. Yes, really. I'll get a taxi in the boulevard."

"To-morrow, then, at three."

"Yes, if I possibly can. *Now* let me go, dear, please."

The damp night air was soft on her face. In the Rue d'Assas was a taxi. She told the man to drive to the Plaza Athénée. He turned into the Boulevard Raspail and careened down the hill. The taxi swerved onto the *quais*. Against a news-kiosk stood a girl with a red kerchief knotted round her shoulders. She had her arms around a young soldier and was kissing him.

"MY GOODNESS, Claire!" cried Jenny as Claire came in. "It's seven. Whatever kept you so late? I waited and waited for you I wanted you to go to Molyneux's with me."

"Why, my dear, it was the last sitting! And, then, I couldn't find a taxi anywhere."

"Well, thank Heaven that wretched thing is finished! I declare, I never was in favor of it from the start. Utter waste of time. And you know, dear, you look completely done up."

"Do I?" Claire glanced at herself in the mirror over the mantel. "I got frightfully tired this afternoon I sat so long."

"Claire, dear"—Jenny put her arm about Claire's shoulder—"Claire, I've ordered the silver wedding-dress, dear. You know, the

Continued on page 78

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By a total and altogether delightful lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old ways.

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Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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It gives us great pleasure to present the twelve Happy-go-Luckies, the most amusing place cards that ever graced a sophisticated dinner table. Don't you like the way the cigarettes actually form part of the picture? Do you see that they make the legs of the little bathing girl below . . . and that a match makes her parasol stick.

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"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—
against Irritation—against cough

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 76

one with the pearl embroidery. They said you could wear it to court next Spring if you're presented."

"Oh, Mother! Oh, how perfectly marvelous! Did you order the train, too?"

Jenny nodded. "We're to go to-morrow at three o'clock. They're going to have several samples of embroidery for us. I told them we wanted something really beautiful. But girlish. And dignified." They gazed at each other, for once in perfect accord. "I want to be a beautiful bride, dear," said Jenny tremulously. "The most beautiful bride any one has ever seen."

THE next morning Claire sent Derek a note. She did not quite know how to begin or end it, so wrote as tho in great haste. Something that she could not explain had occurred. She would not be able to come that afternoon. But she would see him as soon as she could. She spent the rest of the morning with Jenny at a stationer's inspecting wedding-invitations.

It was after three when they reached Molyneux's. Being late, Jenny assumed the air of one who has been outraged and demands peremptory redress. She began by throwing all the saleswomen into wildest confusion. None of the samples of embroidery were suitable, she said, and insisted that new designs be made and submitted to her.

"But, Madam, that will take a week, perhaps ten days."

"It can't," Jenny set her face. "We're leaving for London the end of the week. We must have them immediately."

The *vendeuse*, at once despairing and conciliatory, replied, "But, Madam, a wedding-dress is not a thing that can be made in a day. If madam had but given her order sooner——"

"You see!" cried Claire. "If only you'd made up your mind sooner! Oh, my dear! This always waiting till the last minute and then having everything pandemonium!"

Stimulated by the opposition, Jenny became as one possessed of the energies of seven. Her mouth in a sly little smile, she tottered through the establishment, catching first one head of a department and then another, whispering bribes, threats, entreaties in their ears.

"The embroidery women can work all night. Oh, surely you won't disappoint us for the wedding! My daughter has her heart set on that model!"

Consultation upon consultation. It took an hour. But when she finally came back to Claire her brow was serene.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "Don't fret. They'll have it for us by the fourth. You'll have to come over for a last fitting, but they will have it done in time." She was satisfied. The impossible had been accomplished. Sir *brodeuse* would work night and day. She was as elated as tho she had achieved something rather fine. "I knew if I talked to them I could get them to do it. There's always a way of persuading people."

The following day, a Saturday, when Claire announced that she was going to the Avenue Vavin, Jenny refused to hear of it.

"You told me that wretched portrait was finished. What? You want to see it varnished? What nonsense! Send word to him to bring it over when it's dry. No, Claire, you've got to stay with me this morning. Ian will be here this afternoon, and tomorrow we have to go over the lists of invitations. Some day next week we'll go over and look at your picture. That is, if we have time. But not to-day. I positively refuse to have you leave me alone to-day."

Claire was inclined to argue, but refrained. She was not sure she wished to see Derek and then meet Ian. Derek, standing by the fireplace, the candle-light on his disheveled hair, watching her put on her hat. She shut her eyes. No, she would not see him to-day. She would wait till Ian should return to England. Then she and Derek would have a long, serious talk, and then that should be the end.

At four she set off to the Gare du Nord to meet Ian. As they met, on the crowded platform, Claire realized how very little made him happy. She let him kiss her, once, and slipped her arm through his as they crossed the station to the taxi entrance in the Rue de Dunkerque.

"Let's go somewhere for tea. Shall we?" he suggested. "It's ages since I've seen you. How about the Ritz?"

"We really ought to go right to the Plaza Athénée and see mother." She hesitated, feeling constrained with Ian. Self-conscious. Uneasy. In the crowded Rue Cambon her nervousness would be less obvious than if they were alone, with Jenny, in their room at the hotel. "But I don't know. Yes, why not, really? Tell him to go to the Ritz, dear. We can sit there and talk for a bit."

It was dark when they started for the Plaza Athénée. The shops were closing. The Rue St. Honoré was thronged with working girls. The crowd, the confusion, the taxi-drivers leaning out to hurl insults at each other, and the champagne gave Claire a sense of elation. She felt gay. Carefree. Intrepid. "Isn't it really the most lovely city, Paris! Is London as exciting?"

"No. I shouldn't call London precisely exciting." Ian had detected a certain constraint in her gaiety. She had been a shade too staccato. Worn out by her mother, he thought. "Tell me, how's the portrait coming on?"

"Oh!" The iridescent bubble about her broke, leaving her dry-throated. "Oh, it's fairly good."

"Want to see it. We might dash over to-morrow and have a look."

She laughed nervously. "Oh, my dear, I don't see how we can. We're going out to Versailles for luncheon. And, anyway, Derek's gone off for the week-end."

"What a pity!" he said. "Well, some other time."

She breathed more easily How stupid of her not to have foreseen that Ian would be interested in her portrait!

"What did you say the chap's name was? Barran? Derek Barran? No!" He stopped an instant, laughing. "Old Derek! Why, I know him awfully well. Was at Eton with me. Cousin's in my regiment. Used to be in the Diplomatic Corps. Chucked it when his governor died. Irish chap. Reddish hair. Has a place in Tyrone. Dromore Castle. Marvelous gardens. But fancy old Derek doing portraits!" He seemed immensely amused. "Always was an original devil."

"Yes. Fancy that," she repeated vacantly. They were in the arcade between the Ministère de la Marine. Suddenly the lights of the Place de la Concorde began a whirl like dervishes after the scudding taxicabs. Claire stumbled and would have fallen but for Ian's arm. Ian and Derek. Friends. Intimates! Tyrone. Dromore Castle. The Diplomatic Corps. She felt faint. Dizzy Ian was saying they must get Derek for dinner.

"Oh, dear! do call a taxi. Will you, please? Oh, here's one!" She heard him tell the man where to go. Then he was asking more questions about Derek. Did he wish to drive her insane? "But it's no good, I tell you, dear. He told me that he was going down to Brittany."

"Brittany? At this time o' year? That's a quaint place to go."

SHE had said Brittany because it was the most remote place that occurred to her. "He's taking care of a fisherman who has tuberculosis. He went down to see him. He's sending him to Switzerland."

"How like old Derek!"

"Oh, my dear, let's not talk any more about him. He's not a bit important, and, anyway, I don't like him very much. He's so rude. But, Ian, listen." They had reached the Rond-point on the Champs-Elysées. "Please don't say anything to mother about our not being married at Steyning. I'll explain later." They had reached the Plaza Athénée. Claire breathed more easily They got into the lift. "I say, one should call for me, say I'm out," she told the man, and turned to Ian. "We don't want to be disturbed, do we, dear?"

Jenny was in the sitting-room, surrounded by a mountain-range of boxes. "Well, I was afraid you must be lost, both of you. I thought you must have forgotten all about me. Ian, how do you do? Did you have a pleasant crossing? That's nice. I'm so glad." She began to rustle folds of tissue paper. "Claire, dear, the things have come from Caret's. Look!" She held up a gold-spangled dress. "Look, Ian! Isn't this a pretty dress? Won't you be proud of your wife in this dress? I'm ashamed to tell you how much it cost. Just see how nicely it's all done All by hand. Every stitch. It's one of the most expensive models in Paris."

She began opening box after box. "Isn't

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

EDUCATING A FAMILY OF THREE THOUSAND BOYS

FOR eleven consecutive summers Pictorial Review, through its Scholarship Plan, has been privileged to render a unique service to thousands of ambitious young men. In scope and value, it is comparable only to the service given each month to more than TWO MILLION FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND women readers.

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 78

this fun?" she asked. "Looking at all these pretty things." Jenny unfastened, but suddenly closed, the top on a box of lingerie. "Oh, mercy! I mustn't let you see that box. But I assure you Claire's going to have everything that's lovely. You'll never have occasion to be ashamed of her."

"I couldn't be," he said, and felt a dreadful pity. What a woman! Each time he saw her it seemed less possible that she could be Claire's mother. To-day, bustling about amongst these boxes of glittering frocks, she made him think of a pedler. Rather appalling, the amount she must have spent on these impossible gowns. Rather pathetic. Strange that Claire had permitted it. Ah, well, no matter. The old lady was obviously in a seventh heaven. One must do nothing to hurt her feelings. He fingered the silver fringe of a tea-gown, and smiled with indulgent urbanity.

"I must say, Jan, you don't seem particularly enthusiastic." Jenny's voice had a distinct edge. "But then I don't imagine you've seen many pretty clothes. English-women are notoriously badly dressed."

He glanced up, and saw that she looked determined to preserve his equanimity. "Yes, aren't they, some of 'em! Girls, especially. But I'm rather wondering when Claire'll have the chance to wear all these frocks. In Holt, you know, one's really in the country. I mean to say, all one needs up there is a simple frock or so and country things. Riding things, and tweeds. And of course you're going to get your riding things in England, aren't you, Claire? The French can't do that sort o' thing at all."

"I see." Her lips set tightly, Jenny began folding away the fringed tea-gown. "Holt. Just what sort of place is Holt, anyway, Jan? Is there no society? No entaining? What is it—just a garrison town? I see. Just what I might have known, after that suggestion that Claire be married in a village church. Well, dear," to Claire, who was leaning against the mantel, "it would seem I have been put to a great deal of useless trouble and expense. According to Ian a riding-habit and a tweed topcoat is all the trousseau—"

"Oh, Mother, for Heaven's sake!" Claire cast her an angry look. What stupidity on Ian's part to offer her mother such an opportunity! She would now harp on tweeds and riding-habits till the very sound of them would inspire madness. Jenny had retired behind a wall of offended dignity.

IAN appeared quite unperturbed. The sight of him, apparently serenely oblivious of what he had set in motion, was too much for Claire. She turned her back on him and, resting her elbows on the mantel, stared into the mirror. "Ian, dear, really! you're being too tactless. Go and see who that is at the door."

She watched him, in reflection, as he crossed the room. He opened the door, and she heard him exclaim, "Why, hello there!"

She peered into the mirror. "Oh, my Heavens!" she whispered. There stood Derek. The blood surged to her head, pounding in her ears. Her lips felt stiff. She was sick to turn, could not turn, but watched him, in the mirror, glancing quizzically around the room.

"Derek!" she heard Ian say. "Derek! I say, what luck! Claire said you were off to Brittany. Come in, old man."

She saw him smile, that funny, crooked smile; saw his eyes travel slowly round the room. Then, in the mirror, they met hers.

"Why, Derek!" She turned unsteadily. "Oh, Mother! This is Derek Barran. Oh, you've brought my portrait over! How awfully sweet of you!" She tried to laugh. "Ian. Let me have a cigaret. Mine's gone out." She must have something in her hands. She struck a match against the edge of a table.

"Oh! The portrait! But I thought you told me, dear, that it was to be varnished to-day." Jenny gave Derek a patronizing smile. "Just set it down somewhere, will you? Oh, anywhere. It doesn't matter. So nice of you to bring it over. Is it raining out? Oh, you took a taxi! I see. Well—" She paused, with a smile that indicated he might now take himself away.

Where, she wondered, was her purse? It might be the gracious thing to offer him his cab-fare. He did not move. She bustled into the middle of the room. These artists! So difficult. No knowledge of how to get themselves out of a room. "I do hope you've done something nice of Claire." He was talking to Ian. Apparently they knew each other. For goodness' sake, why didn't Claire do something? "I should hate to think of Claire's having wasted all this precious time. As you see, we're in the midst of trousseau. But I suppose Claire has told you all that."

"Oh, are you really?" He grinned, and stared at Jenny. "Yes, I believe she did mention something about it, once or twice."

"I say," said Ian, "this is a quaint coincidence, now, isn't it? Claire wrote me she was having her portrait done, but she didn't tell me by whom. Fancy it being you!"

"Yes. Fancy it being me." His face was whitish, and his breath came as tho he had walked up many flights of stairs, but he continued to grin, and when he glanced toward Claire he might have been seeing her for the first time. He began to laugh, a low, mocking chuckle. "Amusing as h——, really."

"Let's have a look at it. You know, I was asking Claire about it as we came from the station. But she told me you'd gone off to Brittany. Otherwise we were coming over to your place to-morrow."

"Quite. There's something so delightfully remote about Brittany. Ultima Thule. I should have gone. I'm rather glad now, tho, that I didn't."

"I say!" Ian held the picture out at arm's length. "This is good! Don't you like it, Claire? Quite Goya-ish."

Claire nodded.

"It's like you, you know, terribly like you. But rather on the—hard side. Almost sinister. What?"

"I don't know." She shrugged. "D'you like it?" to Derek. Derek's face was driving her mad. That crooked mouth. Those lifted eyebrows. Ah, well, let him pretend to mock! She would show him how little he mattered to her. "I think it's rather amusing. Not bad." She held her cigaret; the other she rested on her hip, that no one might see its trembling. "I wanted something rather—well, rather striking."

"I'm an awful duffer about art and all that sort of thing. I never know the proper patter, but this thing really——"

Claire felt her nerves relax as Jenny took the canvas away from him, and, adjusting the bifocals, peered at it supercilliously.

"Really, Ian?" Jenny murmured. "I've never heard you say so much all at one time ever before. I must see what sort of thing it is you English admire." She turned to Derek. "I'm quite a connoisseur, you know, Mr. Barran. Quite a connoisseur. I have a small collection of my own at home. Very carefully chosen, you know. A Corot and a Landseer and several Rosa Bonheurs. Oh, Ian! Don't tell me you think this looks like Claire! Oh, now really, Ian! What was it you said about it a moment ago? That it was boyish?" She gave a little puff of a laugh. "Why should any one wish to make Claire look boyish? Oh, no, I don't like it. Too much"—she rubbed her finger back and forth over the canvas—"is quite dreadful!"

"Oh, Mother! Really! Don't do that! You'll ruin it!"

WITH a shrug Jenny let the canvas drop onto a chair. It slipped and slid onto the floor. Derek stooped to pick it up.

"I'm surprized, Mr. Barran, really surprized, that with as beautiful a subject as Claire you couldn't have done something really nice."

"Ah, well," he said, "life's like that, isn't it? Full of surprizes."

For a moment Jenny was too nonplused to have an answer. She stared at him fixedly. It was her boast no man could withstand that look. He answered it with a broader grin and turned to Ian. "After all, it's really nothing but a sketch."

"Quite. But a good one. Some time you must do another. Serious portrait. By the way, you haven't congratulated me."

Derek opened his eyes very wide, then bowed. "Forgive me. I forgot. So dazzled by the trousseau." He put out his hand. "When you going back? To-morrow night? Well, do give Arthur my best. We never write. But ask him to look me up a cheapish hunter. I'm going over to Ireland after Christmas. And all my regards to Sibyl."

Continued on page 82

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 80

He turned to Claire and Jenny. "You'll forgive my rushing off? I'm sure you will. You must have a thousand things to do. Good-by."

As the door closed behind him Jenny recovered herself slightly. "Why, Ian," she exclaimed, "why didn't you tell me you knew him socially? Who is he, anyhow?"

"Derek?" Ian laughed. "One of the Barrans. They're all mad. And pots o' money. His father, old Sir Hercules, used to keep a stringed orchestra at Dromore. Don't know what the devil Derek's doing in Paris. Possibly amusing himself. Clever artist, tho. Wonder why he calls himself Mister Barran instead of Sir Derek?"

"You mean he's a lord? Really a titled person?"

"No. Not a lord, just a baronet."

The distinction was too fine for Jenny. "Oh, mercy!" she cried. "If only you'd told me! If I'd had any idea that Claire had had her portrait done by a— What did you say he was, Ian?"

"Oh, Mother! For Heaven's sake!" Claire flung herself into a chair. "Please! stop talking about him! You're both too perfectly awful!" She buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, Claire, now, I say!" Ian took her hand. "I say, old girl, what's the matter?"

"Oh, go 'way. Don't touch me. Can't you see that you're making me nervous?" Snatching away her hand, she rushed into her room and slammed the door.

Ian looked at Jenny, seeking an explanation. "What is it, d'you imagine, has upset Claire? Seems dreadfully nervy."

"I can't imagine. Did you say anything to her coming from the station?"

"I? Say something to her! Why, what sort of thing d'you mean?"

His blandness with which he refused to accept the onus of having contributed to Claire's irritation, infuriated Jenny.

"You should know better than I," she said, with a tight smile as she glanced toward the clock. "Ian, dear, we're dining at eight o'clock with the Lotchetts. He's the second secretary at our embassy, you know. Great friends of ours. And it's nearly seven now. We'll meet you down-stairs, in the lobby. And, Ian, this visit you're my guest. Just sign my name to all your checks."

The blood surged into his face. "Oh, really now! That's most awfully kind of you, but really, you know, I couldn't."

Her eyes glittered with displeasure. She could, with joy, have seen him reduced to dust. It had been such a happy thought to entice him to accept a favor from her. And here the devil was eluding her. He had his hand on the door.

"Oh, very well," she murmured. "And, Ian. Just a moment. Did you remember to bring your list with you? You did? Good! Well, would you be good enough to send it up by one of the bell-boys? I may have time to glance over it before dinner."

SO IT was true. She was going to be married. To Ian Bulteel, of all men. Wasn't everything fate? Good old Ian! As the doorman of the Plaza Athénée called a taxi for Derek. The Ritz Cambon, he told the chauffeur. The Bar, where he had met Claire that first afternoon weeks ago. "And wait!" he told his driver when they arrived. He went into the men's bar. "Francis! A double brandy." Presently he had another. A man with a dog came up and stood beside him. Derek had forgotten the fellow's name. No matter. Another brandy. The nameless one was asking him:

"I say. You know no end of Americans and foreigners. Who's this gel old Ian Bulteel's marrying? Know her?"

"Oh, yes! Quite a beauty. Lucky chap, old Ian. Rather. Oh, quite. Very stout fellah. One o' the best. Francis, *encore deux fines! Deux grandes fines à l'eau!*"

Did he know her! He began to laugh. Too well! Every one knew every one. Was it not the truth? He pulled himself erect. Best get away from here. Best go across the river, where people did not know so much. Safer. He stumbled out, into his waiting taxi, and slammed the door. "*Aux Deux Margots. En face de St. Germain des Prés!*" Ian Bulteel of all people. His taxi swooped, like a black sea-gull, skimming the wet surface of the Place de la Concorde.

What a woman, that mother! Common as common. So was Claire. Ah, yes, but how beautiful! That body. That shm, beautiful body. The thought of it made his breath come hot, set his hands trembling. Darn her soul! Women like her should be driven naked through the streets.

What a bloody fool he had been! She had never wanted a portrait. That had been merely an excuse.' And he had known it. Seen it in her eyes. Felt it in her hands. And if she came again to see him, what would happen? He shrugged drunkenly. She was the kind that would come back. That sort never let one go. The cab turned into the Boulevard St. Germain. As he lurched to one side his foot touched her portrait. He kicked it, cursing. She would try to see him. He could visualize her, standing in his doorway, weeping, holding out her hands. Ah, yes! She would come.

"WELL, it was all really very nice, now, wasn't it?" Jenny settled herself in the limousine and put her arm through Ian's. "The Lotchetts entertain so beautifully, don't they? All their table appointments. And Ian, dear, did you hear Alice Lotchett say that she would arrange about the ambassador? It really means a great deal to have the ambassador at a wedding."

"Oh, Mother! Honestly!" For three hours Claire had listened to nothing but discussions of her wedding. Dinner—the three of them and the Lotchetts—had not been in the least amusing. Claire resented there having been no other guests. The Lotchetts could so easily have asked a few others. Smart people. Worth knowing.

Claire had sat through the evening, enduring the gossip and thinking her own thoughts, supremely bored. Jenny, her manner toward Ian completely changed, since she had seen his wedding-list, had driven Claire to the verge of madness.

"If all the people on Ian's list come to the wedding," she had announced at one moment, "I assure you it's going to be a very smart affair. D'you think they will all come, Ian, dear? Well, no matter. We can send their names to the papers at home, anyway."

Claire had scarcely heard her. Her mind was in a turmoil, seething with one thought. Derek. She must see him. She must. Once more. And alone. Dinner was half over before she noted Jenny's new attitude toward Ian. Claire watched her smile at him indulgently each time he spoke. What tricks, Claire wondered, was she up to now? It almost made Claire hate him.

Ian and the Lotchetts, it developed, knew no end of the same people. They talked of the Lloyds, of Lady Kitty and her brother, Doncaster. The Lotchetts were an attractive couple and had been popular wherever they had lived.

"Not really. Your sister," Alice Lotchett said to Ian. "Why, yes, we all knew each other out in Rome. Lady Maitland came out to stay with the Strathconans one Winter. Let me remember us both to her. We had such fun that Winter. Steyning. Most divine place, every one's always told me. I remember the Currans telling me about it. You know them, don't you, Jenny dear? The Currans, from San Francisco. They were here in Paris just before you arrived. Took a yacht and did a cruise of the Ægean last year."

A pause. Jenny's pause. Then Jenny answered. "Oh, yes. I'm so fond of her."

"Oh, whom?"

"The Currans, Claire. You know, the Currans, from San Francisco.'

"Why, where did you ever meet them? I didn't know you knew any one from the West?"

"The dear child has no memory for names. Why, yes, dear. Don't you remember? They were in New York two years ago." A pause, and Jenny suavely saying, "I'm looking forward so to seeing Steyning. And meeting Lady Maitland. And Colonel Bulteel, too. I've always thought 'colonel' such a dignified title.

"I remember old Colonel Updegraff. D'you remember him, Alice, dear. Such a handsome, dignified old gentleman! White mustaches and a wooden leg. He used to come and sit in the evening with my father on our front porch at my old home in Peoria. Ah, dear me! How it all comes back to me! The old house. And the lilac-hedge. D'you remember the hedge, Alice?"

She turned to Ian with a little laugh.

Continued on page 82

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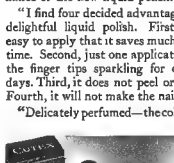

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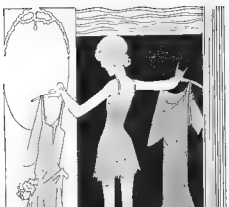

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 81

"When we were little bits of things we used to hide behind that hedge and throw potatoes at the Irish workmen. Dear, dear me! I haven't thought of it for years." She was still wiping the tears out of her eyes as Alice Lotchett suggested they move into the salon for their coffee.

The limousine turned off the Quai d'Orsai onto the Pont de la Concorde.

"Alice Lotchett mentioned both St. George's and St. Margaret's as nice churches," Jenny said. "St. Margaret's is where the Duke and Duchess of York were married, isn't it? Yes, I thought that's what she said." Jenny gave Ian's arm a little squeeze. "Which do you think would be nicer, Ian, dear?"

"Why," he hesitated, "I really couldn't say. St. George's. Lots of people get married there. And St. Peter's, Eaton Square, too. They're both eminently suitable. Modest, you know, and all that."

Jenny's laughter was replete with indulgent good humor. "Well, we'll go into that a little more to-morrow." They were at the Plaza Athénée, and as Ian helped her out of the car and across the pavement Jenny leaned with all her weight upon his arm. In her room, she remembered, was a scarf which she had bought for Wilbur. In the morning, the first thing, she would send it to Ian, all beautifully done up, with a gardenia, for him to wear in his buttonhole.

With it she would send a little note. Something to the effect that she now realized she was not losing a daughter but gaining a son. "Now, don't keep Claire out too late, will you, Ian? She's terribly tired! Good night. Don't bother to come in with me. I'm quite all right."

The next day Jenny's affectionate interest in Ian waxed stronger with each hour. She would not allow him from her side.

Claire had seen her act like this a thousand times. Over and over she had seen Jenny, suddenly realizing a person was of consequence, set after him in just this fashion. When Ian showed Claire the scarf, she laughed. It was incredible that any one should not, through Jenny's artifice.

They lunched at Versailles. Jenny took out Ian's list with her, to enjoy it, opening and cracking each new name like a monkey with a bag of peanuts.

"And all these people are personal friends of yours, Ian, dear. Mercy! The Earl and Countess of Doncaster, Major the Honorable and the Lady Edwina Spice, the Lord and Lady Dunblane." She fairly smacked her lips. "Well, great friends of your family's. It all amounts to the same thing. By the way, what was the name of the church you mentioned, Ian?"

"Which one? St. Peter's, Eaton Square?"

"Yes," absently. Her eye had come upon something she did not comprehend. "H. R. H. the Duke of— What does 'H. R. H.' mean, Ian?"

He attempted to explain. Jenny's eyes took on a faraway expression. "I see. One of the royal family. I see. How very interesting! And that's the way one distinguishes them. Well." A momentary pause, and then, softly, "And I suppose you know the Prince of Wales personally, too."

Ian shrugged. "Oh, I've met him, o' course. As one does. Regimental dinners. That sort of thing. I used to see him in France in the old days. But I shouldn't say I knew him. Doubt if he'd have the faintest notion who I was——"

"Oh, look!" Jenny interrupted, to point to a quite commonplace French garden. "What a pretty rockery! I would so like to get the name of the man who built it. I'd like to have him design one for my garden in Columbus." They were on their way back into Paris. The Prince of Wales, apparently, no longer interested her.

THE confusion that had attended Jenny's sojourn at the Plaza Athénée reached its apogee the morning of her departure for London. Up to the last moment messengers were arriving with boxes half of whose contents she had forgotten having ordered. On emerging from the lift into the foyer she was surrounded by a group of small tradespeople who she claimed to be paid.

"I declare," she said, "what a performance! I'm surprized at the management allowing it. Who are these people, anyway? Turning up here, just as we are leaving and expecting to be paid? Well, indeed I shall do nothing of the kind. Tell them I don't want their things now." Claire was embarrassed and annoyed. But Jenny's *sangfroid* did not for a moment desert her. "Tell him you're coming back next week," she conceded as one irate Frenchman began the motions of running to fetch the police. "And tell him, too, that I shall take this up with the American Embassy."

They reached the Gare du Nord too late, so said the porters, to register their trunks. Jenny brushed them aside. Her gaze sought the station-master. She discovered him, and, clutching him by the arm, forbade him to allow the London train to start until their fourteen pieces of baggage had been duly checked, labeled, and put on board.

"You know, dear," she said to Claire, some time later—the speeding train was putting Picardy between herself and her unpaid Paris bills—"I think I'll get a maid while we're in London. And a secretary. To answer the telephone and number the wedding-presents and all that sort of thing. A good maid. I've always wanted one."

Claire did not answer. Ever since the afternoon when Derek had appeared in their rooms she had been silent. Once Jenny had suggested going to Sir Barran's apartment, as she called him, buying the portrait, and having it "nicely framed." Claire had forbidden her to do anything of the sort.

"Oh, my dear! I've never known any one like you for harping on a thing. I don't want it. I wouldn't have it! Now, please, for Heav'n's sake, never mention it again!"

She did not tell her mother that she had written Derek, asking him to meet her at the Hermitage in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais. Derek's answer had been a *petit bleu* of two words: "Sorry. Busy." She had considered going to the Avenue Vavin, and had been afraid. He might refuse to see her. Worse, she might find that red-haired woman there! Or he might have left Paris. She did not know. To see him had become an obsession. Before she had left for London Claire had written a second time, asking him to see her. She had received no reply at all. He was rude. Outrageous.

That day, in her mother's rooms, his manner had been strange. Ignoring her! Laughing that mocking laugh and glancing past her! He had no right to treat her so! How could she have known that he and Ian were such friends? She had never dreamed they even knew each other. And what had happened had been all his fault. And now he was angry with her. It was unfair. Cruel. Each time she rehearsed what she should say to him the rehearsal ended in tears.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "if only I were here alone, I know I could manage to get hold of him. I could even run down to Brittany, if he's gone there. But with mother always round everything's so difficult! But I've got to see him. Absolutely."

IAN met them at Victoria. Claire was sufficiently composed to be very sweet and charming. His face, as he saw their luggage, amused her.

"Oh, darling, don't look like that. And this isn't all, either."

"My word! I've never seen so many boxes. What all have you?"

"Everything that's lovely," said Jenny, seizing his arm. "All the pretty things you can imagine, dear boy. And how are Lady Maitland and your dear father? I had such a sweet note from her ladyship. We're to go down to Steyning to-morrow, aren't we? I do hope Mr Watson's boat hasn't been delayed. When does it dock to-morrow? D'you know, Ian?"

On Alice Lotchett's advice Jenny had taken rooms at Claridge's. Twice the night of her arrival—Claire and Ian had gone to the theater—Jenny changed her rooms. Again, the next morning, the assistant manager was called upon to show her still more suites.

"Oh, my dear! Really!" Claire finally cried. "Do settle on something. I refuse to look at another room."

Jenny smiled, and the assistant manager threw open the doors of still one more suite. "Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Aosta always requests us to have these rooms in readiness for her, Madam, but as Her Royal Highness is at the moment in Nigeria, I think we may, possibly, arrange to——"

"I think," said Jenny, as she stepped across the threshold, "that this suite might do me. One of the royal family, you say? Oh, the Italian royal family." For a mo-

Continued on page 83

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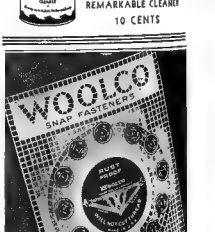

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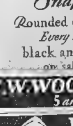

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 82

ment she seemed to waver. Then, "Yes, I do believe I might manage with these rooms." She sank into a chair. "Ian, dear, will you see about the trunks? Oh, thank you so much."

"But, Mother! We've only just time to get to Waterloo and meet father."

Jenny emitted a plaintive sigh. "I'm afraid I shall have to rest a little. Claire, dear, you and Ian will have to meet your father without me. You don't realize, dear, that I am no longer as young as I once was."

Curious creature, thought Ian. Would she, he inquired, be able to go down to Steyning that afternoon?

"Why, of course I shall be. Disappoint your father and her ladyship! What an idea! I shall be quite all right as soon as I have had a chance to catch my breath."

WILBUR had had a wretched crossing. As he emerged from the boat-train onto the platform in Waterloo, Ian's first impression was of a pale, frail man whom one might meet in a cathedral town. Not a bishop, tho. He was too gentle for that.

"Father! Oh, my dear, I'm so glad to see you!" Claire flung her arms about his neck. "Oh, I can't tell you how glad I am! And here's Ian."

"There, there, my dear." He patted her hand and tried to smile at Ian. They were crossing the landing-stage to the limousine which Jenny had hired that morning for the duration of her stay in London. "And how's your mother?"

"Oh, all right. They've given her the Queen of Belgium's rooms, or something, and she's so excited she's had to lie down. I left her lying a maid. Oh, Father, I'm so glad to see you!"

Wilbur sighed. A suite of rooms. Jenny's exhaustion.... The rooms must be most expensive!... A maid. It all had a most familiar sound. Just what other flights of fancy, he wondered, might she not be planning? Had she bespoken Westminster Abbey for the wedding? He would not put it past her. Their car was on Westminster Bridge. "Mrs. Watson," he said to Ian, "is a remarkable woman. Most extraordinary energy."

"Oh, quite, Sir, quite."

Wilbur looked sharply at his future son-in-law. A good-looking chap. A gentleman. Very simple manner. Claire might have done far worse. Wilbur breathed more easily than he had in weeks.

"You look terribly pale, dear," Claire said. "Did you have a rough crossing?"

"I haven't eaten since—let me see. Well, frankly, it's so long ago I've lost count. That possibly accounts for the pallor."

"Poor darling." She kissed him again. "And we're going down to Steyning this afternoon, too. You'll be dead, won't you?"

"Or we could go down to-morrow," Ian interposed.

"My dear fellow, if Mrs. Watson has planned to go to-day—" They drove in silence across Trafalgar Square. Ian left them at Claridge's. "Not coming up with us?" said Wilbur. "Oh, very well. We'll meet here for luncheon, then. Is that the idea? When does our train go? Two-thirty? Oh, we can do that nicely."

It was a quarter of two when Jenny, Claire, and Wilbur emerged from the lift.

"We've decided to go down by motor," said Jenny brightly to Ian, who had stood in the lounge with his racquet-case for three-quarters of an hour. "Poor Mr. Watson. His stomach, you know. I'm hoping a ride in the open air will do him good. The fresh, sweet air. Have you ordered a table, Ian? What? Oh, you want to telephone. Well, meet us in the restaurant." She tottered across the lounge, her face in its tight little smile, Claire and Wilbur in her wake.

Ian could not get through to Steyning, and had to telegraph his father that they were arriving by motor instead of the two-thirty train. "I hope it gets there before they've left for the station," he said, with a laugh, as he joined the Watsons' table. "They'll possibly think us quite mad."

Jenny gave him a quick glance. No, he did not realize that she had purposely delayed their departure so that she might descend upon his family from a limousine instead of tumbling into their arms on a strange station platform.

"Are they," she asked, "so very conventional? Dear me, I trust I've disarranged no plans." She turned to Wilbur. "Now Wilbur. Really. You must eat something. Wilbur dear, try a little milk-toast. Waiter! Ian, dear, do try to catch that waiter's eye. Mr. Watson wants some nice fresh milk-toast, waiter, with plenty of cream."

"I am grieved to contradict you, my dear," said Wilbur mildly, "but milk-toast is the last thing in the world I desire. If you would kindly bring me a cup of consommé——"

"We should have had luncheon in our rooms. In our private dining-room," said Jenny. "But I had no idea where to reach you, Ian."

"I've been waiting outside in the lounge for an hour."

"Oh, have you really? Poor boy. Then you must be hungry. Now, Wilbur, dear, do try an egg. I know you'll like it."

Wilbur shook his head. Ian suggested a glass of champagne. "Nothing like it, Sir, to buck one up when one feels seedy."

"Mr. Watson," said Jenny, "is not a drinking man. He never uses alcohol. Do you, Wilbur?"

"For what?" He smiled. "You know, I think that's a capital suggestion of Ian's Waiter, the wine-card if you please."

Jenny insisted on having coffee in the lounge. "As we're driving down, it really makes no difference when we start, now, does it?"

"Ian, dear," Claire ventured, "how long does it take to get to Steyning?"

It was a run of about two hours, he said.

"Two hours? Oh, well!"—Jenny nestled herself still deeper into her chair—"then we have plenty of time. I suppose you all dress for dinner. Such a nice custom, I always think. Men look so well in evening clothes. Mr. Watson always dresses for dinner, but, you know it's not a general American custom. Oh, no. It isn't, really."

Ian tried to make replies and not seem rude, but all the time his mind was on the passing hours. Should he told himself, to have a mentality that could not adjust itself to sudden changes of plans. Yet, as they dawdled over their coffee Ian could see Sibyl and his father waiting at the station for the train that would arrive without the expected guests. No one would understand. Sibyl and his father would drive back to the house, making irrelevant conversation, and find his wire awaiting them.

"I really think, you know, we should be getting on with it," he said at last.

Jenny collected her gloves and bag and rose. At the door of the foyer she suddenly darted away. "Just a minute," she called back. "I've just remembered something most important in my room." It was half an hour before she came back. "Wilbur," she demanded, "have you had the car brought round? Oh, dear! I'm so sorry. I had to see the manager about a young woman, a secretary, he's got for me."

"Have we been waiting!" cried Claire angrily. "What do you think we've been doing? A secretary! Oh, my dear. Of all the idiotic things. Now, what on earth do you want with a secretary? And, anyway, you could have seen about it every bit as well Monday morning. Don't you realize how important this visit is to me? And now we won't get there till after dinner. Oh, honestly, Mother!"

Wilbur and Ian busied themselves with their coats. Jenny, quite unruffled, smilingly settled herself in the back seat. "If only you would help me a little, dear, I wouldn't have so many things to do. But everything is left to me." With a sigh she turned and stared out of the window. The car was crossing Grosvenor Square. "Is this the really nice residence district, Ian? Is this what you call May-Something? Who lives in all these houses?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you," he answered. "The Ribbledales and Lady Canard, but they change hands so often one really doesn't know who is living in 'em. Most of 'em are taken by Americans now, 'smatter of fact."

"Oh, really. I wonder what a house in that square costs?"

LADY MAITLAND and Colonel Bulteel were in the hall at Steyning when Ian's telegram was brought in.

"Motoring down, eh? Then they sha'n't be here till after dark. You'd best tell Williams to wait tea," the colonel said.

"Perhaps Mr. Watson's boat was late docking," said Sibyl Maitland. "He may not have reached London in time to take

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2. After wiping off the excess oil dust baby with Mennen Borated Talcum to keep him sweet-smelling, cool, and comfortable. Mennen Borated Talcum is scientifically medicated.

3. After every diaper change massage the buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to waterproof the skin against urine and other matter. Then apply Mennen Borated Talcum to prevent any possibility of "ammonia diaper" irritation.

A certain young mother was unable to account for the irritation that was causing her baby so much trouble in the diaper region. Its tender skin broke out into galling red rashes causing pain and sleeplessness.

And all this in spite of the fact that she changed the diapers frequently, and laundered them thoroughly. Consulting her doctor, he immediately explained the cause.

He advised her to rub her baby's entire body daily with Mennen Baby Oil —to massage it gently into the folds and creases of the skin.

And after every diaper change the buttocks were to be massaged with oil to act as a water-proof coating against urine scald. After the excess oil had been wiped off, Mennen Borated Talcum was to be dusted over the buttocks and into the diapers, to help correct and prevent "ammonia diaper" irritation.

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THE SILVER SWAN

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the two-thirty. I'll tell Williams about tea."

Nothing more was said. Neither Sibyl nor her father wished to betray themselves. Ever since Ian had told them he was going to marry this American girl they had been fearful. To-day they had nerved themselves to a meeting that might mean many things. Ian's telegram, as they were leaving for the station, was almost a rebuff.

Colonel Bulteel chose a stick. "I think," he said, "I'll take a turn through the stables. See you in an hour or so."

Sibyl watched him cross the lawn, then went into the morning-room, a long, ell-shaped room, in the old wing of the house. The time of James the First. Many windows, of tiny leaded panes. A stone mantel. Oak-paneled walls almost black with age. She set a silver-framed photograph to rights, and sat down on a chintz-covered sofa to stare across the terrace toward the green cleft in the downs.

She was a tall, rather pretty woman of thirty-two, with short-cut fair hair and good gray eyes. Coming out in the Spring of 1914, she had married during the War and had been left a widow a month before the Armistice, since which time all her friends had tried to get her remarried.

She was very popular with her own kind; had an extremely pleasant manner and a great deal of quiet humor. For an unattached postwar Englishwomen Sibyl Maitland was asked about to a surprising extent. She hunted and liked racing, went to Scotland on a round of visits for the meetings every Autumn, and out to Cannes for February with her father every year. One of those Englishwomen who know every one, go everywhere they wish, and dislike towns.

Lady Kitty Lloyd, who was devoted to her, had tried an entire season to get Sibyl Maitland married to Lloyd's cousin, the British Minister to Brussels; had pursued her with invitations that included Sir Humphrey DuCane until Lady Maitland had finally told her:

"My dear Kits, you've thrown Humphrey and myself together till our heads have cracked. And it's no good. I refuse to marry an ambassador. That's not my type. I'm not the least smart. I'd be no good at all at a court. I'm just a very modest country person."

"If you'd only come out to Egypt with me," Lady Kitty had pleaded, "I know I could get you off with the high commissioner. Or some one."

"I don't doubt it for an instant, my dear. That's why I sha'n't go."

She was devoted to Ian. Devoted to him and proud of him. When he had first told her that he was engaged to Claire Watson, an American girl whom he had met in Egypt, she had had a pang of alarm. Not that Americans were not most charming, and fascinating, and all that. But an English girl—well, one knew about English girls. Some day Steyning would belong to Ian. Would this girl understand it? Love it as they loved it? Or would she merely regard it as a picturesque background for smart house-parties? Ian had assured her that Claire was all that any English girl had ever been, and more. Much more.

PERSONALLY, Sibyl liked Americans. The Currans, for instance, who had been guests of the Guernseys the previous year. Delightful people. American women were always pretty, and always extremely well turned out. There was something exhilarating about their point of view. They were so enthusiastic. And so sophisticated. Those she had known, at house-parties, or hunting, or out at Cannes, she had liked immensely. They made her think of birds. No responsibilities. Free to flit all over the world at will.

What few American men she had met she had liked, too. They were invariably rich, and extremely polite and quite good company. But somehow she had never been able to make herself believe that America was really a place. Americans were always in transit. Those she knew might have been born—full blown, like Athena—on the deck of some transatlantic liner, with only a letter of credit and sea-mist for ancestors.

When Ian had written from Egypt about Claire, Sibyl had been anxious. He was most unworldly. His whole life had been spent soldiering, and he knew nothing about women. In a carefully casual way she had asked several Americans she knew if they had ever heard of a Watson family from Columbus, Ohio. The answer had invariably been in the negative.

Sibyl had soothed herself by thinking what a huge country the United States was. No one could know every one, as they did in a little island like England. It was all most confusing. One could not quite understand just what American society was. There seemed to be so many different sets. So many different cities. When the Ashtons had returned to England from Egypt, Sibyl had asked Connie about Claire. Mrs. Ashton was most enthusiastic. Claire Watson was charming. Every one had been quite mad about her out in Cairo.

That had been reassuring. Later, when the regiment came back to England, Sibyl had made inquiries of Lady Kitty. At first Lady Kitty was rather non-committal, which was disturbing. A week afterward she wrote that Claire "is the loveliest thing imaginable. No one could blame Ian being quite mad about her. If one could find any criticism, it's that she's been horribly spoiled by obvious idiots of parents."

And now, in an hour or so, she was going to meet this girl. She must remember that they were strangers and that she was in her own house. No hasty judgments! The meeting was far more difficult for then than it was for her. She was determined to be unprejudiced, and resolutely put away her disappointment that Claire and Ian were not to be married at Steyning.

"But, Father," as she had told Colonel Bulteel, "Americans all live in cities. No one lives in the country over there. You can't expect them to have our feudal ideas about one's own village church and all the rest of it. Don't know anything about it."

"I dare say you're right, my dear. Oh, quite. I understand perfectly," her father had replied, and the incident was closed.

IT WAS after twilight when they arrived. For an hour Sibyl had sat, pretending to read, aware that the entire household was on the alert. Steps in corridors. The opening and closing of distant doors. At last the sound of a motor coming up the drive. Lady Maitland went out into the hall. Williams, the butler, appeared so suddenly that obviously he had been watching from the scullery window. The door opened. In tottered Jenny in a sealskin wrap.

For an instant Lady Maitland wondered if she might not be some kin of Wilfarne's, returned enriched from overseas. Then she went forward. She must be everything that would put these strangers at their ease.

"Lady Maitland, I'm sure." Jenny's face wore its most ingratiating smile. She held out her hand. "Ian's talked so much about you, I declare. Claire's almost jealous. And Colonel Bulteel." Jenny moved toward Colonel Bulteel and the fireplace like a duck edging toward its pond. "Oh, how good this fire looks! There's nothing like an open fire, now, is there?" She smiled, radiating benevolence. No one would have believed a frown had ever crossed her face. But her bright little eyes were sharp as she watched Claire's entrance and Lady Maitland's greeting of her.

And so this was Claire! Ian's wife-to-be. Quite lovely. Really beautiful, Sibyl admitted, as Claire came in. And beautifully dressed. Almost too beautifully dressed for a young girl. The faint line beneath her eyes! The touch too much of scarlet on her lips! That manner! Just a shade too conscious. Those eyes! Too obviously meant to captivate.

"And this is father," Sibyl heard Claire say. Wilbur smiled in a vague fashion. "Poor darling. He only landed this morning. After the foulest sort of crossing."

"Oh, really! I'm so sorry to hear that. How awfully nice of you to have come down to us! I should still be prostrate. Even the Channel quite does me up."

"No one, my dear Lady Maitland, was ever in a better position to sympathize with you. I sometimes wonder if Columbus was not a little overenterprising. At least, while he was about it he might have found a narrower ocean."

Williams had brought in the tea things. Lady Maitland sat down on the sofa beside the fireplace, the tea-table before her, and made a place for Wilbur. She felt she was going to like him. Of the three he seemed

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THE SILVER SWAN

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the one most like themselves. Claire and Jenny were talking to the colonel. Their foreign voices struck a strange note in the old hall. Lady Maitland looked at Ian and smiled affectionately as she said to Wilbur, "Ian has told us no end about Claire. How lovely she is! We thought he was exaggerating. But now I see he hadn't told us half. Oh, Mrs. Watson, how will you have your tea?"

"Two lumps and cream, thank you." Jenny beamed with cozy cordiality. For very much alike, thought Lady Maitland, were the mother and the daughter! Curiously similar for two people apparently so different. Jenny, her cup in one hand, a buttered scone in the other, was still talking to Colonel Bulteel, whom she found, in her own words, extremely heavy.

"What a handsome room! Hall, rather, Claire, dear, isn't this a handsome hall? All this paneling. And this fireplace with all this blue-and-white china. What an original way to show off your vases! You know, I really like it!" She put her head a little to one side and half closed her eyes, as tho the better to study the Jacobean mantel and the Kien-Lung porcelains. "And these red hangings. So warm! Hospitable! I love old houses. They're so sympathetic."

She cast an approving glance all round the hall. "I shall always remember this first meeting, in this beautiful hall, with the candles and the firelight and the tea-tray. It's just a picture. A real picture. We should," with an arch glance toward the colonel, "think of a title for it."

"Quite. Quite."

With a smile, to show they were in perfect accord, Jenny bent her head and took a sip of tea, precisely in the manner of a hen. She was content. Claire was not doing at all badly for herself. If the rest of the house were in scale with this hall it must indeed be an establishment. They must be people of ample means. This hall needed rearranging badly, but no matter. She glanced at Wilbur. He and Lady Maitland seemed to be getting on famously, much better than she herself and Lady Maitland's father. Ah, well, old men were always tiresome. Yes, at times Wilbur was quite an asset. Could do his part very nicely. Lady Maitland had turned to Claire.

"Ian tells me you're going to hunt. You'll have most awfully good sport in Holtshire. Hunt every day in the week, if you choose. Don't you adore it? I do. There's something about getting up in the cold, and a horse, and going over the fields, with one's blood tingling. And one feels so ripping at the end of a good day." She smiled. Every one was smiling. The false intimacy into which they had been plunged necessitated their all smiling. "We'll have to take a look in at Tattersall's one day and find two or three good hunters for you."

"Oh, my dear! I'd love to." Claire smiled. "It sounds too marvelous."

Yes, Sibyl admitted, the girl was really beautiful. Radiantly beautiful. But was she ingenuous or merely ill at ease? She must not be ill at ease. Sibyl cast about for topics on which they might meet with equality. She spoke of the Ashtons, Egypt, Paris, Lady Kitty Lloyd. Claire listened with a restless vivacity. Sibyl realized that she herself was chattering. She must get hold of herself. She must reach Claire.

"And you had your portrait done in Paris," she said at last. "So Ian told me. By Derek Barran. Fancy his going in for painting. But they're all clever, all that family. Brilliant. Do tell me about him. I haven't seen him in ages." The sudden change in Claire's manner surprized her. Too late now, however, to drop the subject. She must go on with it. "His father, old Sir Hercules, was a great sailor. I used to see him at Cowes when I was a girl. Derek was just a little chap then. But fancy chucking the diplomatic for Bohemia! Still, they're all temperamental. Ever met his aunt, the Princess Langenburg?"

Claire shook her head. "No, I haven't. I didn't even know he had an aunt." She looked from Lady Maitland to Ian, hoping he might come and extricate her from this conversation. Did the whole world know Derek Barran? She heard her father saying: "I didn't know you'd had a portrait done. In Paris? Any good?"

Ah, thought Sibyl, was this the reason

Continued on page 86

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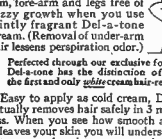

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for Claire's heightened color? The thing was, possibly, to have been a surprize for her father. How inept of her to have mentioned it!

"Well, it was only a sketch, really. Mother wouldn't take it."

"Not good! Why, Claire"—it was Ian—"I thought it was most awfully good."

"What was awfully good?" Jenny made a birdlike peck into the conversation. Colonel Bulteel and she were making no headway. A polite man, but with nothing to say. "Oh! Claire's portrait. Why, yes, I thought it was extremely good. I wanted to get it and have it framed, but Claire wouldn't let me. Three or four times I suggested—"

"Oh, Mother, please let's don't go into all that again."

Sibyl caught the glance that passed from Claire to Jenny, and rose. "I know," she said smoothly, "that you want to see your rooms. Mr. Watson, you must be most awfully tired. But we don't dine till eight, so there's loads of time. Almost enough for a bit of a nap. Oh, Father, I'm going to take Mrs. Watson away from you, if you can spare her. Williams, have the bags all been taken up? Good!"

"I'M JEALOUS," Sibyl Maitland told herself as she went to her rooms to dress for dinner. "Jealous, and imagining things! It would make no difference whom Ian might be marrying, I would be critical. She's one of the most beautiful girls I've ever seen. And a charming manner. All Americans have that restless animation, more or less. It's one of their attractions. That's what has fascinated Ian. And what a tragic position for any girl to come down into a strange house to meet her *fiancé*'s family! Who wouldn't be distrait? I must be tolerant. I mustn't misjudge. I know we're going to be great pals. I know it!"

At the far end of the same corridor Jenny hummed a little nameless tune as she stepped about her room, inspecting every item. A nice room. Nice hangings. Nice old mahogany. Quaint little fireplace. Pretty prints. Old-fashioned, but substantial. Really better than old-fashioned, this furniture. Practically antique. That bureau would be worth five hundred in New York. Yes, a fine house. And pleasant people.

Colonel Bulteel was heavy, but agreeable. Ian obviously took after his side. But Lady Maitland, now. Jenny stopped humming. She was not quite certain of Lady Maitland. Pretty. Very gracious. All that, but Lady Maitland was no fool. Deep. One might have annoyance with that woman if she were set against one. With a sharp Jenny Watson discerned possible annoyance. There were too many pleasant things to consider to spoil one's happiness by conjuring up potential troubles. The house had tremendous possibilities. At present it was badly arranged.

"Imagine people in this day and age, and with a house like this," she called to Wilbur, in the adjoining room, "not having running water in the rooms. I declare!" Taking both her own and Wilbur's hot-water can, she emptied them and rang for more. "A house this size with only two baths! Why, Wilbur, it's not decent. Well, when Claire is here all that will be changed." Her mind was simultaneously busy. As she emptied the scuttleful of coal into the grate, a furnace, she decided, should be the first thing to install. In fact, it might be wisdom to drop a hint to Lady Maitland about that sort of thing on this very visit. Just a word about bathrooms.

When the housemaid returned with fresh hot water Jenny gave her a pound note and cautioned her to watch the coal-box. Mr. Watson, she explained, was not at all well. She would not like to have him take a chill. When the maid had gone Jenny called into Wilbur's room: "Wilbur, dear, Are you ready? Sha'n't we go down-stairs?"

"In England I believe it's customary to wait till the gong has sounded, Charming person, Ian's sister, isn't she? Going to make a great difference for Claire."

Jenny had sat down. Now she looked up sharply. "Yes, indeed. She seems like a very nice little woman—very nice and friendly. How is your room, Wilbur? Comfortable? That's nice. Have you a fireplace? No! Goodness! How do they stand it in the Winter?"

Dinner was without undue incident, and afterward Colonel Bulteel and Sibyl played contract with Wilbur and Jenny. Claire and Ian wandered off to the gun-room. Sibyl watched them as they went. She felt unhappy about Claire. The girl seemed discontented. Had she and Ian quarreled? Sibyl had purposely invited no other guests for this week-end. Now she regretted it. One or two more couples would have been a help. Mrs. Watson would have been well, partially at least, submerged. Such a definite personality. Poor Mr. Watson had scarcely a chance. A curious couple. Obviously married when they were very young.

At eleven o'clock a tray was brought in. The men had whisky-and-soda. Claire and Sibyl and Jenny sipped white wine and seltzer.

"Really a party!" said Jenny, brightly, picking over the biscuits to find one to her taste. "Do tell me where you get these delicious crackers, Lady Maitland. I must take some home with me. To America."

It was midnight before they went upstairs. Sibyl was tired. It had been a difficult evening. She went into her room, slipped into a tea-gown, and sat down before the fire. Ian came to the door.

"Come in!" she cried gaily. "Have a cigaret." She drew a footstool forward. "Isn't she the most lovely thing! I'm quite mad about her."

"I knew you would be," he said as he sat down. "I think the governor is, too. One of us, absolutely, isn't she? And wait till you see her on a horse!" They stared into the dying fire. Finally Ian put his hand on Sibyl's shoulder. "Well!" He smiled. "Must be getting on. Time for bed. Good night, old thing."

"Good night, my dear." She put her hand up and, most unusually for her, drew his face down and kissed him. "I hope with all my heart that all the best things in the world may come to you and Claire."

NEITHER Claire nor Jenny appeared for breakfast the next morning. Wilbur came into the dining-room just as Ian and his father were leaving for a round of the stable.

"I trust Mrs. Watson is quite all right," said Lady Maitland.

"Oh, yes, indeed. She never gets up for breakfast." Wilbur helped himself to deviled kidney and eggs from the covered dishes on the sideboard. "I don't believe I've seen Mrs. Watson before noon for twenty years."

"Not really!" Sibyl was faintly surprized. "Don't you have breakfast in the States?"

"Toast and coffee and the half of a sour grapefruit. If one may call that a meal."

The scent of it did not entice Lady Maitland. She poured him a mammoth cup of coffee, mixed with hot milk and cream, and sat with him while he finished his breakfast. She liked him immensely. A most agreeable man. Most intelligent. A rather ironic humor that appealed to her. Ah, well, she thought, a man would have to be ironic to make life with Mrs. Watson endurable. She was almost sorry when Claire strolled in, wearing an embroidered frock. The sort of frock, thought Sibyl, she had sought to wear to a luncheon for the Crown Princess of Sweden a month or two past. Was that the way Americans dressed at home?

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed Claire, lifting the covers of the dishes on the sideboard. "It looks like a Sunday supper. Don't tell me you have all this every morning! Oh, I can't bear it. Honestly. Do you mean Ian will expect all this for breakfast every morning? Why, it's too appalling!" She drew a chair up to the table and asked for a cup of coffee. "Mother," she said, "will be down in a few minutes. That means an hour. She has no idea of time."

Lady Maitland smiled. There was nothing she could think of to say. Ian and his father wandered in. Claire went up-stairs to let Jenny they were waiting for her to start for church. Twenty minutes passed. Colonel Bulteel had become restless. Finally Jenny appeared.

"Good morning. Good morning, everybody. Have I kept you waiting? Oh, dear! I'm so sorry. My watch stopped in the night. Claire, dear, why didn't you tell me

Continued on page 87

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 86

they were waiting for me? Well, are we all ready?" She took Colonel Bulteel's arm. They were to walk to the church, which was at the foot of the avenue, just outside the gates. Jenny threw an anxious glance at the fine, sharp gravel of the roadway. "I wonder," she said, "if I hadn't better go change my shoes. You see, I didn't know we were to walk."

"Your shoes are perfectly all right." Claire turned to Sibyl. "My dear, if you let her get away you won't get hold of her again for hours. It won't hurt her a bit to walk in those shoes. It's just an excuse."

WITH a resigned smile Jenny started off, her hand firmly fixed within the colonel's arm. "What beautiful trees!" she exclaimed, stopping to gaze at the elms that lined the avenue. "Majestic! What is so beautiful as a tree? 'For only God can make a tree,'" she intoned in sonorous accents.

Colonel Bulteel nodded gravely. Around her father's house, in Peoria, Jenny told him, there had been most beautiful trees. In the Summer the birds came and built nests in them. Steyning reminded her so much of her girlhood home. Wilbur, overhearing her, was tempted to ask her in just what respect, but refrained. At times Jenny's vagaries amused him immensely.

The gate-house roused her to an ecstasy. "And rooks! Claire, dear. Have you seen the rooks?" They reminded her of a story, whose name she could not just remember at the instant, by Washington Irving. "All about a hall, you know. And rooks. I have never forgotten the rooks. Really, it might have been written about Steyning."

By the time they reached the church Colonel Bulteel was thankful that conversation was not permitted in the house of God. Her enthusiasm overwhelmed him.

They all six sat together in the family pew. Conscious of the eyes of the whole congregation upon her, Jenny rose and knelt, bowed her head in prayer, and joined in song with the religious fervor of one inspired. It delighted her to think that she could follow this Church of England service without a moment's hesitation. And all the while her beady little eyes raked the edifice and its congregation. The absurdity of these people suggesting Claire be married in this place! Hardly room for a hundred people. These stone walls all covered with tablets. This uneven stone floor. Squat, ugly pillars. One could never have decorated those pillars.

They emerged, finally, to find a crowd gathered outside the church door. Tenants. Villagers. Ian introduced Claire to every one. She wished to be charming, wished to dazzle them, but had no idea what to do. Their curious accent, their shyness, and half-intimate, half-respectful attitude left her completely at a loss. She laughed, raised her eyebrows, cried, "Oh, my dear! How awfully sweet of you! Oh, thank you so much!" and twitched her sables, impatient to be gone. It was rather amusing to have one or two brought up, but to have an entire village gaping at one! It was too much.

Jenny had stepped to one side, her face arranged in a condescending smile which she considered appropriate to the occasion. Amused indulgence. "Very, quaint," she murmured "Quite a picture." She laughed, a patronizing little laugh. She was hungry. The church was cold and damp. She wished Lady Maitland would start her party toward the house. Luncheon was of infinitely more interest than the quaint customs of the English countryside. Her shoes were hurting her, a

And Wilbur! Now, there was no necessity for Wilbur to make himself so agreeable. How like Wilbur, always making an effort for the wrong people! Did they, she wondered, have any fashionable neighbors? No titled people? People with automobiles? She tapped Colonel Bulteel's arm. "I'm afraid," she whispered, "that Claire will catch a chill, standing out here in this wind. Just who are these people, anyway?"

"Farmers and villagers, who've known Ian since he was born."

"Not really." Jenny's tone implied that even so, the occasion whereby she should be kept standing in a chilly churchyard even a moment longer, and, leaning heavily on the colonel's arm, she began to warp him down the path toward the lich-gate.

Continued on page 89

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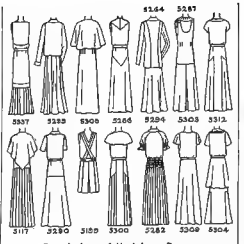

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Descriptions of Models on Pages 65, 66, 67, 68 and 69.

No. 5337—Frock. 5320—Hat. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch plain, ⅞ yard dotted. Width about 2½ yards.

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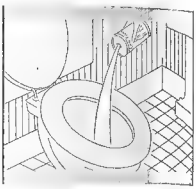

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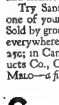

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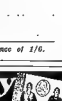

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 87

"You must forgive us," he said gently as they reached the road, "but we're still old-fashioned down here in the country. You don't have this sort of thing in the States, I believe. Or do you? Most of these people, you know, have been on the land as long as we have. And that's nearly five hundred years. Nice old church, isn't it? I'm rather sorry it wasn't possible for Claire and Ian to be married in it."

"Yes, charming, isn't it? So quaintly pretty." Jenny smiled. The bit about the five hundred years had rather thrown her off. She turned, to ease her feet, and stared back. "That tower, with all the ivy on it. So quaint. Quite a subject for an artist. But the interior would never lend itself to any sort of floral display, now, would it? I mean, one could never decorate it effectively. Too like a cellar, don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know. At the harvest festival they have quite a display. This year we thought it was especially handsome."

"But that sort of thing," said Jenny brightly, "would hardly do for a wedding, now, would it?"

"Oh, no, most certainly not! After all, a marriage is a very serious affair. Must be dignified. Nothing theatric. Oh, most absolutely not!"

"I quite agree." She gave his arm an intimate little pressure. "Nothing theatric, as you say. Or common. No vegetables, or anything resembling a harvest festival. I admit I have seen asparagus-fern used when it was most effective, but no one does that any more. No, for a church decoration, for a wedding, I mean, one should use——"

"But you know, Mrs. Watson," he said smoothly, "in England it's not the custom to decorate our churches."

"Oh, isn't it, really?" Jenny's laugh trilled out delightedly. "How odd! At home, you know, we always do. It's one of the first things people notice, how the church was decorated." She took a firmer hold on Bulteel's arm. "Now, my idea for Claire and Ian's wedding is to do the church in pink! Dorothy Perkins roses. In pots, you know. Climbing up the walls. And great pots of pink hydrangeas at the main aisle. The side aisle, you know, really don't matter. But a hedge of pink hydrangeas up either side of the main aisle."

"My dear Mrs. Watson, I'm afraid—In England, you know——" He strove to contain himself. "I mean to say we're still very conventional. I don't believe I've ever heard of pink hydrangeas in a church. Our church rules, you know, are very strict about that sort of thing. One might have to submit such a question to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Not really!" She smelled strife, and bridled. "You mean I write him a letter? Then I shall. And use your name, of course." She glanced away, across the peaceful fields and farms. Oppose her, would he? H'm! "I've planned it all out most carefully. You have no idea what a charming effect it's going to be. Ah!" She paused. "What a pretty glimpse of the gardens one has from here! Such a lovely place, Colonel Bulteel! And about the Archbishop of Canterbury——"

They had reached the house.

"That," he said blandly, "you will have to arrange through the American Embassy."

"Oh, I see." Her smile became a trifle rigid. Was he telling her the truth? She glanced up at his ruddy, handsome face. Yes, she decided, he was telling her the truth. "I see," she repeated. This might mean telegrams to Alice Lotchett. Then she went up-stairs.

As she disappeared the colonel beckoned Sibyl into the library, and closed the door. "She's mad!" he whispered hoarsely. "Stark, raving mad! Wants to turn the church into some bally sort o' flower-show. Damedest nonsense I've ever heard! I told her one doesn't do that sort of thing in England. And she merely smiled. Worst woman I've ever known. Pink hydrangeas up the aisle! I told her the Archbishop of Canterbury would forbid it. I say, Sibyl, you've got to head her off."

When luncheon was announced Sibyl waited till Jenny appeared, and drew her to her end of the table. When she felt a discreet interval had elapsed she said, as nonchalantly as she could, "I hear you and father discussed the wedding this morning coming back from church, and——"

"Yes. So we did," said Jenny brightly, helping herself to curried eggs. "I told him a few of my ideas for decorating the church" she glanced toward Colonel Bulteel, defying him to contradict her—"and your father was enchanted with them. He even offered to write the archbishop of—Well, no matter. The archbishop, whichever one it is." She waited an instant. Colonel Bulteel could not gasp. "We also spoke of the little church here in the village. So quaint. A pity it's so small. Your father and I agreed that one really couldn't decorate it, tho. I can see how it would be very pretty, for a village wedding, but hardly suitable for Claire and Ian. No, I'm sure you'll all be delighted to know I've decided to have the wedding at St. Margaret's."

"St. Margaret's! Oh, my dear!" Claire stared at her mother. "I thought we were to be married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Why, that's what you told me!"

"St. Margaret's." Sibyl Maitland felt a vacant, frozen expression on her face. "Oh, don't you think that's just a trifle— You know, we're really very modest persons. I mean, one rather associates St. Margaret's with a tremendous crush and all that sort of thing."

She did not dare look at her father as she heard Jenny announce that it was too late now to change. The invitations were already printed and being sent out. That was not the strictest truth. Not one had been sent out, but no matter. It was such a beautiful church, Jenny added. So spacious. Such a religious atmosphere.

"When have you ever seen it?" Claire demanded.

"Yesterday morning. While you and Ian went to meet your father."

Claire shrugged and looked away. Ian stared at Jenny, hypnotized. When he had left Claridge's the previous morning, to go to Waterloo, she had been lying exhausted on a sofa, and the moment they were gone

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she had got up and run about church-seeing, eh? What a woman!

"Shall we have our coffee in the morning-room?" Sibyl rose and took Jenny's arm. Best get this good lady away from her father before there should be an explosion. Perhaps, when they were alone, she might be able to explain certain things to her. Claire and Ian followed them.

"Not a word! St. Margaret's!" As they left the room the colonel walked over to the sideboard. "Have a brandy? Napoleon brandy," he asked Wilbur. "Darned little of it still about." He raised his glass and drained it at a gulp. "This wedding, you know," he said, drawing a chair up beside Wilbur. "Now, I don't wish to appear rude, my dear fellow, but your missis, she simply doesn't seem to understand. Flowers. Any of that sort of thing. Simply isn't done, you know. No, really."

He was a shy man and a most considerate one, but this was a moment when one must assert oneself. "I'm sure Mrs. Watson has no desire to do anything out o' the way, you know. Just now she mentioned pink hydrangeas. Won't do, old man. Won't do at all. I wish there might be some way of making her understand that we're quite simple, modest people. All of us. Here in England our lot don't marry at St. Margaret's. It will seem as tho we were putting on an awful lot of side. You understand?"

"I understand perfectly." Wilbur's face was troubled. He realized that Jenny was rushing headlong into a grievous error. He knew her so well that even tho she had not taken him into her confidence he could imagine what sort of schemes she had afoot. A lavish spectacle. A flagrant exhibition, to these English, of bad form. And yet, if he attempted to dissuade her, she would accuse him of having no social flair.

"But if you had lived with Mrs. Watson as long as I have, my dear sir, you would know that one can't tell her anything, once she has set her mind on something." He stopped, feeling he had gone too far, even with one to whom he was soon to be connected. "I am profoundly sorry the children are not being married here, at Steyning. I thought this morning, as we sat there, how eminently suitable it would be if they could have gone quietly to the altar and been married. But Mrs. Watson has evidently made other plans."

"Quite." Absent-mindedly the colonel refilled their glasses. This revelation of the impotence of an American husband to control his wife filled him with a variety of emotions. A gentleman, too, Watson. Possibly too much of a gentleman to tell his good lady what a blooming show she planned to make of herself. Poor devil! Only way to handle such a woman was to keep her on a tight curb every instant. He tugged at his mustache and looked at Wilbur. "I say," he murmured, "care to take a turn through the paddocks? I rather thought of walking over to the River Farm this afternoon. Wouldn't be too far for you, would it?"

"Not at all. Not at all. I'd enjoy a good walk through the fields. Do me good."

IAN took Claire off to see the stables. Sibyl was left alone with Jenny. At first their conversation was confined to platitudes. Jenny realized her plans were being met with opposition from every quarter. But that, instead of shaking her confidence, merely spurred her mind to thinking up fresh developments. The reception would be in the large banquet hall at Claridge's. That, too, must be given in pink! And as Claire and Ian left, pink paper rose-leaves would be distributed amongst the guests. A shower of pink paper rose-leaves! What a pretty effect! So much daintier than rice and old boots! As she talked, about indifferent topics, she eyed Sibyl, trying to pierce a manner she did not comprehend. Deep, these English. Difficult to estimate.

As for Sibyl, her mind was in a state of chaos. Never had she encountered any one like Jenny. The utmost she could do was suggest, and this woman disregarded suggestions—through crassness or intent, she did not know which. She frankly had no notion how to cope with her.

Jenny was speaking of Claire and Ian. Such a dear boy, Ian! Such a handsome couple as they would make! Her smile was almost benign. Then she spoke of Steyning. Such a beautiful old house! She stressed its age. "Parts of it were built before America was discovered, your father tells me. Think of that!" She shook her head. "Williams

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appeared to remove their coffee-cups. Jenny waited till he left the room. It was still her impulse to lower her voice before servants.

"And even what you call the new wing is over a hundred years old, he tells me. Dear me! Such a splendid servant!" Jenny murmured, as Williams disappeared. "Ah, my dear Lady Maitland, you don't know how fortunate you are to have these wonderful servants. Even that dear little thing who brings up our hot-water jugs. Such a sweet little creature! I couldn't help but think of the poor child, running up and down all those flights of stairs with those great heavy jugs. And with those scuttlefuls of coal!"

KNOWING that Jenny had not attained herself on either, Sibyl could not control a slight lifting of the brows.

"Oh, don't give it a thought, Mrs. Watson. They're quite accustomed to it. I hope you've had everything you need."

"Oh, yes, indeed! But I couldn't help thinking how much more conveniently our houses are arranged. In America, I mean." She moved a bit nearer Lady Maitland. "You know, all our houses have furnaces. What you call central heating. Such a saving. You have no idea. Radiators in every room. And hot and cold running water, of course." She laughed merrily. "Of all its charm, you know, if Steyning were in America I'm afraid you could never rent it. No, indeed. Because the first thing people always ask is, 'What sort of furnace has it? And how many baths?'"

"So I understand," said Lady Maitland gently. "But as Steyning isn't in America we don't have to worry about all that, nor do we?" She smiled guardedly. "I dare say these old houses of ours must seem quite medieval to you. But, you know, we like them just as they are. And, for instance, in an old house like this it would be impossible to put piping through the walls. Some of them are five and six feet thick."

"You don't say! Dear, me! Think of that." Jenny made a clucking noise. "But even so, nothing is impossible nowadays. Only this morning I was thinking what a perfect bathroom that little room Mr. Watson is in would make. And they do bathrooms so artistically nowadays. A friend of ours, a charming woman, in Dayton, has just had such a pretty bathroom put in her house. Mauve. The tub you know, and everything."

"It must be too attractive. Wouldn't you like to take a turn in the garden?"

"I think"—Jenny glanced toward the terrace, and shivered—"that if you'll excuse me I'll go up and finish some letters." She rose, her face burgeoning with a smile of satisfaction. The hint about the baths and furnace had been most adroitly done. For, Lady Maitland did not appear to have quite understood the importance of modern plumbing. But no matter. The next time Jenny would go more fully into the matter. "So glad to have had this little talk, alone, Lady Maitland! *Au revoir* till tea-time."

For a long time after Jenny left her Sibyl sat, her hands in her lap, staring vacantly across the room. Finally she walked to the glass doors onto the terrace, opened them, and stepped out into the sharpened air of the late afternoon. Claire and Ian, walking arm in arm, were coming up the hill from the stables. The sight of them reassured her. They saw her, and waved, and she waited for them to come up and join her.

"My dear!" said Claire, slipping her arm through Sibyl's. "Isn't mother indefatigable! I mean, honestly, I almost wish we'd eloped. Yes, I do, Ian. All this fuss about which church, and everything. Oh, well, I don't suppose it really matters where we're married. Now, does it, dear? But it would have been so darling in the church here in the village. Oh, my dear! Isn't this the most divine view! Let's walk on down to the end here. Oh, really, I think it's the most lovely place. It's absolutely perfect."

It was tea-time before they went in. Sibyl had been really touched by Claire. Her spontaneity. Her enthusiasm. She did not understand her, but she felt content. Claire had been very sweet, very gentle, with Ian. It was her mother, Sibyl decided, who made the girl nervous. And who could blame her! Away from Mrs. Watson she was a different being. Once away from her completely, Sibyl herself began making plans. Claire and Ian, here at Steyning. Claire. So beautiful. So naively eager to please. And apparently in love with Ian. After all, that was the only thing that really mattered. Here at Steyning, with nothing

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LISTERINE Tooth Paste

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to irk her, Sibyl could see her blossoming forth into a radiantly lovely woman.

Monday morning the Watsons departed for London in their limousine. Ian left by an early train from Horsham in order to catch the ten-o'clock from King's Cross to Holt. All in all, thought Sibyl, as she stood in the porch, watching their bags being stowed away, the visit had been much easier than she had anticipated. The last dressing-case was in the car. The last goodbys had been said. The chauffeur had the motor in gear. Suddenly Jenny began rapping on the window-pane.

"Oh, Lady Maitland," she called, struggling with the lever, "I forgot to tell Ian, I sent an invitation to the Prince of Wales. Ian mentioned particularly having known him in France. I knew Ian wouldn't want him overlooked. But I couldn't remember where Ian said he lived, so I mailed it to Buckingham Palace, marked 'Forward.' Good-by again. It's all been too delightful. We'll see you in London Thursday. Wilbur! Tell the man to go on now."

Neither Sibyl nor her father spoke as they watched the car disappear down the driveway. Really, thought Sibyl, what will one find that woman has done next? She could not bear to go into the house. Leaving her father, she walked across the lawn to the terrace, and leaned against the parapet. A smoky mist filtered through the woods below her. Behind her stood Steyning. She turned and gazed at its rose-brick walls, all laced with ivy, its stonework the color of old silver, its multioned windows, and its high twisted brick chimneys silhouetted against the pale-blue, English sky. Tears blurred the picture.

Baths. A furnace. Radiators. In every room. And telephones, too, without a doubt. Steyning torn to shreds, Steyning mauled and dragged about and made into the semblance of one of those new London hotels. Hordes of alien workmen tramping up and down the stairs, tearing up the floors, cutting walls, cutting ceilings, tearing out its very heart to insert a mauve bathroom! Oh, yes, of course they would patch it all together again. They would mend the scars and all that, but something would have been destroyed. Desecrated.

She struck the parapet with her clenched hand. What right had this woman from nowhere to come dragging and tearing at houses whose front doors had been closed to her forebears? Let her take a villa at Purley and do that over, if she chose. That was where she belonged! Purley! Sibyl closed her eyes. She struggled to regain some semblance of equanimity.

Mrs. Watson could never touch one brick of Steyning, she assured herself. It was entailed. The trustees would prevent it. But would they? Might that woman not get around them just as she had got around Ian and her father and brother? There was but one way to circumvent her. Through Claire. Claire must be made to understand what Steyning meant to every one who bore the name of Bulteel.

THAT night, at dinner, alone with her father, Sibyl said; "You know, dear, I think I'll write George Crichton and ask him to put Claire's name down for the Spring court. I know she'll wish to be presented. I don't believe there'll be the slightest trouble about it."

"I shouldn't think so. Yes, she'll want to go. Should go, too, this first year over here."

"It's going to be great fun going about with a beautiful young sister-in-law. We want her to meet people, you know. We don't want her to be lonely. And I don't believe they know a soul in England."

"Do they really? How odd! Then why, I wonder, is the old girl so keen on having them married in that great huge church? Going to look rather on the empty side, isn't it? I fancied they had no end of friends over here." He shook his head. "I wonder if the old girl is intending to remain long over on this side. D'you know, Sibyl?"

She looked at him, and lowered her eyes. "I trust not," she said. "That is, I mean I'm afraid she would find our English Winters very trying. Even in London, so they tell me, Americans find the rooms extremely chilly."

Thursday Lady Maitland and her father dined with the Watsons in the latter's suite at Claridge's. Afterward they all five went on to see Leslie Henson. Ian had not been able to come down from Holt, so after the theater Sibyl took Claire on to a small dance in Portman Square. The Lloyds were there, and Alistair Baillie, and one or two other people Claire had known in Egypt.

It rather amused Sibyl to be chaperoning her young sister-in-law, as she called Claire. She was terribly anxious that Claire should enjoy herself, and did her utmost to bring people up. Sibyl had never realized how extremely difficult it could be for an unknown girl in England. And Claire was fully aware of the efforts made on her behalf. It flattered her vanity, almost compensated for the dullness of the dance.

"My dear, isn't it different from Cairo?" she asked Lady Kitty during an intermission as a mute young Guardsman led her down-stairs from the drawing-rooms for a glass of white wine-cup and a *pâté* sandwich. "Out there every one was so gay. So jolly. And here—why, my dear. I haven't seen a soul smile!"

"Ah, yes! But now we're home, and being very proper. England has that effect on people. Every one looks very smug and proper, even when one is being naughty. It's the climate, I believe. That's why one goes abroad—to laugh a bit."

"But all English parties aren't like this, to-night, are they? I've always heard of such gay parties. People playing bagarat and all that sort of thing."

"Well, my dear, to-night you see it's really a *bal blanc*. Very, very *jeune fille*. See all the little dears sitting out their dances on the staircase with their young men? And each one beneath her mama's watchful eye. But next Spring, ah, then you'll see the jolly parties. It's at country houses that one really has one's good times."

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Claire would have liked to have suggested to Alistair Baillie that he find another man and take herself and Sibyl on to some night club. But Alistair eluded her. Was he, she wondered, still grieving at her having broken their engagement? Poor Allie! How silly of him to avoid her! What if she were being married to some one else the following Wednesday? She abandoned the idea of the night club. After all, Sibyl might not like it. English people were so odd. So painfully polite. None of the men at this dance appeared the least amused, and yet none of them, apparently, had the courage to go away. It, she shrugged, was almost like dancing-school.

At one o'clock Claire and Sibyl left. As they were going down the stairs she met Lady Kitty again.

"Going? So early?"

"Why, my dear, I have to go over to Paris to-morrow. Yes. A last fitting on my wedding-dress. Oh, no, I'm coming back on Saturday. But I have to go by the day train. Mother won't let me travel at night. Isn't that ridiculous!"

She turned to say good night to her hostess, a Lady Somebody or Other, whose name she did not remember, as Lady Kitty asked her:

"Oh, Claire. Do tell me. How did the portrait Derek Barran did of you turn out? Well?"

Claire started. Lady Kitty was smiling.

"Why, why," she stammered, "it wasn't very good. No. I didn't like it. Neither did mother. Oh, Sibyl! Are you ready?"

Had that, she wondered, been just a chance question? She and Sibyl were driving through Oxford Street. Lady Kitty had been so friendly, that time they had met in Paris. And so friendly to-night. It must just be a coincidence. Lady Kitty could not know about herself and Derek. Nor about her having telegraphed him. She had been so extremely careful. Merely sent him word that she would be at the Plaza Athénée the following evening and must see him. Ah, yes! She had signed her name. The stupid clerk at the desk had insisted she give her name and address. But even so, how on earth could Lady Kitty Lloyd know about it?

As they drove into the *porte-cochère* in Brook Street, Claire kissed Sibyl and asked, "Is there anything I can get you, dear, in Paris?"

"That's awfully kind of you, but I can't think of a solitary thing. And, anyway, you won't have any time at all. Good night. And have a pleasant crossing."

Claire walked into Claridge's apparently without a care in the world. How silly, she thought, to have been frightened by Lady Kitty's chance remark! The lift-man, as he took her up to the suite so favored by Her Royal Highness of Aosta, thought what a beautiful, gay, young lady! And Sibyl, driving on to Clarence Street, thought, yes, a great many most lovable qualities. Generous. Affectionate. And so responsive. There would seem to be no reason why she and Ian should not be very, very happy. Provided, of course, the mother could be eliminated.

Oh, I know there's something for me. Do look again. Something most important. Oh, but are you positive?" Claire leaned across the railing of the bureau in the foyer of the Plaza Athénée. "Well, ask the *concierge* to look again. Maybe he forgot it. Nothing? Oh, dear!"

She had arrived, and no word from Derek. Claire was frantic. Both the *concierge* and the assistant manager assured her that there was no envelop, not even a telephone message. She went up to her rooms on the verge of hysterical tears. All the way from London she had been imagining receiving Derek's note, had planned a thousand answers. And now—nothing! For all she knew he might have gone to Brittany. Or Scotland. Or, she commenced to sob, he might have gone to Provence, to join that fiendish creature, Lorna.

"I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" she sobbed. "I've got to see him. I've simply got to." She had taken off her hat. She pulled it on again. "But I don't know where he is. Oh, dear! Isn't everything too ghastly!"

A *femme de chambre* had appeared to arrange the room.

"*Mademoiselle sort?*" she glanced at Claire. "*Ah, mademoiselle a d'ennui?*"

"*Oui. Beaucoup d'ennui!*" Claire cried.

"*Ah! Ces hommes.*" The woman sagely nodded her head. "*Mais mademoiselle est si belle, elle ne doit pas avoir de tels soucis.*" She would have relished further details, but Claire had hurried out.

She must see Derek. At once! Otherwise she did not know. She might die.

The Avenue Vavin was dark. Claire rang the bell of Number 18. An interminable wait. At last the door half opened, and Madame Estebel peered through the crack. "M'sieu Barran?" No. He was not in. He had gone out. A long time since. Where had he gone? How should she know. Or care, she added, as she slammed the door in Claire's face. As she walked back to the Rue d'Assas, Claire realized it was drizzling. No matter. Derek was here. In Paris. But where?

She tried to think of all the places they had gone together. In turn she went to each of them. She scanned the seas of faces in the fetid inner rooms for sight of Derek. No one who even faintly resembled him. At the Strix she asked had Monsieur Barran been in recently.

No. He had not seen him all day. "Oh, dear!" she murmured. "Where can I go now?" If she could even find Ravinski, or Minna Roy, or Owen Morgan, they might be able to tell her Derek's whereabouts. But no one, anywhere, that she had ever seen before.

She called a taxi and told the man to drive down the Rue de Rennes to the Deux Margots. She got out by the new kiosk, glanced at the empty terrace, and went inside.

"*Madame désire——?*"

She asked the waiter did he know a Monsieur Barran. He executed a strange Gallic callisthenic. Perhaps. Who knew? One knew many, many clients. But what their names might be——

"I beg your pardon, but are you looking for Derek Barran?" A man, an American, Claire thought, sitting with a girl, leaned forward, speaking in English. "I saw him about five o'clock. At the Noctambules." The waiter had brought Claire a Cresswande. She gave him five francs and waved aside the change. "I don't know where he was off to. He didn't say."

"To jail, probably. He was quite *chonchon!*" The girl looked at Claire and smiled. "Oh, you're the girl he did the portrait of! I saw it, in his rooms, the other night. Awfully clever. Every one wants him to put it in the Indépendants' next Spring. Won't you move over here and join us?"

The boy friend had rushed into Claire's face. She gulped her drink. "Oh, I'm sorry, I must be going. I just happened to be in Paris. I thought I might run into Derek somewhere. Good-by, and thanks so much for letting me sit here." She rose and hurried out onto the pavement. "Oh, my dear!" she muttered, "think of running into people like that!"

Before her the Boulevard St. Germain ran like a wide black river of glistening asphalt, whereon floated the soft reflections of many lights. Red lights. Cherry-red. And white. Claire signaled to a taxi meandering along the gutter. Derek might have gone somewhere to dinner. Or he might have gone home. She would try his rooms once more. And leave a note.

THE street door of Number 18 stood ajar, as the some one had come in and forgotten to close it. Claire crept half-way up the stairs. She was trembling. Beneath Derek's door she saw a knife-edge of yellow light. "Oh, my dear! I'm afraid!" She paused, wringing her hands, listening to be sure he was alone. Not a sound. Then he must be alone! She climbed the last few stairs and knocked on his door.

"*Oui ça?*" She heard some one move, heavily, cursing as he came across the room. Should she run now? She turned to go, and suddenly the door opened.

"Derek!" she gasped. "Oh, my dear! Oh, Derek! Didn't you get my wire?" She tried to smile. "Derek, dear, I had to come. I had to see you. I had to, honestly." Her smile wavered. She smelled the raw scent of cognac. "I didn't want you to think——"

"What?" He lurched against the doorjamb, staring at her. "Claire turned to go, and suddenly the door opened.

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"Oh, Derek!" She put her hands out and touched his shoulders. He was in his shirt, the cuffs loose at his wrists, his throat and chest bare. She saw the down on his forearms, and the curve of his neck. The faun. The drunken faun. The thing she had seen in Naples. A slim, lithe animal in the figure of a man. Suddenly she began to weep. "Derek! Don't look at me like that! Please!"

He reached up and took her wrists to push her away. "You've got to go," he said. "You've no right here. Go 'way!"

"Oh, no, Derek. I can't. I've got to see you. Honestly. Oh, Derek, you don't understand." She freed her hands and put them round his throat. "Derek," she gasped. "Listen to me. Please. Let me come in. Just for a minute. Please!"

"No." He turned his head as he forced to look at her. "Go on, Claire! Don't, for the love o' Heaven!"

She drew his face down to hers, clinging to him frantically. "You've got to talk to me, Derek." His unshaven cheek scored her lips. "Derek! Look at me!" She felt his body trembling. "Oh, Derek! Derek, darling!" His arms were round her, crushing her to him.

"Oh!" he groaned. "Why did you have to come back?"

"Oh, Derek, I had to see you. Yes, really. I had to explain to you." With a faint sigh of triumph she heard him kick the door, and its lock click as it closed.

The third instalment of "The Silver Swan" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published July 10th. If you prefer to read this serial novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

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